

# Sirens (feat. Alex Wiley)

## Hoodie Allen

Check it  
Started at the bottom like I'm looking at her booty  
Asking me for money, I'm a blow it like I'm Hootie  
Buffalo, where you find me, throwing Bills like I'm Flutie  
She a product of the nineties, I'm a show her like I'm Truman, ooh  
'fore the night is over, she will beso me, muah  
Got your girlfriend so obsessed with me, that Cecily Strong  
Making all of these bangers for girls who look like Topanga  
Who grew up in Staten Island, banging 36 Chambers  
Ya listening to history in the making now  
Trying to retire at thirty with a vacation house  
That money funny like Jefferson on a twenty  
Ivy League like I'm hangin' out with Beyoncé and Jeezy now  
Swaggin', I can see you impressed  
She on her knees and she ain't trying to confess  
Save me the stress, ya girl already say I'm the best  
She came to my show just to get my name on her chest  
Call 9-1-1  
Tell the operator she ain't lookin' for a player  
We can have some fun  
We could be together from now until whenever  
Just call me up  
And I'll put out the fire that be burning inside  
We can roll in my ride and make the sirens go off  
She make the sirens go off  
Working cause I love it, do it for my people  
Words are like my ammo, bang, bang, reload  
Watch me as I freak flows, ball hard on these beats though  
Used to take the bus, now I whip it like I'm Devo  
Nowadays we sittin' court side at every Knicks game  
Close enough to go and hand Carmelo my mixtape  
Models in my phone book, bout to make a mistake  
Tell'em spread the love like we living in the sixties  
My friends say that my life is like a movie dog  
I'm bangin' actress after actress like they groupies dog  
She think I'm James Bond, you just an afterthought  
These rappers beggin' for any song in my catalogue  
Working nine-to-five, but the opposite  
Killing it so much, they bout to build me a monument  
Tell her "we can do it in the dorm room of your colleges  
And she can rock my muthafucking world or earn an scholarship  
Call 9-1-1

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Okay, I know it's frowned upon, but I'm [?]  
[?] in a text, I got your bitch in it, don't mention it  
Those who want the D and I appreciate the sentiment  
Can't afford to own it, I'm just leasing it and renting it  
Cause I am not cuffing shit, I am not no odd boy  
I'm more like a hot boy, Gucci leather socks boy  
Fin dripping in the kitchen whippin' up the box toy  
I get it for the low, I bet you get it for a lot boy  
Last night at the Trump towers taking drunk showers  
At the airport, they went through my bag and found a bunch of weed that was not ours  
If it's not reeking than it's not sour  
Smoke in her face, you don't need a vase for these bouquet, then buy flowers  
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\*Phone\*

Hey, Hoodie! What's going on man? Todd Ferman calling over from Gigantic Records. Man we just listened to your project, I got a bunch of writers up here, every one in the office is flippin' out. Man, I just wanted to call ya and let you know that we really, really love it, but we just wanna, you know, take it that next level. First thing I would want to do with you is get you a little bit more matured. Throw on a bowtie every now and then, carry a cane around, and wear a grey wig. But other than that, we really love it. Please call me when you get a chance. Once again, Todd Ferman, Gigantic Records. We love your album but we really want to change everything

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>