

Kid Cudi "Show Up"

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Chorus:

i aint stunting these hoes
i just say 4get them while i blow my smoke(eh)

never let a woman slow up my dough (eh)
never let a nigga slow up my dough (eh)
im goneee, im tore up (eh)
u feel im fly
stacking money from the flow up
girl u moving fast
i think u need 2 slow up (eh)
the money coming in
now these bitches wanna show up

Verse 1:

Thought so, haz-ey (eh)
Chillin on that catholic
And i might be crazy
Kinda been thinking about it lately
Wake up everyday, trying 2 get someone 2 pay me
Lay me, haterz wont in slay me
But they will never play me
My game play is amazing
Who could ever knowwww
What the future holdsss
But will you pay attention
When my storys told
We aint getting young, we only getting old
So now i live life
By a different code
Gotta live life like
I will never die
Only pray for one thing
Thats to stay forever fly
Dont think i cant live
Happy if im not rich
Fuck a ugly girl
Man, i want a hot bitch
Make me see fireworks
When we lock lips

Man, im about 2 take-off
Like a fucking rocket

Chorus:

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Verse 2:

Rolling cushion, white house
These niggas in the past, man i'm thinking right now
These niggas walk by,man a nigga might frown
They see you coming up, these haters treat you quite
fowl
I dont give a fuck, they see me i might smile
Fuck bitches, get money
That's the lifestyle
Fuck with the pack and my wolves might howl
Check a nigga out baby, everything big
Cuz you want some shit, you have never seen big
First class, flights. hotel with a view
Aint nobody got these jordan 7's but a few
Give me my money, give me my money
Don't you dur-ez, you wont get none from me
Making all these dollars, all these bitches love me
Bout to do my thing, everything looks lovely

Chorus:

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Yeah

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