

Hyyerr (Ft. Chip Tha Ripper)

Kid Cudi

Easy...

This is easy, Sunday morning
We're right here on a beautiful morning in Cleveland, Ohio
And it's chilly today, the kids are going to school
The grass is frosty
Let's take it on, on the ride-ide out, in the morning
Hello ClevelandA nigga like me be so gone
Eyes so low that a nigga gotta throw his locs on
"Wonder what them folks on?" That's what they be asking
That kush we smokes on, smell it when a nigga pass and
We getting to the cash and, you can see a nigga shining
Just a little gold, a couple hoes, couple two, three diamonds
Up in the hood where you find 'em, unless he out on the road
Every show got a bag full of blow and Patron
All my niggas getting throwed like they 'posed to
'Cause life is short and filled with lots of grief and doubt
So I just pull that bag of colorful frosty leaves
On out and free my scalp
I need to free my mind, a puff at a time
I'm up all the time, I'm up on the grind
So a Red Bull and a blunt would be fine
Just wanna feel fine, just wanna kill time
Just wanna relax and think of a rhyme
Dont really like sipping 'cause I get to tripping
My nigga just roll up a heap of that pine
And only bring a lil bit for the trip
Just in case we get blurped by the 5-0
"Sir you look high"
"I know, but I prefer my eyes low" And we get higher, and higher, and higher, and higher
And we get higher, and higher, and higher, and higher
You know we get higher, and higher, and higher, and higher
You know we get higher, so higher, oh, oh yeah we get so high Yeah, they say easy friend
There he go talking about weed again
Probably 'cause all that weed in him, yes and no
Cause and effect is what most don't know
Doing bad or like Mike said could be doing wrong
Forget about the obvious context of song
Put your brain where it belong
Can't we just all get a bong and tag along?

And we float, we kids with hope
Better to cope when you smoke
Dawg, please don't miss what
A nigga trying to get you thinking about
We outside because my mama in the house
Puff puff pass with your bitch ass
Back in high school, smoked weed when I cut class
And now I'm an addict
Tragic, stay rolling up while reclining
I be looking down see my Jesus piece shining
Good look Yeezy, now I stay blinded by that light
Somebody pass me that shell to the right
Yes, I'm going, I'll be outtie, and you can find me
I'll be chilling back, I'll be chilling Jack
Let's go

Songwriters

AUTHOR UNKNOWN COMPOSER, C. KALLA, COMPOSER AUTHOR UNKNOWN, KENNETH
GAMBLE, KENNY GAMBLE, LEON HUFF, SCOTT RAMON SEGURO MESCUDI
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