

## Movie

Hoodie Allen

She got an ass like her mama's, call that Julia Roberts  
This pretty lady is crazy cause she addicted to drama  
I'm tryna keep it romantic, I'm like Matthew McConaugh  
Don't need to be a detective to figure out that she want it  
She ride around in a Cadi, probably bought by her father  
She loves to listen to oldies and wear her hair like Madonna  
She tell her dad I'm a doctor, I think that she clueless  
I only play one on TV like I'm a young George Clooney  
Dawg I was destined for movies, getting better when older  
You need to get (get) that (that) dirt off your shoulder  
If you are slacking a bunch, pack it up  
Got a Wahlberg flow, packing a punch  
Billy Madison I'm never packing a lunch  
But I'm eating y'all raps cause you snacking it much  
I'm just a fighter, an All-American psycho rapper  
I Minnie Driver these girls crazy, there ain't no after  
I'm on that Casablanca, watch out homie this is classic  
My life reality television, ain't no one acting

The city can be mine  
But you just need to stop and learn your lines  
Hey girl, well let's make a movie  
You can be my leading lady beauty  
Grab your camera, don't be shy  
Things ain't always black and white  
We can make this world into our movie

These people asking me questions, they like "how did you do it?"  
Now the way we blowing up, it's like a Michael Bay movie  
I got a beautiful mind, so got these beautiful women  
They say you win some and lose some but all I'm doing is winning  
My life like Benjamin Button, let's go back to the future  
And start it back in 2000 with just a mic and computer  
I was just writing these raps, trying to bring the whole city with me  
I went from being Home Alone and now I'm Richie, Richie  
I put my old life behind me, jumped in front of the camera  
I got these honeys going crazy, call that Jessica Alba  
These other rappers are like how come they can't get to where I did  
Vring vring, here come Johnny homie I'm shining  
I got bad bitches on my dick, clips homie I'm grinding  
It's so dope, they go home to TiVo and rewind it  
Struggling rappers are acting like they some waiters now  
They busy watching me make it homie, you wait around

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Is it your eyes? Is it your hair?  
Is it your look? Is it your stare?  
I swear the camera love, love, love, love  
I swear the camera love you  
Is it your eyes? Is it your hair?

Is it your look? Is it your stare?  
I'm tryna cut, cut  
Oh this is the cut - the director's cut

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Now let them horns play...