

# Just What I Am (feat. King Chip)

Kid Cudi

I'm just what you made God - not many I trust  
I'mma go my own way, God, take my faith to wherever you want  
I'm out here, on my son, won't stop 'til I get me some  
Club-hoppin', tryin' to get me some, bad bitches wanna get me sprung  
Early in the morning, I'm wakin' bakin', drinkin', contemplatin'  
Ain't no such thing as Satan, evil is what you make it  
Thank the Lord for that burning bush, that big body Benz I was born to push  
On my way I'm burning kush, nigga don't be worried 'bout us  
Neighbors knockin' on the door, asking can we turn it down  
I say, "Ain't no music on" she said, "Naw, that weed is loud"  
Nigga, we ballin', straight swaggin', lost Hawk, but I'm maintainin'  
I've been told that I'm amazing, make sure keep that fire blazin', weed livin'  
I need smoke  
I need to smoke  
Who gon' hold me down now  
I wanna get high y'all  
I wanna get high y'all  
Need it need it to get by y'all  
Can you get me high y'all?  
I wanna get high y'all  
I wanna get high y'all  
Need it need it to get by y'all  
Can you get me high y'all?  
I'm just what you made God, just what you made God (Nee-need it)  
I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made  
(Nee-need it) I'm just what you made God  
I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made God  
Let me tell you bout my month y'all, endless shopping, I had a ball  
I had to ball for therapy, my shrink dont think that helps at all  
Whatever, that man aint wearing these leather pants  
I diagnose my damn self, these damn pills aint working fam  
In my spare time, punching walls, fucking up my hand  
I know that shit sound super cray but if you had my life youd understand  
But, I cant fold, some poor soul got it way worse  
Were all troubled, in a world of trouble  
Its scary to have a kid walk this Earth  
Im what you made God, fuck yes Im so odd  
Thinking 'bout all my old friends who werent my friends all along  
Hm, when it rains it pours, whiksey bottles of the six and fours  
Everyday the first things a chore, amidst a dream with no exit doors I need smoke  
I need to smoke  
Who gon' hold me down now

I wanna get high y'all  
I wanna get high y'all  
Need it need it to get by y'all  
Can you get me high y'all?  
I wanna get high y'all  
I wanna get high y'all  
Need it need it to get by y'all  
Can you get me high y'all?  
I'm just what you made God, just what you made God (Nee-need it)  
I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made  
(Nee-need it) I'm just what you made God  
I'm just what you made God, I'm just what you made God  
Need it to get by, ya  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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