

Lord of the Sad and Lonely

Kid Cudi

(Lord of the Sad and Lonely)

Won't you tell me who is; the supreme leader
Still want to use like I'm not a human eater
Move and groove, make the bitch linger
Want more than the dick, gold on the ring finger
Not the one who wanna play dumb, see I'm from Cleveland bitch
I'm up in the hills still keep it way trill
And most wanna relax, someone tell me how that feel
I say that loud until I go an pop this pill
I say out loud 'you wanna let me cop a feel?'
Now I pray out loud but I know my god ill
Bounce with me If you don't give a fuck simply
Fed up won't let up on the overtime
The more I work, the more they wanna sweat mine
I can feel those lames they love to speak my name
Sometimes dreams of breakin niggas whole faces
And fuck the precinct, ain't scared of catchin' cases
Sky might fall, but I ain't worried at all
Got me some xannies and a couple adderall
Plus these racks up on the strippers at the mall
With the spirit of god and some Gandalf balls
Lord of the sad and lonely
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily
Don't let these phony niggas and hoes
Be the ones that bring you low
Let it be from the fatigue from making a pussy plead
All of the things I've seen and survived
Make a nigga feel way more than just alive
You know my name you know my face
All hail King Wizard in your motherfucking space
You love it

Yep, yep, yep
Lord of the sad and lonely
Yep, yep, yep
Lord of the sad and lonely
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily
I got you, you love it

Now I can show you how to make a new Domingo Dean
In a way in which this universe has never seen
I feel the tension when I'm struttin' in my Prada boots
Check with my fresh, if you want I can style you
My profession is to wild you,
Nigga How you not better than me listen I swear to Jesus
I feel like Baby back in 99
In the SLS stunting and it's all mine
Shitting on these nigga sipping on some Swiss Kriss
I got jewelry that is sitting on my sick wrist
My liver fucking up my floor, see I'm getting pissed
Work too damn hard here for the shenanigans
Don't hang around bums
And that's how I went fe fi fo fum
Haters are doing dumb things
No fun, no jokes, no smile
Just a grin that suggest I'm the best
Living like I got a motherfucking pump on my left

At all times
So many kids live their life through my rhymes
See I'm in love with you all to the end
When shit was dark for me you were my only friends
On the realer
So smoke some tree for your nigga
Ain't nobody got my bounce, know my juicy ounce
Walk in rooms and fuckboys close their mouth
The Cud life, you know what we about

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