

# T.G.I.F. (feat. Chip Tha Ripper) [Bonus Track]

## Kid Cudi

Knock knock, CuDi open up this Chip  
Gotta kush pack shells and some Henney we could sip  
Keep a couple dolla's on, give a penny to a bitch  
But I'm wit a couple ho's who said they really wanna get  
Acquainted with some niggas who ain't the average niggas  
They just wanna see why all they girlfriends be wanting pictures  
I be flyer then a hundred navis, 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 deeped-up tool in the clothes  
I'm just a young fresh fly fool with some goldAy-ay, what it do my dude?  
I'm living life, dawg, what about you?  
And I ain't even gotta tell a lie  
My swag, my steez got a nigga sky-high  
So I'm, watchin' my moves  
From the shoes on the coupe  
Be damned if a nigga ain't high to the roof  
Pimp tight get it right, homey, more or less  
I gotta thank God I'm fresh  
Oh, I rearrange faces when I drop  
I'm super duper Cudi candy-paint the rag-top  
Can't nobody even tell me I don't sip 'em when I lean  
They gimme to my fans, I'm country till I 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 wanna be, but she wanna check, though  
Dodging and popping pictures like the ho's was working with the law  
Back in Shaker pictures, trynna play me to the left  
Now I pick the hoes that 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 thirty-day tags  
That was in the past now I'm bout to throw 'em on the Jag  
Ay-ay, what it do my dude?  
I'm living life, dawg, what about you  
And I ain't even gotta tell a lie  
My swag, my steez got a nigga sky-high  
So I'm, watchin' my moves  
From the shoes on the coupe

Be damned if a nigga ain't high to the roof  
Pimp tight get it right, homey, more or less  
I gotta thank God I'm fresh

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

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