

Beez (feat. RZA)

Kid Cudi

[Verse Annotate1: RZA]

Who could take a single buck, an empty cup, a stroke of luck
Fuck around and reconstruct it up to a million bucks
In God we trust, every part of us is marvelous
You Krusty Krab squad, ya'll will rust, ya'll ain't hard enough
Demolition expert, I exert through your network while the TEC squirt jerk
There's holes inside your sweatshirt
Through your apparel, through your blood, through your bone marrow
Precise with this mic device, slice your pie like Sbarros
You falling nigga, and you can't get up
You been stalling motherfucker now your ass is stuck
Brooklyn, Brownsville, baby stay with the Killer Hill crazy
Ankle strap above the boot, it conceals my three eighty
Are you running for this money money, hunting eggs like easter bunny
Geeks trying to beast upon me, freak I will eat a zombie
Calm and double while you jumping through these hurdles, silly rabbit
The race is always won by the turtle, mental machinery
Purple herbal mixed with that greenery
I don't write songs, grasshopper, I write scenery's
Everything ain't what it seems to be, what it means to you it don't mean to me
Bzzzz, a sting from the killer bees.
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)
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(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)
Beez on 'em
Stings bitch
Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZZzzz
I pass any test of litmus, I workout at 24 fitness
On the weekends, I sip Belvedere with that citrus
My dogs is vicious, exotic
Never blue for the mistress
Life is good, I live every day like it's Christmas
Happy New Year, I does what the fuck I wanna do here
I splash that Gucci shit from the shirt to the footwear
Trust the rings out, wife beater tee with the wings out

Long dick stamina, I fuck a bird til she sings out
La la la la, body could convert Lady Gaga
Back to heterosexual, I'm classy like Impala
Plus I'm federal, when it comes to making dollas
Like Jigga nigga man, if you hear me then holla
Four rings like the Green Lantern
You see me in the mean phantom
Pushing over there in Ohio, outside of Canton
Or maybe in the Grotti rugged projects of Staten
Tall redbone in my shower, she looking like Paula Patton
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

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In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks

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Beez on 'em

Stings bitch

Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZzzzz

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>