

III. Telegraph Ave. ("Oakland" by Lloyd)

Childish Gambino

I was making Japanese
And she's watching DVDs
In Oakland, in Oakland
Now I'm driving up the 5
And she waits till I arrive
In Oakland, in Oakland
Everything, that I wanted
Only gotta drive for the moment
If you tell me "turn around," then I'm on it
For the moment, but you know me
You know how I get when I'm lonely
I think about you and the moments
But everything you do is so Oakland, so Oakland
Foot on the gas
I'm just trying to pass
All the red lights
And the stop signs
I'm ready to go
Before I get to The Bay
Babe, that's a problem
Because I'm way too scared to call
And you might get me to stay, no
I don't really want to drive
But I think I'd rather die
In Oakland, in Oakland
With my hands on two and ten
So I guess it all depends
On Oakland, on Oakland
And I'm nervous, truth be told
I never saw me growing old
In Oakland, in Oakland
And if I married you tonight
It would probably start a riot
In Oakland, in Oakland
Everything, that I needed
Now I finally got you in your feelings
Everything you won't say, you tweet it
And a nigga don't like that shit at all
So retreating
Can we just roll with the feeling?
Can we just roll for a minute?
Wait a minute
Foot on the gas
I'm just tryna pass
All the red lights
And the stop signs
I'm ready to go
I'm really not ready girl
That's a problem

Cause I'm way too scared to fall
And I know that you choose to stay, noAll the girlfriends saying "here we go again"
Rich kid but he act like a gentleman
Last one didn't end like it should've been
Two dates and he still wanna get it in
And you're saying it's because of the InternetTry once and it's on to the next chick
X-O the O face on your exes... right?
And we can do the same thing if you wanna have better
When your thoughts can't breathe and you thinking asthmatic
And you wanna be a mom and I wasn't mad at her
I was thinking 'bout me, I'd be really bad at it
Cause I'm thinking 'bout me, weeks in Dubai
Fourth of July, house in Kauai, yeah we can trySo let's try
Whoa
I took off my nine to five
But you still don't have the time to kiss me (just hit me)
And if I left you all alone, would you still pick up the phone
It's iffy, you miss me
I got furniture to move, and we'll both be thirty soon
In Oakland, in Oakland
The only one I know is you, so the fuck I'm supposed to do?
In Oakland, in Oakland

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