

Childish Gambino "Silk Pillow"

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[Featuring: Beck]

[Verse 1: Beck]

Centrifugal force pulling me off-course, in a horse race
Changing horses midstream, fourteenth place
On videotape surveillance playback
Sigh you lose face, disgraced, God forbid you
Fall off of the face of the Earth with chase
The black hole of what you thought it was worth today
"Don't shoot the piano player" I heard them
say
It was your fault, centrifugal force, you got caught
Convict monotonous, a verdict thoughtless
As you read it out loud, at least I was being relatively
honest
Standing in your office trying to speak to some
anacondas
Leaking sawless from the sawdust
While your doppelganger stands copless
No one notices, they got their own dramas
Drama-rama's mellow dramas
You draw commas on the eyes of madonnas
And wonder why you can't turn traumas into
nirvanas

[Verse 2: Childish Gambino]

Don't mess your head up, still run with these young
bucks
Still runnin' on jet fuel, still pimpin' on what-
what
What was I thinkin'? I wasn't
What am I drinkin'? I'm buzzin'
Speakin' of weekends I used to fuck with your
cousin
I used to rap about nothin', now I rap about
nothin'
But that nothin' was somethin' that ain't
nobody was bumpin'
See I still got it boo-boo, just a battle, do you
Wonders if you don't wanna be under some gross
dude
But most girls will do it just for a corner seat at Nobu

I bet your daughterâ€™s perfect, he say it like he know
you
My daughter isnâ€™t living yet, at water village idiot
Their flowâ€™s dumb, but that royaltyâ€™s the silliest
Now

[Verse 3: Childish Gambino]

Someone tell these niggas I ainâ€™t fuckinâ€™
â€™ round
Fly them all to Vegas man we hold it down
Livinâ€™ for the present, nigga we fuck futures
Sippinâ€™ on some whiskey, these bitches drinkinâ€™
Kombucha
Recession means more oppression, these niggas will
shoot ya
Rio de Janeiro, these bitches lookinâ€™ like Xuxa
Talk with anacondas, at least lâ€™m beinâ€™ honest
lâ€™m tryinâ€™ to turn these Keke Palmers into baby
mamas
Baby mama, lâ€™m your baby, mama
Man, let your boy drown, they ainâ€™t save me,
momma
They ainâ€™t save me momma
They ainâ€™t save me momma
Silk pillow for that new weave
Silk pillow for that new weave

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