Cudderisback

Kid Cudi

Yeah
Whats up?
Mm-hmm.
Nigga.
Yeah its me. (Haha!)
Yeah
Im back baby
Cudder.

Ottoman couch, how handsome your furniture Lovelier now, but dressed for funeral Begging you to sit for a portrait on the wall To hang in the dark of some parliamentary hall Stay home a lot, no TV Just thoughts, and a heap of good weed Same jeans, same old converse, Bape tees and the Walees, so works Im cool, some niggas mad at it Lookin in from the outside, fantastic Cant keep that negative alive They be on my dick, if Kid Cudi die, dont cry hater, I forgive, now go and get my album and get off my dick I smile and I'm pleasant, the weed is the essence But if Im in the good, we gonna tear shit up Im talking about shots, ridiculous amounts, cause If you're gonna rage, should be all about take, take another shot or youre soft Dream on campaign Im the mother loving boss

Haters suck my balls, two time
I never say goodbye because I'm on mine
All my life, wanna do something major
Now every little thing I do might make it in the paper
Cudi found yall nigga, po-po (whatever)
Mad drunk in the street, no photo (I rage)
Hatin motherfuckas, I dont know yo
I guess this was the life I chose
Wanna get up in my mind,
Wanna know about me and Amanda Bynes (Amanda please)
Wanna know really, really, really who Im dating

Is she civilian or super duper famous? (hmmm)
Is she African American, Caucasian, or Asian? (so many)
Or maybe Spanish, it dont matter my nigga, I love them all.
As long as she dont need stupid amounts of makeup to make up the self esteem
Selfish dreams can reflect the blessing

I am tap dancing on a cloud
Successful raps, I might scream out loud
Putting it down, for all I'm at
Talking fans, I wont quit
Im putting it down, for all I'm at
Talking fans, I wont quit
Hey hey, whoa whoa whooa! (come on, come on)
Hey, whoa whoa whooa! (come on, come on)
Stoned, let's smoke some more weed
Hey, (Let's goo oh whoa whooa)
La la la la la la
Goodbye.

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