

# Centipede

Childish Gambino

Mm mm mm

Doo doo doo da da da dum dum beh

Oh, eh, oh

Lost all of our woe

We lost all of our whoa-oh, sad love songs

Hey centipede, centipede, centipede, centipede, centipede...

Oh, eh, oh

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We lost all of our whoa-oh, sad love songs

Hey centipede, centipede, centipede...

'Bino, will you be my baby daddy, yup

I'm too fresh, man, the world ain't never had me, yup

I'm too fresh, man, y'all ain't never gave me that

Stone Mountain, ain't no doubting, and these niggas won't hold me back

They wasn't hating him anyway

My roommate exercise, man, he moving that heavyweight

My girl ain't down to ride, couldn't deal with my day to day

I'm at my Grandma's house, man, like I don't know what to say

Maybe "I'm sorry" but sorry don't pay the rent

I promise to pay you back

And I don't know where he at

But tell him he missing out

His grandson is cool as fuck

And tell me who be standing when them other ones giving up?

Let's keep it spontaneous, I don't need that rehearsal

More flow, man, than Progressive commercials

Get with the program, cause the plus loan that they putting us on

I got month long before I take the bus home.

I know this music shit ain't shit

And all these random niggas in my house make you anxious

And I ain't never told you that our love would be painless

But I was so in love with you I thought we could make it

Damn, I wasn't in it

Damn, we wasn't finished

Damn, I got us tickets

Damn, we went to Venice

Prioritize on our lives and made you into a business

That's why you wasn't surprised when I had made my decision

Gotta make it, cause if not I'm a failure, my wallet Azalea

And my brother still moving, ain't no shit I can tell him

Trying to keep him out of trouble, but the cops is wilding

It's nice to have a felon when the boys get violent

The Mexicans tried to jump me at the club

Funny thing was I thought they were stepping to show me love

Grandma's couch, my biggest fear and fantasy

When I ain't in her arms all I'm making is enemies

Here I'm screaming obscenities at a nigga

Wanted to live bigger than me

Them Etowah projects was eatin' our concept

If anyone walking out, what is you talking about?

Gun Hill Road made them summers feel cold

On the same train that my parents met on

Twenty years later and my pops still ghetto

High off of pressure, man, that's a stiletto

Got your own couch now but you don't feel better

Cos if not, I'm a failure  
Cos if not, I'm a failure  
Cos if not, I'm a failure

"It's not an unholy nigga, it's a Arab nigga in the store. You know what he want? Money, nigga. You know what your bitch want, you know why they feel they can't fuck with you? Cos you don't have no money, my nigga. Bitches do not want a nigga with no money. Did you not learn this in Harlem? Lesson number one. You can't keep saying you a Harlem nigga and you don't want that skrilla, nigga. Come on B, it's home of the hustlers, nigga. That's all you gotta understand. It's the hood nigga. It's make guap or die, nigga."

"School him."

"What do you think? Cos he gotta know, my nigga. Money is not equal, nigga. Go tell them niggas in Polo you don't wanna make no money, nigga. What they gon' say, "Oh, he right"? Hell no, nigga. You think niggas like selling crack and shit nigga? You think niggas like putting crack in they ass nigga, and selling cracks out they ass? You think niggas like shooting niggas, my nigga? You think niggas like tucking packs? You think niggas like baggin up? You know how boring baggin' is, my nigga? It's so boring, my nigga. There is no underground, Joe Budden is on his fourth mixtape selling shit. The underground is hot. There is no underground nigga. You don't see Raekwon or none of these niggas on the block. There's no more block, nigga, it's over for the block. You ask any nigga on the block, do they wanna be on the block? They gon' say no, nigga. Get your money, man. Stop trying to be gooned out.

"Hood niggas don't want to be—"

"Hood niggas don't want to be hood niggas, my nigga. Everything niggas do, everything niggas do is for money, my nigga. What's one thing that niggas do in the hood that isn't for money? What bitch would want a nigga with no money? Huh? Huh! ? Yo, slime! It's your time."