

Kid Cudi

"Solo Dolo Part II"

Visit "[Solo Dolo Part II](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I don't need, I don't need nobody
Please shut the front door and walk right in
In the land of the man who rock it hard for them
Super Solo Dolo attack, run and tell that
If you'd like to know, yes, I am on acid
Who could it be? K-I-D
Searching all day in the streets for DMT
Don't sip it, though - it couldn't answer
Drip, drip all day - bumpin' MGMT, homie
Watch on who you hate on, fam', without the facts
Sad niggas back in the hood bumpin' Ratatat
To me it was a dream, a fiend to understand that
You never seen a nigga like me?
I just tell 'em I'm an oxymoron when I open my mouth
Cause people talk shit before knowing what I'm about
But for sure these Cleveland boys is ill
But pretty soon your gutter bitches wildin' for real, it's
such a trip
Hoes around the globe, I'm known to have a fet'
I don't do a thing and these bitches lickin' they lips
Me and Chip reflect on all the hate and jibber jabber
Mmm, you almost got me, but sucker I'm not a sucker
Better get on back
You pussy motherfuckers get the Will Smith smack
And I am not a fronter, better look up the facts
The world know what it be:
Mr. Rager, Solo Dolo, C.U.D., repeat it

Come, come now, last call, who want some?
It's just me, two bitches and dirty drums
Two lips to kiss, 22 mother nuns
God blessed my tongue, I need it for life
Awkward like Cartwright, twiddling my thumbs
Pondering my next accomplishments
It's condescending to say I won
Two lips, you kiss my ass tonight, huh?

I really want it - need it
Break bread - or break fast
Before I blast and break legs, ride past
And they scream out "little Johnny is dead!"

You wish me well, I wish you Hell
Eternity, no such thing as time will tell
Infirmity, burn like magnetic combustion
Bad credit with me, and paramedics are hustlin'
What's the definition of water?
Sherm sticks, sipped a gallon of it when you caught us
Turn quick, I don't wanna play this for my daughter
If my son heard it, probably look at you as his father
I'm proud of myself in a bad way
Halfway house, tell 'em to me halfway
I'm passin' out, ass whoopin'
Your ass lookin' for Michelle Obama 'til I bang on you
They couldn't

Come, come now, last call, who want some?
It's just me, two bitches and dirty drums
Two lips to kiss, 22 mother nuns
God blessed my tongue, I need it for life
Awkward like Cartwright, twiddling my thumbs
Pondering my next accomplishments
It's condescending to say I won
Two lips, you kiss my ass tonight, huh?

Visit [Kid Cudi](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.