

The Last

Childish Gambino

I'm the last of a dying breed
Meaning that I'm not afraid to try new things
Can't see me best to get yourself some Visine
Toe tag a motherfucker no jokes, while these other niggas wakka wakka
Other rappers try and go and get over
You want that hood shit best to go and call Hova
I was a good kid, backpack on my shoulder
98 test score in my Thundercat folder
My cousin was older
My momma used to wake up
Drive me to a school cause the school was much safer
But I slipped up and accidentally told a teacher
Now I'm going to a school where I get beat up because
I ain't get down with them other kids
Probably cause I talk too white and I got a dad who's there
Momma couldn't take it, sold the place and got us out of there
Guest room, now the six of us splitting one with a restroom
Now I'm going to this school called Rock Ridge
School of the neighborhood we tryna buy a house in
There's not a lot of black kids
So I stick out like a sore thumb with some bad acne, but really
What I wanna know is why I never fit in right
Like a fat dude getting on a packed flight
Even when I make friends in the hallways
I'm wishing I was someone else always
But I'm happy that that shit happened to me
Cause it taught me most important is to do me
Cause everybody hates you till they love you
Facebook niggas same niggas that would shove you
Cause nobody was jocking my style
I had a high voice, they called me faggot eight mile
So I stopped writing for a very long time
Thinkin' that a nigga wasn't made to bust rhymes
And this next part, sounds like nonsense
But I swear to God, Tina Fey gave me confidence
Taught me everything that is good comes from honesty
Everybody's got a voice, you just gotta follow it
She on a role model shit
From the day that I shook her hand
I knew that I'd never die a broke man
So I could try this rapping shit out again
The game need change, I'm a part of it
People tell me I should spit under Donald Glover
But I try to keep my real name undercover
Cause if you hear my name, then you think it's jokes
And I can't go for that, nigga Hall and Oates
My nigga stay down like a winter coat
I rap about my life not "I'm On A Boat"
Cause this joke rap shit's gotten out of hand
Only ones who do it well's Lonely Island
Save the raps about your cat, I am not a fan
Leave the joke raps alone, man I'm working here
I do not play around with this bullshit
I am different, call it new shit
Labels want me to hurry and cash my check in
But I keep my shit free till the last possible second
Cause God knows that I don't need the money

You get your clothes free when you rich, ain't it funny?
But this limelight burn like a motherfuck
I wanna call my dad crying but I hang up
Cause I don't want him to worry, he's got his own shit
So I send him a check and tell him to hold it
If anything ever happens want you to know this
I always took the time to smell the roses
And wherever I am, I am doing fine
I'm here for a good, not a long, time