

## Kid Cudi f/ Chip the Ripper "Hyyerr"

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This is easy Sunday morning We're right here on a beautiful morning in Cleveland, Ohio And it's chilly today Kids are going to school The grass is frosty

Verse 1: Chip The Ripper This should be my Theme song To Life, Haha A nigga like me be so gone Eyes so low that a nigga gotta throw his locs on Wonder what them folks on? Thats what they be askin That kush we smokes on Smell it when a nigga pass and We gettin' to cash and You can see a nigga shinin Just a little gold, a couple hoes, couple 2-3 diamonds Up in the hood where you find em Unless he out on the road Every show got a bag for the 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 mean free my mind, a puff 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 sippin' cuz I get to trippin' my nigga just roll up a heap of that pine And only bring a lil bit for the trip in case we get blurped by the 5-0 (Sir you look high) I know but I prefer my eyes low

CHORUS: And we get hyyerr, and hyyerr, and hyyerr, and hyyerr (x2) You know we get hyyerr, and hyyerr, and hyyerr, and hyyerr (x2) You know we get hyyerr, so hyyerrrrrrrrrrrr

oOooooooooooooOo, yeahhhwe get so highhhhhh

Verse 2: Kid Cudi Yeahhh 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 Doin' bad, or like Mike said could be doin' wrong Forget about the obvious context of song but your brain where it belong Can't we just all get a bong and Tag alongggggggggg. 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 thinkin' bout We outside because my mama in the house Puff, puff, pass with your bitch ass Back in high school, smoke weed when I cut class And now I'm an addict Tragic, stay rolling up while reclining Happy, lookin' down, see my jesus piece shinin' 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 chillin' back, I'll be chillin' jack Let's goooo.  
CHORUS: And we get hyyerr, and hyyerr, and hyyerr,  
and hyyerr (x2) You know we get hyyerr, and hyyerr,  
and hyyerr, and hyyerr You know we get hyyerr, so  
hyyerrrrrrrrrrrr, oOooooooooooooOo, yeahh we get so  
highhhhhh

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