

Kid Cudi**"Lord Of The Sad And Lonely"**

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(Intro)

Lord of the Sad and Lonely

(Verse)

Won't you tell me who is the supreme leader?
Still want to use like I'm not a human eater
Move and groove, make the bitch linger
Want more than the dick, gold on the ring finger
Not the one who wanna play dumb, see I'm from
Cleveland bitch
I'm up in the hills still keep it way trill
And most wanna relax, someone tell me how that feel
I say that loud until I go an pop this pill
I say out loud 'you wanna let me cop a feel?'
Now I pray out loud but I know my god I'll
Bounce with me If you don't give a fuck simply
Fed up won't let up on the overtime
The more I work, the more they wanna sweat mine
I can feel those lames they love to speak my name
Sometimes dreams of breakin niggas whole faces
And fuck the precinct, ain't scared of catchin' cases
Sky might fall, but I ain't worried at all
Got me some xannies and a couple adderall
Plus these racks up on the strippers at the mall
With the spirit of god and some Gandalf balls
Lord of the sad and lonely
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily
don't let these phony niggas and hoes
Be the ones that bring you low
Let it be from the fatigue from making a pussy plead
All of the things I've seen and survived
Make a nigga feel way more than just alive
You know my name you know my face
All hail King Wizard in your motherfucking space
You love it

(Hook)

Yep, yep, yep
Lord of the sad and lonely
Yep, yep, yep
Lord of the sad and lonely

Yep, yep, yep
Lord of the sad and lonely
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily
I got you, you love it

(Verse 2)

Now I can show you how to make a Domingo Dean
In a way in which this universe has never seen
I feel the tension when I'm struttin' in my Prada boots
Check with my fresh, if you want I can style you
So enough in my profession is the while you nigga
How you not better than me, listen
I swear to G I feel that baby back in '99
In the SLS stuntin and it's all mine
Shittin on these niggas, sippin on some swiss criss
I guess I'm jury on the sit and on my slit wrist
Don't let these fuckin up my floors, see I'm getting
pissed
Work too damn hard, forever the shenanigans
Floatin around bombs and that's how I went deeper
Pom pom niggas, how do my cum taste
Don't move one, we jokes, we smiles, just a grin
That's adjust on my best
Livin like I got a motherfuckin prop on my lap at all
times
So many kids live they life in my rhymes
See? I'm in love with you all to the end
When shit was dark for me, you were my only friends
on the reala
They just smoke some tree for yo nigga
Ain't nobody got my brownster, my gushy ounce
Walk into rooms and fuck boys, close they mouth
The gut life - you know what we bout

(Outro)

Lord of the Sad and Lonely

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