

# The Mood

## Kid Cudi

Shades over my eyes  
Make the creepers look back at themselves  
Sittin' stuck in emotional bliss  
The skinny model girls rub coke on the gums  
Tap my knee, I'm keepin' the rhythm  
The young and wild take chances together  
They all jump up, twist and groove  
But no one talks, lost in the motherfuckin' mood  
No one talks, lost in the mood  
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood  
Hey, there's a hunger in the night  
The moonlight kissing the nips on the model frame  
I kissed her inner thigh  
Closed my eye, she began to make me fit  
She like to go the mile, all the while  
I can see her tear bit, I forgot her name  
Something that sounds like Penelope  
Maybe a French twang to it  
Her tongue was quick, she was French I knew it  
A lovely foreigner, foreign to racism  
She like that young nigga vibe, my brown skin  
My shagged out 'fro, I'm king to her  
And she will please her friend for me  
So funny how the starving are guardless  
Naked is always honest  
Her hands all over my privates, lost in the mood  
No one talks, lost in the mood  
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood  
But no one talks, lost in the motherfuckin' mood  
No one talks, lost in the mood  
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood

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