

# AT THE PARTY

Kid Cudi

We was just there at the party, she was drinking prolly  
She serious not sorry  
That's when she just hit it hardly, started feeling godly  
Near death, mmm, out of body  
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Got us on up, just a nigga creepin' on dub  
Tequila in my cup  
Drink it all, never get enough, bottle gotta raise it on up  
Nights in my leather  
Niggas gon' learn the four letters, walk in, not many better  
Members of the rage  
Now I just flip another page, then I'm out in Paris with my bae  
Shit just ain't the same  
(Yeah) niggas never plan  
Walked in the building, they crumble, grow as a broken man  
Bleeds in the scene, I can achieve  
What I dream, full steam on the Humboldt, always think of Virgil  
I was always hit with the no, no  
Gave no fucks on the normal, yes, I'm different  
Everybody wanna talk shizit till they get punched in the lizzip  
You's a punk bizitch

I don't give a fuck what he sayin', Cuban city roots  
Anybody else get loose  
Wanna get it in, tripped on shrooms  
And I'm screamin' out, "Fuck them," runnin' with the troops  
I'm a top-notch nigga you ain't never seen  
You ain't happy with your life, you need to make a dream  
Off a movie set, Dallas and other scenes  
'Cause your \*\*\*\* so good, she don't wanna leave  
Just a lover in the night light  
It be them, you better get it, there's a stick, right?  
Said she wanna swim in night vibes  
Drink up what you want, ma, dealin' with a king

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I was just there at the function, had the shit bumpin'

Vivienne Westwood with the buttons  
I went no limit with the budget, Peedy in the cutty  
Had the hoes heavy on the money  
Took her right down to the dungeon, ballin' in the night  
We ain't even up till the sun in  
Heavy outside how it's looking, baby not a rookie  
Hit the back door when they book me  
Just need you to remember four letters, it's fake and the love  
That's why the rage live forever  
Hot in the Comme de sweater, baby, cool me off  
She gone get a top, yeah, you dig it?  
Switch on the Glock like a widget, I was in the party  
Told them bring it back when they get it  
Stars in my rolls and my fitted, I be blowing loud  
You be loving mid, yeah, admit it

I need a psht that can dance, good with her hands  
And know the plans in advance  
And she coming fast like a cheatah, but she not a cheetah  
'Cause I'ma have to run from a cheetah  
Lockin' up the heart in the freezer, gotta keep it cold  
He cold, he cold (Cold)  
Cocktail, mix it with tequila, take it all at once  
I'ma have to leave with a-

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