

Childish Gambino

"The Truth"

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Mr. DNA, flow so Jurassic
Clumsy archeologist about to drop a classic
Damn right we got a t-rex, I paid for that in plastic
Clumsy archeologist about to drop a classic
Mistake still burning but I'm learning like a raptor
Take what I'm given make it work like an adapter
Make short work of her, then I will adapt her
Critics all agree it was the work of a master
At last my success will match my fatigue
And at last I'll send my children to an ivy league
In the masks from The Strangers, freak the whole place
out
Get your glasses on, girl, geek your whole face out
Don't open up your mouth unless to let something great
out
And that's not a beef, that's just a peek at the
steakhouse
A week at my maid's house to recharge my battery
Then I'll be right back on top like Slattery

You know from Sterling and Cooper
If she's paid out then I will recoup her
And if she's paid out then I will invest
And if she's really played out then I will impress
Wpon her the need to please please me, whoa yeah
Girl I'm on my knees
Ooh, I need it so bad
It's like I work at NORAD
It's DEFCON-5
Go out back to my car and drive

Cause shit just got real
Take a thirty wreck drive into a field
Pass out in my vehicle
Hope I wake up in a world more agreeable
Hope I wake aboard an unidentified flying object
Or a reject Enterprise

A Starfleet drop out odyssey
A route to cop out galaxies
Til then I'm in the light, right where the moths are

Impressive, depressive I'm a Goth Star.

I do not talk, I am just a rapper
Nigga I'm on
Niggas try to off me
Like these girls like I like my coffee
In my lap
Fuck this track
It goes off beat but I'm on like clap
And dog, you can have my scraps
I'm close to these girls like her tampon flaps
I'm having an effect on the hood like crack
Even though I'm so suburban like a backpack strap

Don't you get it?
Read Ayn Rand
Then you'll understand why they call me the man
I'm just fucking special-er
Different from you other guys
Hating me in high school made me metamorphosize

Kafka-esque
The way I dress I need to send Bo Diddley some checks
On Marc Jacobs, Commes Des Garcon tie
Diddy is my swagger coach
Can't stop, won't stop
Heavy hitter, short stop
Horse face, horse cock
Bouncer, door stop
Tell me when enough's enough

Looking at me warming up
Microwave a nigga flow
Pity y'all don't see me though the rest of y'all already
know
I get it like I gotta, man
Flier like a college band
Niggas looking for a deal and I cut out the middle man
Drinking fucking grape juice
Early at a wine bar
Blacker than Depeche Mode so I'm a Goth Star

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