

Movie

Hoodie Allen

She got an ass like her mama's, call that Julia Roberts
This pretty lady is crazy cause she addicted to drama
I'm tryna keep it romantic, I'm like Matthew McConaugh
Don't need to be a detective to figure out that she want it
She ride around in a Cadi, probably bought by her father
She loves to listen to oldies and wear her hair like Madonna
She tell her dad I'm a doctor, I think that she clueless
I only play one on TV like I'm a young George Clooney
Dawg I was destined for movies, getting better when older
You need to get (get) that (that) dirt off your shoulder
If you are slacking a bunch, pack it up
Got a Wahlberg flow, packing a punch
Billy Madison I'm never packing a lunch
But I'm eating y'all raps cause you snacking it much
I'm just a fighter, an All-American psycho rapper
I Minnie Driver these girls crazy, there ain't no after
I'm on that Casablanca, watch out homie this is classic
My life reality television, ain't no one acting

The city can be mine
But you just need to stop and learn your lines
Hey girl, well let's make a movie
You can be my leading lady beauty
Grab your camera, don't be shy
Things ain't always black and white
We can make this world into our movie

These people asking me questions, they like "how did you do it?"
Now the way we blowing up, it's like a Michael Bay movie
I got a beautiful mind, so got these beautiful women
They say you win some and lose some but all I'm doing is winning
My life like Benjamin Button, let's go back to the future
And start it back in 2000 with just a mic and computer
I was just writing these raps, trying to bring the whole city with me
I went from being Home Alone and now I'm Richie, Richie
I put my old life behind me, jumped in front of the camera
I got these honeys going crazy, call that Jessica Alba
These other rappers are like how come they can't get to where I did
Vring vring, here come Johnnny homie I'm shining
I got bad bitches on my dick, clips homie I'm grinding
It's so dope, they go home to TiVo and rewind it
Struggling rappers are acting like they some waiters now
They busy watching me make it homie, you wait around

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Is it your eyes? Is it your hair?
Is it your look? Is it your stare?
I swear the camera love, love, love, love
I swear the camera love you
Is it your eyes? Is it your hair?

Is it your look? Is it your stare?
I'm tryna cut, cut
Oh this is the cut - the director's cut

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Now let them horns play...