

Heems

"Tell Me"

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Featuring Childish Gambino

[Intro: Heems]

Rap rap, ahaha
Rap rap, ahaha
Hip-hop rap, ahaha
Rap, yo

[Heems]

I'm a soldier, I'm a mastermind
Flashing in the flashiest fashions that the masters buy
Passersby passing me asking me if they can match this
fly
Maybe with a mastercard, ask this guy

[Childish Gambino]

I got a rush card, so I gotta stunt hard
Rush Limballin' while I'm listenin' to tune yards
Baby put your shoes on, we gon' turn the club out
Dammit I broke my foot again, I might have to sub out
Nostalgia, Ultra, you hang with vultures
Nigga we eatin' good like we Oprah's roaches
Buenos noches

[Heems]

Buenos dias
Frida Khalo, papas fritas
We eatin' good so they think we Free Masons
I'm about my paper like WB Mason
I'm about my paper like a Staples or an Office Max
Never have to off a cat, makin' money off of rap
He went from potential abortion stat
To the cat that pay his mama's mortgage cash
Lookin' fancy in a foreign flash
Chammomele tea that we pour with splash

[Childish Gambino]

Yeah, remember Frutopia? That shit was delicious
But Snapple came back around and put 'em out of
business
Um, that's a Snapple fact, used to eat Apple Jacks

That's that Heems rhyme that I'm usin' for this battle
rap
Still got love for you, nothin' like them other dudes
I am fly, you Hudson News
Leave MCs so cut and bruised
Comfortable like Huxtables, but fuck eating my
vegetables

[Heems]

Yo, how come they don't sell batteries on the train no
more?
I guess it's cause the iPod came out
I guess it's cause the iPod came out
Yeah, I'm fresher than Samantha, strange man
Aguila catch me up in Walhala, I'll holla
I put Snapple in Vitamin Water for two bucks
Pepsi came and bought it, for nothin' like what the
fuck?
I'm from National Wholesale Liquidators
Rock bottom, Odd Lot and all the haters
Does Benihana even sell wontons?
Donald just put me on a bonton

[Childish Gambino]

Yes I did man, I goddamn did
I'm five foot ten, I might just win
I'm tryin' not to die like them
Laid out in the street like Mr. Hooper, nigga
I remember havin' to eat two scoops for dinner
But it's all good, post Obama and post Ye
Three Six got an Oscar, it's all okay
Man, I beg your pardon, Trayvon Martin
Atlanta is my home, but we treated like Martians
I used to be a square like a Marlboro carton
Like, niggas wasn't callin' me nigga like last week
Only nigger in some nigger brown pants as we speak
Yeah, Gambino say it twice, ATM machine, nawmean?

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