

Starlight

Childish Gambino

Starlight
Where did you go?
I've been running around the world
Gotta let you know

I got the empire state now I'm working on the next part
Trying to build an empire, I'm wishing on the Death
Star
I murdered the dish, I eloped with the spoon
Tri-coastal and the third coast is the moon
When it hits your eye like a get in your eye thing
And we do the I like you like like you like like thing
I can't promise I won't be dressed like a viking
When I do the whole picking you up on my bike thing
Another white rapper's CD in my spokes
I would swear ya'll converted to rap for the jokes
I spit black smoke, I'm the hip hop pope
They make anti-me PSA's cause I'm dope
And when it's not clear you can cope, the worlds a
negative iPod
You just hear 'nope'
Nights on the pavement, you just stop breathin'
On some Liz Lemon movin' back to Cleveland
Street lights people, up and down the boulevard
Don't stop believin in your journey, and I know it's
hard
They call me Violet Beauregard, cause I just blow up,
no regard
All I really need is a bar to belly up to
A balcony, a star crossed lover to yell up to
What are you up to this weekend? I'm free
Till then I'll just shine and let you find me

I shine like the sun
My mouth is a gun, pop off and they run, two things
like a pun
This is not just for fun and I cut with my tongue
My mouth's a Swiss army, take over your country
I run like a humvee, I don't need gas-o-line
I run on these rappers so skip the stromboli
I make these niggas say 'Great' like Tony
So how the fuck you gonna say these bitches don't know
me?
How the fuck you gonna say these bitches don't know me
When you all on the tip of my dick like Moby
The wait is over, no baking soda
I saw them dudes move bricks and boulders
I saw them dudes move flats and corners
And they moved that sugar like Russell Stover
I got that green like a four leaf clover
Get rich or die tryin' like my name two quarters
Dope boys they get me, we got the same hustle till the
tank on empty
And if you dope boy, better watch the Wire
And get the shit straight, turn back, retire
Cause one in a mil turn snow to fire
You either move weight, play ball or neither

Because I'm neither, the hood MacGyver
The boy blew up like he knew Al Qaeda
My life so sweet that my balls Godiva
The world in front and the hood behind us
The hood behind us
Yea, the hood behind us