

AT THE PARTY

Kid Cudi

We was just there at the party, she was drinking proolly
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 cheetah, 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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