

## Easy (Intro)

Childish Gambino

Sick bois don't die, they fresh to death  
My shoes bright blue so you watch my step  
My hoodie hot pink with the hat to match  
So you ain't gotta know where my paper at  
Pop tags cause I'm filthy, (Apes) can (Bathe) me  
My home is the dirty but I shine like crazy  
My hat tag up, and it hang off slightly  
My game (8-bit) so you niggaz can (byte) me  
Nike like me cause my life is great  
I'm married to the game, we should consummate  
Brand new hoodies the color of light sabres  
My name ain't Luke, but that dude date Leias  
With fly ass sneakers, bump them speakers  
Pump this groove until your ears start bleedin  
White girls shake it 'til the black dudes notice  
Black girls shake it so you can regain focus

Swag it out, swag it out

Let's get one thing straight, I'm no average rapper  
Born in So Cal, then I hit Atlanta  
Then to New York, I'm an army brat  
And I learned new things all across the map  
In Cali I was small, taught me to be strong  
And Atlanta had the hawk so I learned how to ball  
New York had Starks on the New York Knicks  
So when they came around I had my first round pick  
And now I'm so sick that they call me ebola  
Sick girls all on my pole like totem  
Life is a gamble, your boy done told 'em  
Play your cards right like it's Texas hold 'em  
Bounce dem shoulders, go ahead Bankhead  
I can do it better even though I'm Stone Mountain  
Georgia's on my mind, but I live in New York  
So I got a Southern drawl and I limp when I walk  
They used to say a nigga lame when I started to rap  
No them fake fuck niggaz askin me for a track  
Pokin me on Facebook tryin to be my friend  
Nigga you get your face took you ask me one mo' gen  
I'm a genius, why they call the shit G-mail man  
This is (MySpace) nigga, you can't make top ten  
Hahaha yo this how we do