

# Does It

Kid Cudi

You can depend on Cud Life to kill it  
Having guillotine dreams with my enemies, oh  
See 'em in the ditch, see 'em out, hit the exit  
Can't stand to hear a bitch nigga mouth  
I took a hook in the road to get in the mode, geronimo  
Get in my jeans, white tee, Cleveland fitted  
Hoes know me 'round the map, I can't hide the old summers Hit the fuse and I  
lit it  
The rest unfolds, tell me, how the fuck does he does it?  
Levels unreachable, can't pin 'him to a mold  
It's like a nigga been here before, shit is a bore  
My thoughts soar in the AM  
Slay them like a machine round the clock with the 12 gauge aim  
Telling Satan to fuck off, hated the hand I was given  
Tossed that shit back, like God must be kidding  
And not for a nigga like me, not for the family  
Not for the similar plans I just dumped  
And I made me some choices, heard voices follow  
No, can't stop a man with passion  
These hoes don't distract a god, I am no clown  
Grown man laying the stones all around in my throne  
My kingdom, throwing from space  
Fuck all expressions on face, this is the case  
I'm in place to be great, hmm  
No fakes, raising the stakes  
I'm in place to be great, hmm, hmm, hmm

Uh, doing music, TV and movies, sitting on the floors we ain't heard of  
And the media wanna act like I ain't out here (I'm out here)  
Running laps around these hoes (for years)  
Running the game with no cheat codes  
Unfuckwittable with two T's nigga, who else but Cud?  
Give a motherfuck

I does it, I, I, I does it and, I does it, yeah  
I, I, I does it yeah, I, I does it yeah, oh, oh, oh  
Nigga, I does it, yeah, oh, I, nigga, I does it, yeah  
Oh, oh, oh, I does it, yeah, I does it, yeah, oh, oh

Thought the kid dough cause I'm in a oven often  
The kush in the lungs, a bushel of nugs  
Awaken the dope, but they never dissolve the [?]  
Got the homies in the hood and they wanna rage on  
Fast lane, pushing to the limit  
Uh, enjoy the spoils, but don't bask in it  
But see, I really wanna get me a farm and grow crop  
Live with some girls who love me and this cock  
The more I grow, the more I double in powers  
Non-ambitious for cowards, trippy go for toe  
Won't be a drone clone, half-hearted  
Sheep in the herd, brainwashed at what cost  
I'm a raise some hell, you know this  
And if I piss people off along the way, bonus  
Cause these niggas are stale chips  
All around thinking they're fresh with the stale shit  
And corny bitches need corny niggas, that's well fit  
God has a plan for everybody but I'm it, Chosen

Scotty 'bout to even the mood  
Get lost in the tune  
Forget it all, take flight my doves  
Say we are the, we are the knights in the world  
Listen baby can you see in the club, we gettin' bent up  
The sun up, egg, cheese, sunny-side up  
I'm waiting for you, and taking the cue  
Having a drink  
Let's make it a few  
Here's to you, you, you, and you  
Salute  
Hmmm, I bid you adieu  
Salute

Uh, doing music, TV and movies sitting on the floors we ain't heard of  
And the media wanna act like I ain't out here (I'm out here)  
Running laps around these hoes winning and grinning no cheat codes  
Unfuckwittable with two T's nigga, who else but Cud?  
Give a mother fuck

I does it, I, I, I does it and, I does it yeah  
I, I, I does it yeah, I, I does it yeah, oh, oh, oh  
Nigga, I does it yeah, oh, I, nigga I does it yeah  
Oh, oh, oh, I does it yeah, I does it yeah, oh, oh