

## Soundtrack 2 My Life

Kid Cudi

I got ninety-nine problems, and they all bitches  
Wish I was Jigga Man, carefree livin'  
But I'm not Sean or Martin Louie  
I'm the Cleveland nigga rolling with them Brooklyn boy

You know how it be when you start living large  
I control my own life, Charles was never in charge  
No sitcom could teach Scott about the dram'  
Or even explain the troubles that haunted my mom

On Christmas time, my mom Christmas grind  
Got me most of what I wanted, how'd you do it mom, huh?  
She copped the toys I would play with in my room by myself  
Why he by himself?

He got two older brothers, one hood, one good  
An independent older sister got me fly when she could  
But they all didn't see  
The little bit of sadness in me, Scotty

I've got some issues that nobody can see  
And all of these emotions are pouring out of me  
I bring them to the light for you, it's only right  
This is the soundtrack to my life, the soundtrack to my life

I'm super paranoid, like a 6th sense  
Since my father died, I ain't been writin' since  
And I tried to piece the puzzle of the universe  
Split a eighth of 'shrooms just so I could see the universe

I tried to think about myself as a sacrifice  
Just to show the kids they ain't the only ones who up at night  
The moon will illuminate my room and soon I'm consumed by my doom

Once upon a time, nobody gave a fuck  
It's all said and done, and my cock's been sucked  
So now I'm in the cut, alcohol in the womb  
My heart's an open sore that I hope heals soon

I live in a cocoon opposite of Cancun  
Where it is never sunny, the dark side of the moon  
So it's more than life, I try to shed some light on a man  
Not many people of this planet understand

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It's close to go and tryin' some coke  
And a happy ending be slitting my throat  
Ignorance the coke man, ignorance is bliss  
Ignorance is love, and I need that shit

If I never did shows, then I'd probably be a myth  
If I cared about the blogs, then I'd probably be a jackass  
Don't give a shit when people talkin' 'bout fam'

Haters shake my hand, but I keep the sanitizer on deck

Hope I really get to see 30  
Wanna settle down, stop being so flirty  
Most of the clean faces be the most dirty  
I just need a thoroughbred, cook when I'm hungry

Ass all chunky, brain is insanity  
Only things that calm me down, pussy and some Cali trees  
And I get both, never truly satisfied  
I am happy, that's just the saddest lie

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To my life, to my life, to my life  
Uh huh, yeah, uh huh, yeah