

Brad Pitt's Cousin (Feat. XP)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Slick shit man that's all we do hoe
That little homie let me talk my truth
Made an Instagram for my cat
And my cat doesn't even rap
And got more followers than you
Hold up, let me get my cat a bar
She's filthy, hey Cairo come here baby
Now my cat's more famous than you ever will be
I been hustling, you can't tell me nothing
I'm Brad Pitt's Ugly Cousin
When you're drunk at the wedding, still gon' fuck him
When you see me in the club
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
Angelina show me love
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
You got me fucked up
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
Like you don't know what's up
Bradley, he's cuzo
All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
You're embarrassed huh?
I'm in Paris bruh
You brought your whole crew
I brought my parents bruh
Every white dude in America went to the barber shop
"Give me the Macklemore haircut"
Australia they heard of me
Germany they heard of me
Japan they heard of me
It's a murder scene you gon' learn some thangs
My dick name Ron Burgundy
I'm bad news with the pen flute
In a plad suit no can do
No no, I don't work for free
I used to smoke that purple weed
Sip a bunch of purple drink
That shit did not work for me
And now I just sip herbal tea
I'm posted at the swap meet in a row
Eatin' churches wings so cold
So cold no emergency
When you see me in the club

Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 Angelina show me love
 Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 You got me fucked up
 Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 Like you don't know what's up
 Brad, Brad, Pitt
 All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
 Did it by myself, not a little bit of help
 Nobody, nobody did nothing I know
 On my knees saying God please give me a deal
 And God texted me back
 Don't be dumb young man, gotta do it yourself
 It's up to you to turn the pen into a machete
 And make sure that every beat that you meet gets killed
 I treat the beat just like a pussy
 And I eat it up and beat it up, and leave it fucked
 And you cannot compete with us
 I'm weaving in and out of traffic in a Cadillac
 And wait is that us on the radio
 Wait, is that us on the radio?
 It's what I always dreamed of
 Back when I had peach fuzz
 Shout out to the homie D
 Um, who's D
 Deez nuts
 I'm eating chicken wings and onion rings
 If you're wondering, yes I does my thing
 And another thing, no puppet strings
 Oh the company, we sucker free
 I ain't trippin' on what the public think
 Ten thousand we hustling
 This shit didn't happen over night
 This shit didn't happen suddenly
 When you see me in the club
 Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 Angelina show me love
 Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 You got me fucked up
 Brad Pitt, that's my cousin
 Like you don't know what's up
 Brad, Brad, Pitt

Songwriters

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