

# Is There Any Love (feat. Wale)

## Kid Cudi

Heads up, nigga

Wale

Plain Pat

EmileOff jump boo, Cudi give you funk

Hit you in your head then it work it to your rump

Hatin' niggas can't hate, leave 'em all stumped

They gotta like a nigga, call me Obama

Not a hypebeast while you beast for the hype (no no)

Yeah I'm the underdog, story of my life (yup)

Matter fact I dreamed that I lived twice

Once as a slave who imagined being free

And made it all happen for his family and his seed

And now me, you can call me Mr. Friendly

One life to live, but no acting on my nigga Friendly

Can't stand evil bitches with they Fendi

All they do is envy and plot up on my loins

I give you options baby flip a coin

You get McDonalds, forget the sirloin

Hating my macking, they asking

Is there any love

In this world?

Is there any love

In this world?

Is there any love

In this world of ours?

Is there any love

In this world?Forlarin, The muse of the hater

That music is greater, stupid nigga, bring your face up

Bamas surprised, they pride from attention

Pride of the district all rise so they listenin'

From where gorillas territorial for inches

When it come to pistols, these niggas don't John Lynch them

Off rip that's genius

You niggas so-so like seamstress

No more amore, I refuse to force you

Maybe I lack the fortitude to try to court you

Of course they all hate

Early adapters agree they all late

So what that say about my watch?

To y'all minds I'm like a UK clock

Hours ahead, so wack niggas is sayin'

(What they sayin', young?)

They sayin'  
(What they sayin', young?)  
They sayin'?

I was born to do the damn thing  
Story of Cudi, nigga getting out my dreams  
Zero options to choose  
Living in a box full of Cuyahoga boobs, and listen  
I stayed away from reading The Plain Dealer  
Most of my niggas back in Cleveland were plain dealers, uh  
Who whipped Supremes, the candy-painted eyes  
But the love from the boppers had 'him watchin they rise  
Wasn't no love for a nigga in the smug  
Sipping out a cup, a concoction for cruising  
High off life? My nigga not even  
I'ma go to war with the devil 'til we're even  
Bobbing and weaving, spiritual hymn singing  
No commentary my man, I come out swinging  
And this will be the song that we sing  
Any young nigga with visions when he's sleeping

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>