

Coogi

Fashawn

Hey, hey, hey
Who would ever know?

Some niggas don't even know the difference between
Gucci Coogi and Coocie
And three different things
The first one bears two capital Gs
Fabrics, old fashion, keep the patch on my sleeve fresh
The second one was made popular by Jay-Z and [?] son
Perfect for Hollywood gun!
The third one I've been getting since I [?]
Everyone is been doing, be careful [?]

[Chorus:]
Gucci Coogi and Coocie
Gucci Coogi and Coocie
Gucci Coogi and Coocie
Nigga, you thought you know me?
But is the new me
Pull out the camera
And my life is a movie, nigga
Gucci Coogi and Coocie
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Guccie, Coogie and Coocie
Hoogie, flewies and groupies
That two of them in my robot
And screw them right where they [?]
[?] got me loopie
She do me to go to [?]
For Guccie Louis and Prada
And you are mearly a Boocie
Cupid don't pay for bootie
Cutie he must me stupid
I do this in junior high,
I was caught in school in my coogie
Dunking [?] she know my cruise and my [?]
[?] that's why these cameras pursuing me
My life is like a movie

[Chorus:]
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Hey yo, 2 Gs, that's the Gucci belt
Yes, red and green stripes on to my shelf
[?] full of life, a beautiful wife
You would do it too, if you knew it was right
And not to worry, if you knew better, you do better
Nigga, designer goose feathers, knew leathers
Consider the true legend! Splash!
Hola! You couldn't walk in my shoes [?]
Making movies, making news out eleven
Playing the Berreta under my Coogie sweater
Raaa, looking shy, into the block
Show you how to do it justiceless and [?]
Penny loather for shelter box
Hold up, notice how I'm holding my cock
Posing, another day, another photo wild
I'll be lying if I told that I only rock!

[Chorus:]

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