

I.Crawl

Childish Gambino

Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone
Who am I?
Rec League, I ain't payin' to ball
Y'all B-string like a broke guitar
And I still put it down like the family dog
Yeah, I murder some, I murder one
Explain it all, Ferguson
We ain't gotta sing the same old love song
Cut a white girl with the same black gloves on
Yeah what you saying to it?
Old money look new money go do it
Make 'em turn around in their lane like a U-ey
And I'm only looking back if I'm looking at her booty
(At her Booty)
What's the rationale?
They wanna smoke a niggas when they Black & Mild
So we acting out
Ok cool
Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone
Blue dream by the bouquet 'til I'm blue faced on a Tuesday
(Can I have some?)
#NiggasBeLike
Put a plus eighteen on that e-vite
And I said what I felt, no re-write
Nah nah, they can't hold me
June/July, drop something
I double dare you, I'm Marc Summers
I scorch winters, I burn autumns
Gut niggas, so Kurt Vonne
Elle Varner, got a crush on her
I gotta wait in line for that
Ain't nobody got time for that
Ain't nobody gotta rhyme with that
Too true like 2 Chainz
Blue Blood like he both gangs
Where we were, kinda thing, betcha crawl, all alone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>