

Childish Gambino "We Ain't Them"

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Picking out my fro with my fist comb
I got a tab at the Stone baby, this long
My little brother was having a little trouble
I hope that he doesn't care that it's in this song
Korean town lunchin', talking 'bout how to run things
He said Atlanta wanted something
Waka, Jeezy, and Future got the streets locked down
Copcats making sure Tip keep that crown
I'm f*cking 'round with the truth, went to see The Roots
Quest brought me back on stage in a suit
I went hard cause n*ggas say that I'm soft
Even Black Thought thought I made it a little hard, I
gotta be honest
Feeling like the other stuff is kinda behind us
Making jokes here and there done got us some dollars
I'm tryna show the whole world what it is and it ain't a
game
He said homie stay the course, ain't sh*t changed
Weird night and everybody was tipsy
Hanging out with Questlove reminiscing 'bout Whitney
He like, "Man, we can't even make it to 50?!"
That reminds me - I sent a long text message to my
mom and pop
I got the same speech when I left 30 Rock
My mom like "Why you wanna leave a good job?"
My dad like "Do your thing, boy, don't stop"
Shout out to my n*gga Lud, shout out to my n*gga
Swank
For hanging at the crib and telling me what you think
Speak from your heart and never compromise what you
feel is real
And never let these white people tell you how to feel
Never let anybody tell you how to feel
I wanted what they had back in the fourth grade
Family vacas, you know I did it all
Just to see my little sis by a waterfall
My great granddad bought his own freedom
Walk barefoot to Virginia to start his own peanut farm
So don't be alarmed - man I'm royalty
Jam of the week, V103
No cosign, no bovine
More swag, pull back on the punchlines

Starving, every track means lunch time
I'm a star, how could I not shine?
F*ck boys chase hype-track chicks
And n*ggas who stopped texting after 1.6
DG Lover ain't nothing to f*ck wit'
D-Money ain't nothing to f*ck wit'
And what's a leader if he isn't reluctant
Too bad for y'all, I'm blasting off
I'm not Asher Roth, I don't sleep on my bread
Dick riders stay close, I might flash a ball
Sometimes, all this sh*t make a n*gga feel guilty
I used to sleep with them roaches
Back of my mind though, I hope the show gets
cancelled
Maybe then I can focus
Hawaii touch down, go ahead baby put your shades on
East Side! East Side to the gravestone!
Brown liquor, but my girl in Bed-Stuy
N*gga, you got Drive like a sale at Best Buy
Hold up, hold up, we can do better
Put my voice on the track, man that sh*t is much wetter
At the studio at 8 AM
Hit the booth then eat, n*gga we ain't them, n*gga we
ain't them!
Drop a line at your Facebook status
Said that sh*t about a week ago, you still mad at us
If there's something on your chest, n*gga let it out
Cause I'm the best - da da da

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