

## Kid Cudi

### "Beez"

Visit "[Beez](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Verse Annotate1: RZA]

Who could take a single buck, an empty cup, a stroke  
of luck

Fuck around and reconstruct it up to a million bucks  
In God we trust, every part of us is marvelous  
You Krusty Krab squad, ya'll will rust, ya'll ain't hard  
enough

Demolition expert, I exert through your network while  
the TEC squirt jerk

There's holes inside your sweatshirt

Through your apparel, through your blood, through  
your bone marrow

Precise with this mic device, slice your pie like Sbarros

You falling nigga, and you can't get up

You been stalling motherfucker now your ass is stuck  
Brooklyn, Brownsville, baby stay with the Killer Hill  
crazy

Ankle strap above the boot, it conceals my three eighty  
Are you running for this money money, hunting eggs  
like easter bunny

Geeks trying to beast upon me, freak I will eat a zombie  
Calm and double while you jumping through these  
hurdles, silly rabbit

The race is always won by the turtle, mental machinery  
Purple herbal mixed with that greenery

I don't write songs, grasshopper, I write scenery's  
Everything ain't what it seems to be, what it means  
to you it don't mean to me

Bzzzz, a sting from the killer bees.

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)

Beez on 'em

Stings bitch  
Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZzzz

I pass any test of litmus, I workout at 24 fitness  
On the weekends, I sip Belvedere with that citrus  
My dogs is vicious, exotic  
Never blue for the mistress  
Life is good, I live every day like it's Christmas  
Happy New Year, I does what the fuck I wanna do here  
I splash that Gucci shit from the shirt to the shoewear  
Trust the rings out, wife beater tee with the wings out  
Long dick stamina, I fuck a bird til she sings out  
La la la la, body could convert Lady Gaga  
Back to heterosexual, I'm classy like Impala  
Plus I'm federal, when it comes to making dollas  
Like Jigga nigga man, if you hear me then holla  
Four rings like the Green Lantern  
You see me in the mean phantom  
Pushing over there in Ohio, outside of Canton  
Or maybe in the Grotti rugged projects of Staten  
Tall redbone in my shower, she looking like Paula  
Patton

In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
In God I trust, now I don't give no fucks  
(Dropping them them them, motherfucking Beez)  
Beez on 'em  
Stings bitch  
Bzzzz... BzzzzZZZzzz

Visit [Kid Cudi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.