

Does It

Kid Cudi

You can depend on Cud Life to kill it
Having guillotine dreams with my enemies, oh
See 'em in the ditch, see 'em out, hit the exit
Can't stand to hear a bitch nigga mouth
I took a hook in the road to get in the mode, geronimo
Get in my jeans, white tee, Cleveland fitted
Hoes know me 'round the map, I can't hide the old summers Hit the fuse and I
lit it
The rest unfolds, tell me, how the fuck does he does it?
Levels unreachable, can't pin 'him to a mold
It's like a nigga been here before, shit is a bore
My thoughts soar in the AM
Slay them like a machine round the clock with the 12 gauge aim
Telling Satan to fuck off, hated the hand I was given
Tossed that shit back, like God must be kidding
And not for a nigga like me, not for the family
Not for the similar plans I just dumped
And I made me some choices, heard voices follow
No, can't stop a man with passion
These hoes don't distract a god, I am no clown
Grown man laying the stones all around in my throne
My kingdom, throwing from space
Fuck all expressions on face, this is the case
I'm in place to be great, hmm
No fakes, raising the stakes
I'm in place to be great, hmm, hmm, hmm

Uh, doing music, TV and movies, sitting on the floors we ain't heard of
And the media wanna act like I ain't out here (I'm out here)
Running laps around these hoes (for years)
Running the game with no cheat codes
Unfuckwittable with two T's nigga, who else but Cud?
Give a motherfuck

I does it, I, I, I does it and, I does it, yeah
I, I, I does it yeah, I, I does it yeah, oh, oh, oh
Nigga, I does it, yeah, oh, I, nigga, I does it, yeah
Oh, oh, oh, I does it, yeah, I does it, yeah, oh, oh

Thought the kid dough cause I'm in a oven often
The kush in the lungs, a bushel of nugs
Awaken the dope, but they never dissolve the [?]
Got the homies in the hood and they wanna rage on
Fast lane, pushing to the limit
Uh, enjoy the spoils, but don't bask in it
But see, I really wanna get me a farm and grow crop
Live with some girls who love me and this cock
The more I grow, the more I double in powers
Non-ambitious for cowards, trippy go for toe
Won't be a drone clone, half-hearted
Sheep in the herd, brainwashed at what cost
I'm a raise some hell, you know this
And if I piss people off along the way, bonus
Cause these niggas are stale chips
All around thinking they're fresh with the stale shit
And corny bitches need corny niggas, that's well fit
God has a plan for everybody but I'm it, Chosen

Scotty 'bout to even the mood
Get lost in the tune
Forget it all, take flight my doves
Say we are the, we are the knights in the world
Listen baby can you see in the club, we gettin' bent up
The sun up, egg, cheese, sunny-side up
I'm waiting for you, and taking the cue
Having a drink
Let's make it a few
Here's to you, you, you, and you
Salute
Hmmm, I bid you adieu
Salute

Uh, doing music, TV and movies sitting on the floors we ain't heard of
And the media wanna act like I ain't out here (I'm out here)
Running laps around these hoes winning and grinning no cheat codes
Unfuckwittable with two T's nigga, who else but Cud?
Give a mother fuck

I does it, I, I, I does it and, I does it yeah
I, I, I does it yeah, I, I does it yeah, oh, oh, oh
Nigga, I does it yeah, oh, I, nigga I does it yeah
Oh, oh, oh, I does it yeah, I does it yeah, oh, oh