

# Royalty

Childish Gambino

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  
And we in town lunchin', talking 'bout how to run things  
He said Atlanta wanted something  
Waka, Jeezy, and Future got the streets locked down  
Copycats making sure Tip keep that crown  
You fucking 'round with the truth, went to see The Roots  
Quest brought me back on stage in a suit  
I wear it hard cause niggas 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  
You said homie stay the course, ain't shit 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 said "Do your thing, boy don't stop"  
Shout out to my nigga Lou, shout out to my nigga Sway  
For hanging out at the crib and telling me what you think

And never let these white people tell you how to feel  
Never let anybody tell you how to feel  
I? back in the fourth grade  
Family vacates, you know I did it all  
Just to see my little sis by a waterfall  
My great granddad bought his own feet to 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?  
Fuck boys chase hype and? chicks  
And niggas who stopped texting after 1.6  
Steve G. Lover ain't nothing to fuck wit'  
D Money ain't nothing to fuck 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 shit make a nigga 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  
Nigga, 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 shit is much wetter  
At the studio at 8 AM

Hit the booth then eat, nigga we ain't them, nigga we ain't them!  
Drop a line at your Facebook status  
Said that shit about a week ago, you still mad at us  
If there's something on your chest nigga let it out  
Cause I'm the best -- da da da