

# Kid Cudi

## "T.G.I.F."

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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 bout to throw em on the JAG

CHORUS:

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  
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

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