

Baptized In Fire (feat. Travis Scott)

Kid Cudi

Easy, turn your radio
Turn your radio... off
Watch me now, baby, baby
Uh uh, uh uh Bitches in my ear, they saying they love me
You don't love Scott, you love the Kid Cudi
I ain't no fucking slouch, show you what I'm 'bout
My energy is a bit too precious, too drenched in them blessings
Transitioning to my inner, I'm hearing their voice
Tell me stay in focus, keep focusing, boy
Feeling like a Chilly Billy
The man everywhere I go, in any city
I mean, damn the girls, girls, girls galore
I mean, damn the girls, girls, girls adore
Mixing florescent to the core of the accouterment
Off the tippy titty, setting off my groupie radar
Sipping Hen, dapping hands off the roof of my Porsche
A fresh nigga at large, a fresh nigga go hard
All my youngins say keep it going
All my youngins, they dumb and repping, they always knowing
Got some pride in your town, I'm spotting 'em lately
Three piece suit and I'm looking so cute
Sexy mama, send her way, you doing it hunnid
Them hating fucks sidelining and question what you do
Not this, my nigga, you been here
Not this, my nigga, you ain't here
Big boss, I made your heart heavy
Can't stop me, can't carry me, baby Life ain't easy sober, we live so geeky
Did just what you taught us, kept peace, no drama
Phoned home to the moon, did you change your number?
If and when you get this message, need you back home
Big bro, big bro, big bro, big bro
Back home
Big bro, we need you, come home
Back home
Big bro, big bro, shit's fucked, come home
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-i-er
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-i-er
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-i-er
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-i-er

Nightmares kept a nigga from closing his lids
Since a kid, I've been haunted by visions of death
Such a trip, now it's normal, I customized the grip
Think they gon' know, think the door the haunters ain't left
Now tell me what's a young nigga to do? When the zombies are coming for you
Load up them Daryl Dixons
Supply the race, turn the pave, relaxing, I'm ripping
Last week I almost weaved right off of Mulholland
Chiefing good like I should, alone in my thoughts
All the awesome places I've gone to and witnessed
Is it worth the paranoia, betrayal, and loss?
Nah nah, heroes can't simply have it all
Sacrifice, but see heroes don't sleep, we hear the call
My nieces know Uncle Scottie is so rock 'n' roll
My princess Vada know rock 'n' roll daddy got the glow
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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