

T.g.i.f.

Kid Cudi

Verse 1:

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 im wit a couple ho's
Who said they really wanna get
Aquainted with some nigga's
Who, ain't the average nigga's
They just wanna see why
All they girlfriends be wanting pictures
I be flyer then a hundred navs
Worth a hundred hundrend stacks
I ain't gonna stop shoppin
Till i hit a hundred sacks
Although that's a given
I ain't even gotta mint chain
Candy old school
Put you nigga's in detention
Slabbed nigga's deeped up
Tool in the cloths
I'm just a young fresh fly
Fool wit some gold

CHORUS:

Ayyy, what it do my dude
I'm livin life dawg what about you
And i ain't 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
Be damned if a nigga aint high to the roof
Pimp tight get it right homey more or less
Gatta thank god I'm fresh

Verse 2:

Oh 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
They gimme to my fans,
I'm country till I decease
Pleaseeee,
I stay up on my creep so to come up
Gatta look the part superstar, no stunnas
I'ma 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 and popping pictures,
Like the hoes was working with the law
Back and shaker pictures, tryna play me to the left
Now I pick the hoes that 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 finna throw em on the JAG

CHORUS:

Ayyy, what it do my dude
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And ine even gatta tell a lie
My swag, my steez gatta nigga sky high
So I'm, watchin my moves
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