

Song For An Actress

Hoodie Allen

We don't gotta work it out
Cause no one gonna tell you where to find me
When you, you come looking for me
Cause I'll be walking out the door before you know it
And you better believe

Kick it with that new girl, eatin my Chipotle
Yeah we getting married, I don't care what all them hoes say
Rap Zac Efron, all we do is roleplay
Screaming dios mio, yeah that must be cause I'm olay
All that in a bag of chips, pass the guacamole
We just getting started babe imagine what I don't say
Every conversation just a chance for me to outwit
Do you feel that little spark, outlet, ow shit
So I don't need the press, I don't want a interview
I'm tryna lay you down, you just tryna Witherspoon
Take you somewhere private so that I can get a interview
With a vampire that's True Blood up in the room
So have you heard the gossip girl
I've been doin it since the Mickey Ryan gosslin girl
I read a text that you away, come find me
She said the party here is getting Blake, Lively

I don't know but I been told
The world outside is, oh so cold (So Cold!)
Late at night when you're alone
Do you think about me now that I'm gone?
When I'm on the road I often dream
And think of you (You know I'm thinking of you)
Girl, I hope that you do too

Shouts to Roger Ebert, Shouts to Emma Roberts
I think that you're a cutie, but I'd rather have your Aunt first
Take you to the movies, I can't wait until you're Starburst
Put me in a suit and a pair of dirty converse
I'm flyer than a mothafucka, pretty with her hair up
Bitches wanna play the field, so I just call them Airbud
All these rappers talk inside the box like an airduct
And I can switch it up and sing, go and get your hands up
Every speaker blast, so it's a Witchproject
You gone drop up on the people like a Witchproject
I be doing it for free until I'm rich, God Bless
Ask me how the hell that works and I admit, it's complex
Well, not like the magazine, ok well actually
I'm Lindsay Lohan cause I swear I'm only acting mean
Pay my dues and slap the beat, for everyone responsible
Swag coming out of my fucking nostrils, hostel

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I-been-all-A-lone

They can't bring me down
I'm-waiting-by-the-phone
Won't you take me out
I-know-when-I-am-wrong
So I say it now well
Hey, I wrote this song for an actress yeah
I wrote this song for an actress

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The world outside is, oh so cold (So Cold!)
Late at night when you're alone
Do you think about me now that I'm gone?
When I'm on the road I often dream
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I hope that you do too

Yeah I wrote this song for an actress
Hey I wrote this song for an actress