

## Kid Cudi "Daps And Pounds"

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("Yeah baby. As he transforms to a whole 'nother being... Super duper.")

[Chorus)

I am the one that you might see around town  
Giving up daps and pounds.  
So high up but I'm holdin' it down,  
Screamin' what up? What it be?

[Verse 1)

Step up in the place just me and my buddy,  
Everywhere I go they screamin Kid CuDi!  
Launching away from the helipad,  
Running out of bud, re-up before I'm hella mad.  
Hella like my dad in the sense of my ignorance,  
Now I give a shit bout less more than a little bit.  
One hell of a kid, and I kick it,  
Lord willing pure feelin' to the tenth power  
Mash on the pedal, float above gravel.  
Weave through the city streets,  
Seize what the people seek.  
Please come follow a dude haters in the media call  
rude.  
How do you conclude to intro the interlude?  
The game runs dry, bringin' the lube.  
Skinny as a fuck, still eatin' the food.  
Hard to kill Cuder like Steven Segal yeah,  
Haters applaud and they are appalled 'cause I see y'all.  
Can't hide in your closet, stop it.  
Be a boogie man, go do nothing beautiful.  
Sorry, I'm an honest man, fuck it.  
To my enemies: please squash it.  
You don't want Cuder to transform to a maniac.  
Kinda like Pat after plenty gin and tonic.  
Say I'm not a lyricist you fuckers need to figure out the  
logic.  
When I'm in rap mode it's nothing less than brolic.  
Don't run on beats motherfucker, I frolic.  
About...

Around...

[Chorus)

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Screamin' what up? What it be?

[Verse 2)

I'm lost in the kool-aid, I made my own flavor,  
Hawaiian super kush for everyone.  
Givin' free blunts to the ones who wanna dig.  
More than a man, super duper they feelin the kid.  
Let us get it in and get out,  
Exhale, inhale, eyes on the road seen foes,  
They linger ahead.  
Not really there, really here.  
Nor here, nor there, not really scared.  
But oh well, I'll still be where what they might see as the  
wrong path,  
Embrace bad with the good, keep doing the math.  
Trying to get it right so I can eliminate the pad when I  
scribble.  
Beer pong, I dabble; Shrooms on occasion, depending  
on the persuasion and who I'm with  
Ask Ron Price, I was nice when I was younger,  
Yeah you was a Killer- "When You Were Young".  
Though I'm 25 like I'm 16, first time high.

("Yeah, I tried telling them, I'm something totally  
different, honest. Hahaha.")

[Chorus)

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Giving up daps and pounds.  
So high up but I'm holdin' it down,  
Screamin' what up? What it be? [x2)

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