

# 12.38 (feat. 21 Savage, Ink & Kadhja Bonet)

## Childish Gambino

Uh  
Someone made a mess in my account (Someone sound like me, yes)  
Someone bought a Patek in a panic (Yes, yes)  
Bode, Bentley addict, I go manic (Oh no)  
Hit the oochie-coochie 'til it's slanted, ooh  
I'm gon' beat it up, ooh, lady  
I'm gon' make you dreams come, baby  
Ayy, you the one who talkin' all that trash (You the one who talkin' all that trash)  
Forty-five, I'll twenty-eight that ass (Ooh)  
You can set the snow on fire (Yeah, ooh)  
You smell like a peach papaya  
She said, "Eat this psilocybin, I'ma be right back"  
I'm like, "Aight" (Aight)  
"Ayy, I don't know what psilocybin is" (No)  
"This better not be no molly"  
She just laughed and closed the door  
Dark chocolate, sea salt  
I took a bite  
She said, "We gon' have a special night"  
I said, "Who you telling, girl? I know that"  
Tracee Ellis with it when you throw back (Ooh, yeah)  
Girl, I see your (Shadow move)  
Ooh, you're so divine (Yes, you are)  
And them panties came off (Ooh, yes they did)  
I'ma give you some privacy (Uh)  
Pictures with your stepsisters (Hmm)  
N. K. Jemisin with you, uh  
Got the All About Love, on some bell hooks  
Then I turned to a dirty look, uh (Meow)  
Ayy, why your cat lookin' at me sideways?  
"Sing to her"  
I said, "Nah, I'll put on the radio though"  
(I might let you go)  
Lay back on my back (Uh), vibrate  
My ex on some BS  
She walked out the closet  
Girl, never write a check I can't deposit  
She said, "Boy, stop, let's go walkin'" (Let's go walkin')  
"You wanna be outside for this"  
We just talkin'  
Dogpark looking like a Trader Joe's (Roof, roof)  
Papillon, mmh, thought you hated those

Other girls, uh, let they shady show  
Every time we walk around  
They say, "How she gonna hold him down?" No  
They don't know what they missing  
Most these niggas wanna run around with these SZAs (Yeah)  
I prefer to just stroll the park with this Chaka  
Baby girl was just diggin' all in my pockets (All in my pockets)  
I was going hard (By the magic hour)  
We were holdin' hands, tried to make me understand (Yeah)  
Make girls fall in love, that's my (Magic power), yes  
Everybody's jealous I won't ease it with these colors  
Ooh, I wanna see it in the moonlight  
Yellow, red, orange robe, askin' for donation (Ooh)  
I'm not a tourist, nigga, this is not vacation (I am not a tourist, nigga, this is not vacation)  
Vibrate  
Goddamn, man, this girl goin' crazy on my Motorola  
She said, "Let me answer it" (Let me answer)  
Then she'll know it's over (Ooh)  
Girl, you cancerous, you gon' ruin my life  
Let me get this paperweight, then come be my wife  
She just laughed and touched my face (What you mean?)  
You don't understand what this is (Oh wait, wait, wait, wait)  
I ain't lookin' for another lifetime  
Let's just stay here and enjoy the great design  
Had the iceberg tucked in my waist (Bling)  
Fuck an omelet, you can eat off my face (No)  
I just thought that we were vibin'  
You don't love her, then you lyin'  
Come and go and you get tulips  
Put a finger to my two lips (It's okay)  
Ooh, you got it bad, just remember what we had  
You can set the snow on fire  
The reason that your suffer is desire (Huh)  
The reason that I'm moving with this ooh-wee  
I was lovin' life, I got too deep (I was too deep)  
Woke up in my room, she was long gone  
Toni singing me another sad song (Ooh)  
Eternity  
Oh, until we meet again  
This ain't special, tell me what you want  
This ain't special, baby, this is fun  
This ain't special, tell me what you want  
This ain't special, baby, this is fun Drop it off (21), let me see if your booty soft  
Gold mouth (Hold up, hold up), yes, I'm from the Dirty South  
Lights out (Straight up), summertime, I brought the ice out (21)  
Pipes out (On God), all my shooters came from Moscow  
Got a girl in Harvard, I talk proper when I call her (21)  
Baby, I'm a baller, ain't no way that I can raw ya (Straight up)  
She don't want no new friends, she just tryna buy her a new Benz (On God)

I've been counting M's, me and Ben Franklin damn near kin (On God)  
Put my mind to it and I did it, them facts (21)  
Talkin' 'bout your brother to get some pussy, that's wack (Straight up)  
The police keep harassin' 'cause I'm rich and I'm black (Straight up)  
They mad 'cause I made myself a boss without crack (On God)  
I ain't trippin', boy, I'm Lamborghini whippin' (21, 21)  
Straight up out the trenches, money made me ign'ant (It did)  
I'm on a private jet eatin' Popeyes chicken (21)  
I be flexin' like I'm eatin' Popeye's spinach (21, 21, 21)  
Morning dew  
Percolating, still have a little time for Sunday, ooh (So baby, let's take it back to the crib)  
(Back to the, back, back to the)  
Baby, I might let you go  
Babe, baby, no matter what  
And like I switch the other side of me  
Baby got a whole lotta ride on me  
Babe, baby, let's take it back to crib  
Back, back to the crib  
Back, back to the, babe  
I might let you go  
Baby, baby, no matter what  
And I can, I can, I can, I can  
To the crib  
Back to the crib, back to the  
And no one seen them  
Baby, I, baby, baby, I

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>