

# The Guide

Kid Cudi

Ain't the type to let you tell her what she needs  
Ain't gon' sit or stand around  
I laid them all, I leave 'em sick mamacita on me  
One touch is never allowed  
She said "What you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want"  
"What you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want"

Ooooh  
Ooooh  
Where you goin?  
Where you goin?  
Where you goin?  
Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo

I need a winning woman, a wonder woman  
A Gal Gadot, sophisticated and hot  
She knowin' what she doing like the music here  
When she step on the scene she could light up the block, ugh  
Sittin' all, took her, make her awesome  
Simple hearts Had too many women I know  
Who could look at your soul, just by looking at you  
I heard she got these niggas falling at her feet  
She kneels to no one with her golden crown  
You'd be the one play ball  
You'd be the one play ball  
Have mercy on me, put some magic on me  
Be my guide in the dark, ugh  
Have mercy on me, put some magic on me  
Be my guide in the dark, guide in the dark

Ooooh  
Ooooh  
Where you goin'!  
Where you goin'!  
Where you goin'!  
Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo

So when did we become, so sophisticated and smart  
And trying so hard, that we forget that we were animals  
But never her, I never heard a creature make such sounds  
It never would occur to people her up-downs  
Convertible would murder evil, pup pup hounds  
Just been dogging her  
Courtesy and real love found, just been dodging her  
Mr. man, misogyny hands, been massaging her  
If she ran and blew up her town, shit I would pardon her  
Put a part in her scalp, scratch her dandruff  
Put her heart in your hand, she threw a tantrum  
Better let her get that shit off, bug repellent  
Hear they've been telling her nah since forever  
Hear some Melvin and Bluenotes is all she know  
Murder, murder, murder  
My murder is all she wrote  
Perverted, she prefer to be hurted, claw her throat  
All the dirty verdicts, she learns watching soaps

Yeah

Ooooh

Ooooh

Where you goin?

Where you goin?

Where you goin?

Semi-automatic with the passion when we making love

Never made it to the bed, sexing on the living room floor

Now she on the warpath, homie probably busted you and pissed her off

Got this woman on the prowl, on the hunt she gon' eat them all

And she know what she looking for, know what she looking for

She said she got herself some Louboutins, got her self some Louboutins

Not indecisive, indecisive at all

She know what she looking for

Got herself some Louboutins

Ooooh

Ooooh

Where you goin?

Where you goin?

Where you goin?