

The Guide (feat. Andre Benjamin)

Kid Cudi

Ain't the type to let you tell her what she needs
Ain't gon' sit or stand around
I laid them all, I leave 'em sick [?] on me
One touch is never allowed
She said What you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what
you want, what you want
What you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want, what you want,
what you wantOoooh
Ooooh
Where you going?
Where you going?
Where you going?Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo
I need a winning woman, a wonder woman
A Gal Gadot, sophisticated and hot
She knowing what she doing like the music here
When she step on the scene she could light up the block, ugh
Sittin' all, took her, make her awesome
Simple hearts let them hold up, back in the [?]
Had too many women I know
Who could look at your soul, just by looking at you
I heard she got these niggas falling at her feet
She knows that no one with her golden crown
You'd be the one play ball
You'd be the one play ball
Have mercy on me, put some magic on me
Be my guide in the dark, ugh
Have mercy on me, put some magic on meBe my guide in the dark
God in the dark
Ooooh
Ooooh
Where you going?Where you going?
Where you going?
Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, Eyoo, EyooSo when did we become, so sophisticated and smart
And trying so hard, we forget that we were animals
But never her, I never heard a creature make such sounds
It would never would occur to people her up-downs
Convertible would murder evil, pup pup hounds
Just been dogging her
Courtesy and real love found, just been dodging her
Mr. man, misogyny hands, been massaging her
If she ran and blew up her town, God would pardon her
Put a part in her scalp, scratch her dandruff

Put her heart in your hand, she threw a tantrum
Better let her get that shit off, bug repellent
Hear they've been telling her nah since forever
Hear some Melvin and Bluenotes is all she know
Murder, murder, murderMy murder is all she wrote
Perverted, she prefer to be hurted, claw her throat
All the dirty verdicts, she learns watching soaps

YeahOoooh

Ooooh

Where you going?

Where you going?

Where you going?Semi-automatic with the passion when we making love

Never made it to the bed, sexing on the living room floor

Now she on the warpath, homie probably busted you and pissed her offGot this woman on the
prowl, on the hunt she gon' eat them all

And she know what she looking for, know what she looking for

She said she got herself some Louboutins, got her self some Louboutins

Not indecisive, indecisive at all

She know what she looking for

Got herself some LouboutinsOoooh

Ooooh

Where you going?

Where you going?

Where you going?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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