

# Baptized in Fire (feat. Travis Scott)

## Kid Cudi

Easy, turn your radio  
Turn your radio... off  
Watch me now, baby, baby  
Uh uh, uh uh Bitches in my ear, they saying they love me  
You don't love Scott, you love the Kid Cudi  
I ain't no fucking slouch, show you what I'm 'bout  
My energy is a bit too precious, too drenched in them blessings  
Transitioning to my inner, I'm hearing their voice  
Tell me stay in focus, keep focusing, boy  
Feeling like a Chilly Billy  
The man everywhere I go, in any city  
I mean, damn the girls, girls, girls galore  
I mean, damn the girls, girls, girls adore  
Mixing florescent to the core of the accouterment  
Off the tippy titty, setting off my groupie radar  
Sipping Hen, dapping hands off the roof of my Porsche  
A fresh nigga at large, a fresh nigga go hard  
All my youngins say keep it going  
All my youngins, they dumb and repping, they always knowing  
Got some pride in your town, I'm spotting 'em lately  
Three piece suit and I'm looking so cute  
Sexy mama, send her way, you doing it hunnid  
Them hating fucks sidelining and question what you do  
Not this, my nigga, you been here  
Not this, my nigga, you ain't here  
Big boss, I made your heart heavy  
Can't stop me, can't carry me, baby Life ain't easy sober, we live so geeky  
Did just what you taught us, kept peace, no drama  
Phoned home to the moon, did you change your number?  
If and when you get this message, need you back home  
Big bro, big bro, big bro, big bro  
Back home  
Big bro, we need you, come home  
Back home  
Big bro, big bro, shit's fucked, come home  
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-er  
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-er  
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-er  
High-i-i-er, High-i-i-i-er  
Nightmares kept a nigga from closing his lids  
Since a kid, I've been haunted by visions of death  
Such a trip, now it's normal, I customized the grip

Think they gon' know, think the door the haunters ain't left  
Now tell me what's a young nigga to do? When the zombies are coming for you  
Load up them Daryl Dixons  
Supply the race, turn the pave, relaxing, I'm ripping  
Last week I almost weaved right off of Mulholland  
Chiefing good like I should, alone in my thoughts  
All the awesome places I've gone to and witnessed  
Is it worth the paranoia, betrayal, and loss?  
Nah nah, heroes can't simply have it all  
Sacrifice, but see heroes don't sleep, we hear the call  
My nieces know Uncle Scottie is so rock 'n' roll  
My princess Vada know rock 'n' roll daddy got the glow  
Got some pride in your town, I'm  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>