

# Just What I Am

## Kid Cudi

[Verse 1: King Chip]

I'm just what you made God  
Not many I trust  
I'mma go my own way, God  
Take my faith to wherever you want  
I'm out here, on my son  
Won't stop 'til I get me some  
Club-hoppin', tryin' to get me some  
Bad bitches wanna get me sprung  
Early in the morning, I'm wakin' bakin'  
Drinkin', contemplatin', ain't no such thing as Satan  
Evil is what you make it  
Thank the Lord for that burning bush  
That big body benz I was born to push  
On my way I'm burning kush  
Now you don't be worryin' 'bout us  
Neighbors knockin' on the door, asking can we turn it down  
I say, "Ain't no music on" she said, "Naw, that weed is loud"  
Nigga, we ballin', straight swaggin'  
Lost heart, but I'm maintainin'  
I've been told that I'm amazing  
Make sure keep that fire blazin', weed livin'

[Hook: Kid Cudi]

I need smoke  
I need to smoke  
Who gon' hold me down now  
I want to get high y'all  
I want to get high y'all  
Need it to get by, y'all  
Can you get me high y'all  
I want to get high y'all  
I want to get high y'all  
Need it to get by, y'all  
Can you get me high y'all  
I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made God  
I'm just what you made God (Nee-need it)  
I'm just what you made God, what you made God  
I'm just what you made God

[Verse 2: Kid Cudi]

Let me tell you 'bout my month y'all  
Endless shopping, I had a ball  
I had to ball for therapy  
My shrink don't think that helps at all  
Whatever, that man ain't wearing these leather pants  
I diagnose my damn self  
These damn pills ain't working fam  
In my spare time  
Punching walls, fucking up my hand  
I know that shit sound super cray  
But if you had my life you'd understand  
But, I can't fold, some poor soul got it way worse  
We're all troubled, in a world of trouble  
It's scary to have a kid walk this Earth  
I'm what you made God  
Fuck yes I'm so odd  
Thinking 'bout all my old friends  
Who weren't my friends all along  
Hm, when it rains it pours  
Whiksey bottles of the six and fours  
Everyday the first things a chore  
Amidst a dream with no exit doors  
[Hook]  
[Outro]  
Need it to get by, ya  
Willy

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