

# Brad Pitt's Cousin

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Slick shit man that's all we do hoe  
That little homie let me talk my truth  
Made an Instagram for my cat  
And my cat doesn't even rap  
And got more followers than you  
Hold up, let me get my cat a bar  
She's filthy, hey Cairo come here baby  
(Meow) now my cat's more famous than you ever will be  
I been hustling, you can't tell me nothing  
I'm Brad Pitt's Ugly Cousin  
When you're drunk at the wedding, still gon' fuck him

When you see me in the club  
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin  
Angelina show me love  
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin  
You got me fucked up  
Brad Pitt, that's my cousin  
Like you don't know what's up  
Bradley, he's cuzo

All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it  
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You're embarrassed huh?  
I'm in Paris bruh  
You brought your whole crew  
I brought my parents bruh  
Every white dude in America went to the barber shop  
"Give me the Macklemore haircut"  
Australia they heard of me  
Germany they heard of me  
Japan they heard of me  
It's a murder scene, you gon' learn some things  
My dick named Ron Burgundy  
I'm bad news with a pan flute  
In a plaid suit, no can do  
Uh, uh, I don't work for free  
I used to smoke that purple weed  
Sip a bunch of purple drink  
That shit did not work for me  
And now I just sip herbal tea  
I'm posted at the swapmeet in a robe eating Church's wings  
So cold, so cold, no emergen-C

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Brad Pitt, Brad, Pitt

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Did it by myself, not a little bit of help  
Nobody, nobody did nothing, I knelt  
On my knees, said "God please give me a deal"  
And God texted me back  
"Don't be dumb young man, gotta do it yourself"  
It's up to you to turn the pen into a machete  
And make sure that every beat that you meet gets killed  
I kill the beat just like it's a pussy  
And I eat it up and beat it up and leave it  
You cannot compete with us  
I'm weaving in and out of traffic  
In the Cadillac, oh wait, is that us on the radio?  
Wait, is that us on the radio?  
It's what I always dreamed of  
Back when I had peach fuzz  
Shoutout to the homie D  
Who's D? Deez nuts  
I'm eating chicken wings and onions rings  
If you're wondering, yes I does my thing  
And another thing, no puppet strings  
On the company, we sucker free  
I ain't trippin' on what the public think  
Ten thousand, we hustling  
This shit didn't happen overnight  
This shit didn't happen suddenly

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