

## 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

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

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