

# Lord of the Sad and Lonely

Kid Cudi

(Lord of the Sad and Lonely)

Won't you tell me who is; the supreme leader  
Still want to use like I'm not a human eater  
Move and groove, make the bitch linger  
Want more than the dick, gold on the ring finger  
Not the one who wanna play dumb, see I'm from Cleveland bitch  
I'm up in the hills still keep it way trill  
And most wanna relax, someone tell me how that feel  
I say that loud until I go an pop this pill  
I say out loud 'you wanna let me cop a feel?'  
Now I pray out loud but I know my god ill  
Bounce with me If you don't give a fuck simply  
Fed up won't let up on the overtime  
The more I work, the more they wanna sweat mine  
I can feel those lames they love to speak my name  
Sometimes dreams of breakin niggas whole faces  
And fuck the precinct, ain't scared of catchin' cases  
Sky might fall, but I ain't worried at all  
Got me some xannies and a couple adderall  
Plus these racks up on the strippers at the mall  
With the spirit of god and some Gandalf balls  
Lord of the sad and lonely  
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily  
Don't let these phony niggas and hoes  
Be the ones that bring you low  
Let it be from the fatigue from making a pussy plead  
All of the things I've seen and survived  
Make a nigga feel way more than just alive  
You know my name you know my face  
All hail King Wizard in your motherfucking space  
You love it

Yep, yep, yep  
Lord of the sad and lonely  
Yep, yep, yep  
Lord of the sad and lonely  
And the ones that feel like shit on the daily  
I got you, you love it

Now I can show you how to make a new Domingo Dean  
In a way in which this universe has never seen  
I feel the tension when I'm struttin' in my Prada boots  
Check with my fresh, if you want I can style you  
My profession is to wild you,  
Nigga How you not better than me listen I swear to Jesus  
I feel like Baby back in 99  
In the SLS stunting and it's all mine  
Shitting on these nigga sipping on some Swiss Kriss  
I got jewelry that is sitting on my sick wrist  
My liver fucking up my floor, see I'm getting pissed  
Work too damn hard here for the shenanigans  
Don't hang around bums  
And that's how I went fe fi fo fum  
Haters are doing dumb things  
No fun, no jokes, no smile  
Just a grin that suggest I'm the best  
Living like I got a motherfucking pump on my left

At all times  
So many kids live their life through my rhymes  
See I'm in love with you all to the end  
When shit was dark for me you were my only friends  
On the realer  
So smoke some tree for your nigga  
Ain't nobody got my bounce, know my juicy ounce  
Walk in rooms and fuckboys close their mouth  
The Cud life, you know what we about

Lord of the Sad and Lonely