

Brad Pitt's Cousin (feat. XP)

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
All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
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
When you see me in the club

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Brad Pitt, Brad, Pitt All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it
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All my Angelinas if you got it let me see it 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 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
Brad Pitt, Brad, Pitt

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