Can I Be

Kid Cudi

Yeah, Yeah Yeah...
I'm often often, sittin' in my world in the coffin, coughin off the herb of the curb.
Money, money, money is what they concur.
Do they Agree? what they might see, could be.
Not exactly what they thought.
The car the rap star allgededly bought is probly the same car that the rap star rented.
Front end in tennis, supreme in the snowfish.
Tailin' the whip, parkin lot a doubple piece, parked then.
My mom swore that I'd be the next cometh.
Them otha niggas far from it.
Can't stand how these dick rock bandits even get granted the access.
All up in the mix.
Wanna be a Kanye.
Wanna be a Skateboard P, but nigga.
All the BBC cannot put you, in the same place or give you the same face.
Find you first and you couldnt raise the stakes, higher.
Not talkin shit just fire, please muthafucka.
All this BAPE shit I rock is none otha.
Who the best MCs in Cleve?
Cas, Chip, da Cudder, tripple da illness.
And Ohio gotta feel this.
Took a decade just to say I'm paid.
Took a took a decade just to get girls to lay down, spread eagle, pop dat pussy ho'.
Need the love below I'm the champ that needs a gold medal.
Styles of flow homeboy, I got plenty.
I payed for my noodle, the digital vortex. Textin' a freak.
Digital phone sex.
She wanna suck a dong cuz my songs me digital checks.
Gigabytes decide the words that I write, I get gone nigga day and night.
Unh. Take it literally.
How more crystal clear can I be?
How more crystal clear can I be?
How more crystal clear can I be?
Can I be?
Can I be?
Unh huh, yeah.
Can I be-...-e.
How more crystal clear can I be?
Can I be?

Can I be?

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