

Got This Money

Childish Gambino

I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you
I got this Sunday, baby. I wanna spend it with you
We can do what you like. I promise then, I'll be true
I got this money, baby. I wanna spend it on you
Oh

I don't really know where to go
Don't know where to hide
Everywhere that I go
You'll be right by my side
You're the only girl that I have ever dreamed of
I wanna tell you everything, but everything just seems
dumb

I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna dress you up
I wanna buy you for real
I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna feel you up
I wanna feel you for real

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I got an upstairs, downstairs in my loft
Check the mixtape, baby. I don't talk
Yes, I run this shit, like it's hard to walk
And you think that I'm dope, like a mound of chalk
I'm recession proof. I work to relax, hoe
Weird voice catch beef like a lasso
New fresh prince, you can chill in my castle
Spit real shit, so I must be an asshole, right?
Nah, that's why I'm makin' out in your car
These blogs are a dude's A&R
Got a big tip for these girls at the bar
But I don't mean money
Ever since the money, they just treat me funny
Girls look good, she can take green from me
Ain't trickin' if you got it, know what I mean, buddy?

You've got your yellow sun dress on
I'm tryna write you the best song
With your Wayfarer shades, you drive me insane
I wanna hold hands, and call you pet names

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I wanna buy you for real
I kinda like you, girl. Really wanna feel you up
I wanna feel you for real

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