## MACKLEMORE, Brad Pitt's Cousin

Slick shit man, that's all we do
Hold up, 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
But 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'm with 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 No, 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 swap meet in a robe eating Church's wings So cold, so cold, no emergen-C

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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

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 treat the beat just like a pussy And I eat it up and beat it up and leave it fucked So 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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