## T.G.I.F. (feat. Chip tha Ripper)

## **Kid Cudi**

Knock knock Cudi open up dis Chip Gotta kush pack shells And some henni we could sip Keep a couple dolla's on Give a penny to bitch But I'm wit' a couple ho's Who said they really wanna get Acquainted with some nigga's Who, ain't the average nigga's They just wanna see why All they girlfriends be wanting pictures I be flier then a hundred natts Worth a hundred hundred stacks I ain't gonna stop shoppin' Till I hit a hundred sacks Although that's a given I ain't even gotta mention Candy old school Put you niggas in detention Slabbed niggas geeked up Tool in the clothes I'm just a young fresh fly Fool wit' some goldAye, what it do my dude I'm livin' life dog what about you And I ain't even gotta tell a lie My swag, my steez gotta nigga sky high So I'm, watchin' my moves From the shoes on the cool Be damned if a nigga ain't high to the roof Pimp tight get it right homey more or less Gotta thank god I'm freshOh I rearrange faces when I drop, I'm super duper cudi, Candy paint the rag top Can't nobody even tell I'm sippin' when I lean But get me to my fans, I'm country till decease Please, I stay up on my creep so to come up

Gotta look the part superstar, no stunnas

I'mma say some shit 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 popping pictures,

Like the hoes was working with the law

Back in Shaker bitches tried to play me to the left

Now I pick the hoes I want,

And give my niggas what is left

I don't know if it's the name or the bake on bottoms

Keep them on sleep them 501's

You can't knock 'em

Use to have the Honda with the 30 day tags

That was in the past

Now I'm bout to throw 'em on the JagAye, what it do my dude

I'm livin' life dog what about you

And I ain't even gotta tell a lie

My swag, my steez gotta nigga sky high

So I'm, watchin' my moves

From the shoes on the cool

Be damned if a nigga ain't high to the roof

Pimp tight get it right homey more or less

Gotta thank god I'm fresh

## Songwriters

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