

# All the Shine

## Childish Gambino

What the fuck do y'all niggas really want?  
I went with realness instead  
But all the real niggas I know either crazy or dead  
Yeah, I dropped the free EP for these other kids to feel a lot  
Niggas keep asking on whether this dude's for real or not I'm not trying to come hard, I'm trying  
to come me  
That's why these older songs that I used to make I'd release free  
What's the point of rap if you can't be yourself, huh?  
That's why I come first like my cell phone I'm a role model, I am not these other guys  
I rap about my dick and talk about what girls is fly  
I know it's dumb, that's the fucking reason I'm doing it  
So why does everyone have a problem with talking stupid shit?  
Or is it real shit?  
'Cause sometimes that stupid shit is real shit  
Like when you make out with your best friend's baby sis  
You know the one with short hair you used to babysit?  
See, that's not even right  
You with a different girl like each and every fucking night And kiss her while she's sleeping and  
sneak out the front to catch a flight  
That's not life, dude  
It's just making up for fucks I missed in high school  
I keep it wrapped until I meet the right one 'Cause I ain't Mumford, I ain't tryin' to have sons All  
I wanted was some more like Ashton  
I ain't the coolest but I know I got passion  
I got passion!  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter We've got all the shine we need to find  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter  
We've got all the shine we need to find  
"Baby, I'm on the edge." She said, "Why you gotta act so strange?"  
I said, "Baby, I'm on the edge." She said, "Why you gotta act so strange?"  
I said, "Baby, I'm on the edge." She said, "Why you gotta act so strange?"  
I said, "Baby, I'm on edge." Said, "Why you gotta act so strange?"  
Am I serious? I don't even know  
Are you hearing this? This shit is laughable I ain't trying, I'm doing, these other rappers are  
foolish  
I got fame, my A&R's a computer  
Is there room in the game for a lame who rhymes?  
Who wears short shorts and makes jokes sometimes? My nigga like, "I'd get you MTV if I  
could, man  
But Pitchfork only likes rappers who crazy or hood, man"  
So, I guess we gon' see  
I ain't Curren\$, but if there ain't money in my name please murder me Sometimes I feel like I

ain't supposed to be here  
Sometimes I wake up, I don't want to be here  
My mom loved to text me Psalm verses  
She don't look at me like I'm the same person  
I used to be the sweet one, but things change  
And I don't want her missing a son like Bon's last name  
And all my uncles alcoholics, shame on  
me

I drink whiskey till I'm grounded, no TV  
I wanna go inside the club with no gold piece  
And walk in with No I.D. and no I.D  
No matter how far the hood seems  
We all still got hood dreams  
I always wanted to get picked on the cool team  
But alone is exactly how I should be  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter  
We've got all the shine we need to find  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter  
We've got all the shine we need to find  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter  
We've got all the shine we need to find  
I really wanna do her right and it doesn't matter  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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