

The Mood

Kid Cudi

Yep

Yep

Shades over my eyes
Make the creepers look back at themselves
Sitting stuck in emotional bliss
The skinny model girls want coke on their gums
Tap my knee
I'm keepin' the rythm
The young and wild take chances together
They all jump up, twist and groove
But no one talks, lost in the motherfuckin' mood

No one talks, lost in the mood
No one talks, sweatin' it out, lost in the mood

Hey, there's a hunger in the night
The moonlight kissing the nips on the model frame
I kissed her inner thigh
Closed my eyes, she began to make me fit
She like to go the mile, all the while
I can see her tear bit
I forgot her name
Something that sounds like Penelope
May be a French twang to it
Tongue was quick, she was French I knew it
A lovely foreigner, foreign to racism
She like that young nigga vibe my brown skin
My shagged out fro
I'm king to her
She will please her friend for me
So funny how they starvin regardless
Naked as always, honest
her hands all over my privates
Lost in the mood

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