

Childish Gambino "We Flexin"

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[Intro]

Let me see you fucking bounce with it

KAy, ay, ay

Ay (we flexin')

Ay (we flexin')

Ay (we flexin')

Here we go

[Verse 1]

Nigga I'm tight like (VBD)?

Nigga I'm sight like CDC

All my shit be classic, yours gets skipped like DVDs

This beat be droppin' acid, do we have to tell 'em so?

Keysha got me percocets I'm chillin' and it's hella dope

Tell 'em ho, I ain't Tebow, I don't pray for change

All I do is do it, I'm Nike, I'm drinking Gatorade

I got my hoodie so I gotta be a gangster

Why Geraldo Rivera look like a child molester?

Huh, we the I'll pandemic

Sick boy, nigga, yeah we royalty forever

All my G-O-O-Ns are well-spoken

One white guy, he's a classic token

Asses up and droppin' shit

Flashback, that's a hashtag

Man fuck that like a maset

Smell these niggas like an armpit

I be in like David on my avid baby making hits

They be making white girls like 'Ye did Taylor Swift

Ain't that some shit, really though, Sealy Posturepedic

ho

When she in my bed but haven't even seen a video?

Now shoot that, who's that?

Roll up on niggas like fruit snacks

You better walk big Gambino but you ain't got money

Motherfucker that's too bad

That's like 'À€" countin' fat stacks out in Harlem

That's like 'À€" fucking Kat Stacks with no condom

Stupid, everybody out here needs to cool it

Rap stepfather, no more hanging in the pool shit

Niggas that I'm cool with, they don't need to show me

That Gambino girls are royalty now nigga that's an

army!

We like

[Hook]

We flexin', we flexin'

We flexin', baby run it back!

Woo, woo! We flexin', we flexin' (Baby run it back!)

[Verse 2]

Shrink monsters, where the fuck is gorgon?

Maria I want to be puttin' that thing on your daughter

Gambino brings the sushi, they doin' John Belushi

So stupid but they cutie so sue me if I get booty

That's Louis, Gucci or Prada, Bugatti bitches who holla

Wanna take Foxy out but I gotta be gettin' Donnas, like

"I'm an artist man." No y'all ain't!

Man fuck Photoshop, I'm in MS Paint!

Making circles with that circle thing, Gambino boy you
murder it

Now I got that afro those cornrows were fuckin' hurting
me

When you taking these girls up to Malibu

I like my face on the money you

Screen Actors Guild with a "W," swag

[Hook]

We flexin', we flexin'

We flexin', baby run it back!

We flexin', we flexin'

We flexin', baby run it back!

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