

# 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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