

The Real Thing

Hoodie Allen

Super duper early morning Sunday breakfast
Ain't in a rush to go to church because I used protection
You complain about the way I cooked your eggs
I'll probably hang up the phone and then - hello? - disconnected
But check it, that's just a metaphor
I'm talking if you left your man then you'd be better off
The game I spit is sweeter than a bag of kettle corn
My name is Hoodie Allen but I'm here to take your sweater off
And I'mma do whatever it takes to make us a pair
You wanna travel around the world, well I'm taking you there
I met a bunch of mean girls like Lacey Chabert
Busy talking shit but they ain't stopping to look in the mirror
If you making it bad, well I'm making it worse
You holding onto all these baggage, stop taking it pers
I'll tell you anything I can to get you down tonight
Tryna take you out the clouds, bring you down to life
I think that she like me, she like me
And she think that it might be, it might be
The real thing but we moving too fast I think that she like me, she like me
And she think that it might be, it might be
True love but we let it all fade
Cause I just ain't ready baby Treat me like I'm the man with a couple hundred grand
And a family full of cousins with a couple Uncle Sams
Tryna gamble away my money, that's funny like Douglas Yancey
Wanna paint a perfect picture, they'll probably think that I'm Banksy
But I might die trying to afford it
I'm living in the studio, everything is recorded
My life is like a song and stuck on fucking repeat
And I'm making the same mistakes that you only make in your sleep
That must mean I'm in a dream world
But I'm sleepwalking until I find a dream girl
I got these teen girls screaming like I'm out of a magazine
Next to Harry and Justin, nobody fucking with me girl
Switch it, do I make you mad when I talk about shit that I envision?
Are my dreams too big? Do you think I'll sink or swim with these fishes?
So you could let me down easy
Cause it's hard to let go when you the only good that I know, you know?
I think that she like me, she like me
And she think that it might be, it might be
The real thing but we moving too fast I think that she like me, she like me
And she think that it might be, it might be
True love but we let it all fade

Cause I just ain't ready baby
Hi, it's me... wondering where the hell you are. You said you were gonna call me and I still haven't heard from you. You know, it's not that hard to just send me a text and say hi. I understand you're working hard on this album right now, but you need to make the time for me. And you need to start re-evaluating your priorities. Hope you're having a good night

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