

Sirens (feat. Alex Wiley)

Hoodie Allen

Check it
Started at the bottom like I'm looking at her booty
Asking me for money, I'm a blow it like I'm Hootie
Buffalo, where you find me, throwing Bills like I'm Flutie
She a product of the nineties, I'm a show her like I'm Truman, ooh
'fore the night is over, she will beso me, muah
Got your girlfriend so obsessed with me, that Cecily Strong
Making all of these bangers for girls who look like Topanga
Who grew up in Staten Island, banging 36 Chambers
Ya listening to history in the making now
Trying to retire at thirty with a vacation house
That money funny like Jefferson on a twenty
Ivy League like I'm hangin' out with Beyoncé and Jeezy now
Swaggin', I can see you impressed
She on her knees and she ain't trying to confess
Save me the stress, ya girl already say I'm the best
She came to my show just to get my name on her chest
Call 9-1-1
Tell the operator she ain't lookin' for a player
We can have some fun
We could be together from now until whenever
Just call me up
And I'll put out the fire that be burning inside
We can roll in my ride and make the sirens go off
She make the sirens go off
Working cause I love it, do it for my people
Words are like my ammo, bang, bang, reload
Watch me as I freak flows, ball hard on these beats though
Used to take the bus, now I whip it like I'm Devo
Nowadays we sittin' court side at every Knicks game
Close enough to go and hand Carmelo my mixtape
Models in my phone book, bout to make a mistake
Tell'em spread the love like we living in the sixties
My friends say that my life is like a movie dog
I'm bangin' actress after actress like they groupies dog
She think I'm James Bond, you just an afterthought
These rappers beggin' for any song in my catalogue
Working nine-to-five, but the opposite
Killing it so much, they bout to build me a monument
Tell her "we can do it in the dorm room of your colleges
And she can rock my muthafucking world or earn an scholarship
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Okay, I know it's frowned upon, but I'm [?]
[?] in a text, I got your bitch in it, don't mention it
Those who want the D and I appreciate the sentiment
Can't afford to own it, I'm just leasing it and renting it
Cause I am not cuffing shit, I am not no odd boy
I'm more like a hot boy, Gucci leather socks boy
Fin dripping in the kitchen whippin' up the box toy
I get it for the low, I bet you get it for a lot boy
Last night at the Trump towers taking drunk showers
At the airport, they went through my bag and found a bunch of weed that was not ours
If it's not reeking than it's not sour
Smoke in her face, you don't need a vase for these bouquet, then buy flowers
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Phone

Hey, Hoodie! What's going on man? Todd Ferman calling over from Gigantic Records. Man we just listened to your project, I got a bunch of writers up here, every one in the office is flippin' out. Man, I just wanted to call ya and let you know that we really, really love it, but we just wanna, you know, take it that next level. First thing I would want to do with you is get you a little bit more matured. Throw on a bowtie every now and then, carry a cane around, and wear a grey wig. But other than that, we really love it. Please call me when you get a chance. Once again, Todd Ferman, Gigantic Records. We love your album but we really want to change everything

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>