

# 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 (x2)  
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?

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