

## Kid Cudi "Just What Iam"

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[Verse 1: King Chip]

I'm just what you made God - not many I trust I'mma go my own way, God, take my fate to wherever you want

I'm out here, on my son, won't stop 'til I get me some Club-hoppin', tryin' to get me some, bad bitches wanna get me sprung

Early in the morning, I'm wakin' bakin', drinkin', contemplatin'

Ain't no such thing as Satan, evil is what you make it Thank the Lord for that burning bush,

that big body Benz I was born to push

On my way I'm burning kush, nigga don't be worried 'bout us

Neighbors knockin' on the door, asking can we turn it down

I say, "Ain't no music on" she said, "Naw, that weed is loud"

Nigga, we ballin', straight swaggin', lost Hawk, but I'm maintainin'

I've been told that I'm amazing, make sure keep that fire blazin', weed livin'

[Hook: Kid Cudi]
I need smoke
I need to smoke
Who gon' hold me down now
I wanna get high y'all
I wanna get high y'all

Need it need it to get by y'all

Can you get me high y'all?

I wanna get high y'all

I wanna get high y'all

Need it need it to get by y'all

Can you get me high y'all?

I'm just what you made God, just what you made God (Nee-need it)

I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made (Nee-need it) I'm just what you made God I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made God

[Verse 2: Kid Cudi]

Let me tell you 'bout my month y'all, endless shopping,

I had a ball

I had to ball for therapy, my shrink don't think that helps at all

Whatever, that man ain't wearing these leather pants I diagnose my damn self, these damn pills ain't working fam

In my spare time, punching walls, fucking up my hand I know that shit sound super cray but if you had my life you'd understand

But, I can't fold, some poor soul got it way worse We're all troubled, in a world of trouble It's scary to have a kid walk this Earth I'm what you made God, fuck yes I'm so odd Thinking 'bout all my old friends who weren't my friends all along

Hm, when it rains it pours, whiskey bottles on the sinks and floors

Everyday to find sane's a chore, amidst a dream with no exit doors

[Hook]

[Outro] Need it to get by, ya Willy

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