

## Childish Gambino

### "Tru Dudes Ft Mc Chris"

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[Verse 1]

Is it really that bad that my clothes is tight?  
That I hydrate dames like Pedialyte?  
That I stay rock hard like a meteorite  
But your homeboy here was an idiot right?  
Well, ya thought wrong, I got flavor  
I rock shows with the blue lightsaber  
I hit dimes but also date eighters  
I make moves, blow up like Al-Qaeda  
I'm in kicks that you can't buy yet  
Ya kicks okay like your name Wyatt  
Care Bear clockers, pink highlighters  
Haters wanna snack my heat like firefighters  
Boys out there think they just like me  
Naw naw, y'all funny, y'all from UCB?  
Y'all standin' in line, I'm in VIP  
Y'all know shit 'bout me like TIP, hah!

[Hook]

Ooh, bum bumbumbum bum bumbumbum

[Verse 2: MC Chris]

Think your boy's funny man, that's kind of hilarious  
I'm the rapper makin' noise when there's shadow in  
your area  
I'm like a ? cause I'm a little aquaceous  
I do it for the hotties with the bodies bodacious  
I'm high pitched, might flip if ya diss my node  
Think Chris ain't the shit, you can kiss my chode  
Weak ass sales, not too early to boast  
Seriously bro, hand over the security code  
Because my rhymes so fresh, green grocers' gotta  
spray 'em  
Fired all my lawyers cause I didn't wanna pay 'em  
From the PM to the AM I'll slay 'em with the psalms  
Make a little money and I'll smoke the marijuana  
MC without Glover, Murtagh without Riggs  
Jamming peed the bottle with the grocer on her kids  
One smokes Khan, the other smokes Mids  
Let's mix it up a little like the DJ did  
Bacardi and Coke, black and white cookie

Smokin' in the alley cause you know we're playin' hooky  
We're up to no good, please don't tell our mamas  
? cause we got this for Obama

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Sick of the old yellow, money like bank tellers  
The chicks that I'm with are thinkin' I'm Nutella  
Y'all need to switch quick and get with a slick fella  
Cause I'm bout to go Rihanna like I'm an Umbrella  
Come over to my place, we can cut like shears  
And make some mistakes like Jamie Lynn Spears  
I'm nasty? No. Forward? Yes  
I'm hip to the game, you're a rook like chess  
My money so long that they call it John sewuu  
Your money so light that it float like pillows  
Oopsy, killers, you can see  
They close up shop when the clerks see me  
I'm not cocky because my collar's popped  
Cause the bro's like soda, I shit you not  
This shit's bright orange, Fanta shade  
You got the yellow face, that's my lemon aide  
I'mma try to stay tight like girls that fuck hard  
Stay in the Bay with green like Brett Farve

[Hook x3]

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