

# Beez (feat. RZA)

## Kid Cudi

[Verse Annotate1: RZA]

Who could take a single buck, an empty cup, a stroke of luck  
Fuck around and reconstruct it up to a million bucks  
In God we trust, every part of us is marvelous  
You Krusty Krab squad, ya'll will rust, ya'll ain't hard enough  
Demolition expert, I exert through your network while the TEC squirt jerk  
There's holes inside your sweatshirt  
Through your apparel, through your blood, through your bone marrow  
Precise with this mic device, slice your pie like Sbarros  
You falling nigga, and you can't get up  
You been stalling motherfucker now your ass is stuck  
Brooklyn, Brownsville, baby stay with the Killer Hill crazy  
Ankle strap above the boot, it conceals my three eighty  
Are you running for this money money, hunting eggs like easter bunny  
Geeks trying to beast upon me, freak I will eat a zombie  
Calm and double while you jumping through these hurdles, silly rabbit  
The race is always won by the turtle, mental machinery  
Purple herbal mixed with that greenery  
I don't write songs, grasshopper, I write scenery's  
Everything ain't what it seems to be, what it means to you it don't mean to me  
Bzzzz, a sting from the killer bees.  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
Beez on 'em  
Stings bitch  
Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZZzzz  
I pass any test of litmus, I workout at 24 fitness  
On the weekends, I sip Belvedere with that citrus  
My dogs is vicious, exotic  
Never blue for the mistress  
Life is good, I live every day like it's Christmas  
Happy New Year, I does what the fuck I wanna do here  
I splash that Gucci shit from the shirt to the footwear  
Trust the rings out, wife beater tee with the wings out

Long dick stamina, I fuck a bird til she sings out  
La la la la, body could convert Lady Gaga  
Back to heterosexual, I'm classy like Impala  
Plus I'm federal, when it comes to making dollas  
Like Jigga nigga man, if you hear me then holla  
Four rings like the Green Lantern  
You see me in the mean phantom  
Pushing over there in Ohio, outside of Canton  
Or maybe in the Grotti rugged projects of Staten  
Tall redbone in my shower, she looking like Paula Patton  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

Beez on 'em

Stings bitch

*Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZzzzz*

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>