Assassins

Childish Gambino

MapQuest where the place is, gats in they faces
Then we fold them up and put them back in they cases
Assassins, replace expressions on faces
And hard eyes on gangsters with hot gaping spaces
Hands full of aces, pockets on swoll
Glassy-eyed aiming from my own grassy knoll
Leave JFK's head just a big smoky hole
to console Jackie O she could, smoke my pole
It's called Camelot cause she came a lot
And a lot of you rappers sound the same a lot
And the game is still out there if you play or not
And I'm the (King of Queens), Kevin James is not
I quit my temp job cause I can't let a day go
Tomorrow's moguls, are delivering your bagels
I hope your trophy wife been practicing her kegels
Cause when we take the game we won't leave you any
Legos
There go the kid with his dirty white sneakers on
Dreaming on a way to get his penthouse on Bleecker on
Give your girl head, call you with the speaker on
Horsehead in your bed, now you know who you sleepin on
(Are you seeing what I'm seeing?) This booth is a crime
scene
Chalk off the mic, the kill screen is my screen
No need to terrify or pop shots at witnesses
They only testified they know what hot shit this is

True assassins, hold your glass up
Thems the type of niggaz that'll cut your ass up
Whether it be tracks or verses, chains or purses
Them the type of niggaz that'll make you stop

Classic assassin, straight from Central Casting
I bust through your abode with both barrels blastin
I crush up your skull like a truck that you crashed in
I'm never gonna die like I'm Tuck Everlasting
Never thought that I'd carry an AK
All I ever wanted to be is Farley, Ferrell, or Fey
And maybe someday that dream will come true
But for now I got my gun and I'm aimin at you (hey!)
In your house on your couch while you're readin
I got no flow, it's more like breakthrough bleedin
But I'm into cartoons and I'm really not sane
All I leave of your body is a Pinky and the Brain
(ugh!)
I'm more Manson than a small-time crook
When it comes to taking lives I steal like Dane Cook
Bitch, take a look, you know it's in a book
Even LeVar Burton's roots get shook

Ah you can call me assassin, I kill Versace
I walk too much, gotta Gucci watch me
The illest of the killers you can tell by my fashion
Light hoodie to bright sneaks it's all matchin
I kill rappers, I don't need no stealin
If I do lose a battle I'ma kill 'em for real
I'm just kidding, or am I?

Things get real in the City, of L.I.
That's right I live in Queens, the borough of the lost
I hate the fuckin yuppies but I love how much it costs
Call me in the winter and the spring to play tennis
And they give me strange looks cause I floss like a
dentist
I'ma finish this sentence then get me a rope
So I got a little dough and I'm fresh like Scope
A nigga so dope, I got the new Pumas
that never take a bath so I call 'em homeschoolers
Numbers like rulers, I'm tired of it all
I sleep in the club and I yawn when I ball
I'm off the hook like phone calls, where's Kid Robot?
I need a new hoodie hot pink like doughnuts
The kids is Go-Gurts when they see my Gobstoppers
I'm not Mekhi Phifer, but I got +Clockers+
Transform a watch when I don't got diamonds
Boy, did you hear what I said like Simon?
I kill boutiques, just snatch the new sneak
I'mma do it every week, I'm a serial killer
Beats like Dilla, hun like 'tilla
It's the Sick Boi thrilla (yeah, mon!)

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