

Kid Cudi, T.G.I.F. (Feat. Chip The Ripper)

Ayyy, what it do my dude
I'm livin life dawg what about you
And ine even gatta tell a lie
My swag, my steez gatta nigga sky high
So I'm, watchin my moves
From the shoes on the cool beat
Damned if a nigga aint high to the roof
Pimp tight get it right homey more or less
Gatta thank god I'm fresh

Oh I rearrange faces when I drop,
I'm super duper cudi,
Candy paint the rag top
Can't nobody even tell me I'm sippin when I lean
Forgive me to my fans,
I'm country till decease
Pleaseeee,
I stay up on my creep so to come up
Gatta look the part superstar, no stunnas
I'm the censorship that make you think I lost my mind
I'm the only nigga that could watch the sun and don't go blind
She fine as she wannabe
But she wanna check though
Dodging and popping pictures,
Like the hoes was working with the law
Back at shaker pictures, tryna play me to the left
Now I pick the hoes I want,
And give my niggas what is left
I don't kno if it's the name or the bake on bottoms
Keep them on sleep them 501's
You can't knock em
Use ta have the honda with the 30 day tags
That was in the past
NOW I'm bout to throw em on the JAG

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