

Kid Cudi "Cutter Is Back"

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yea, wassup mmmhm nigga, yea its me (laugh) Yea, I'm back baby, Cudder.

Ottoman couch, how handsome your furniture Lovelier now, but dressed for funeral Begging you to sit for a portrait on the wall To hang in the dark of some parliamentary hall

Stay home a lot, no TV Just thoughts, and a heap of good weed Same jeans, same old converse, Bape tees and the Walees, so works Im cool, some niggas mad at it Lookin in from the outside, fantastic Cant keep that negative alive They be on my dick, if Kid Cudi die, dont cry hater, I forgive, now go and get my album and get off my dick I smile and I'm pleasant, the weed is the essence But if I'm in the good, we gon' tear shit up I'm talking about shots, ridiculous amounts, cause If you're gonna rage, should be all about take, take another shot or you're soft Dream On campaign I'm the mother lovin boss Haters suck my balls, two time I never say goodbye because I'm on mine All my life, wanna do something major Now every little thing I do might make it in the paper Cudi found y'all nigga, po-po (whatever) Mad drunk in the street, no photo (I rage) Hatin motherfuckas, I dont know yo I guess this was the life I chose Wanna get up in my mind, Wanna know about me and Amanda Bynes (amanda please) Wanna know really, really, really who I'm dating Is she civilian or super duper famous? (hmmm)

Is she African American, Caucasian, or Asian? (so

Or maybe Spanish, it don't matter my nigga, I love

many)

them all.

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