

Leader of the Delinquents

Kid Cudi

Mm (Yeah), mm, mm
(This is not a test)
Mm (Check)
Easy does it (Turn my headphones up a little bit)
Easy does it (Yeah)
Mm, mm (Ayy)Hello friends, Cudder again
Gotta smack 'em with some shit before the world ends
Same old denims, worn for days
I been home makin' jams and many wonderful waves
I see in many wondrous shades
Peekin' out the shadows at a new landscape
I've been trapped in my mind, I've been tryna escape
Fame and loneliness, the recipe for disaster
I can't handle this shit, I'ma get plastered
I just wanna go fast, I'm a bastard
I won't stop 'til I'm where I wanna be in line
And there's so many things to do in the in-between time
That's to say I don't get lost and lose my fuckin' mind
Thinkin' 'bout the days I was broke, fuck me up sometimes
How did I do it, why the kids love me so?
'Cause they connect with Cudder, real simple
Now let me set the groove with some cello
From the outside lookin' in, shit is mellow
But sometimes I wanted to shoot my fuckin' face off
I'm talkin' game over, defeated the boss
Hope with age I can cope with my rage
I'm so damn passionate, there's no safe plain
To chill or dwell in', I'm always in the zone
Why did God let Hell in? To test a nigga?
Man, listen, I'm tryna find a way to tuck this niña in my skinnies
It's kinda tough, I don't see how they did it in the eighties
My angels ride for me, at all cost
My dad is tellin' me, "Don't stress, go and floss
Live a little," I got you pop
Love kiddo, my negro
Somebody better save them, God
'Cause young Scott Mescudi stayed on his job
The leader of the delinquents (Delinquents, delinquents, delinquents, delinquents, delinquents)
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(Yahm, hehe, uh, aight)Put the flow in the bag, kept it sealed on 'em

What I'm drivin'? Well it depends, so many things to ponder
Broke up with this girl, she was trippin'
Couldn't understand my life in the world, I can't be stressin' 'bout it
My SLS is pearl, bitch, please don't call it white
Been that nigga even back when I was trippin' off that white
A jealous mothafucka, that's the shit that I don't like
You got a girl? Better love her man, you gotta cuff her tight
Because so many people love the nerd
You ask about Cudder and I bet you fuckin' heard
They call me legend and I'm feelin' twenty-six
You mad, you mad, you mad, Cudder in this bitch
I'm an unstoppable fucker, from the land where my niggas be
Bumpin' "1st of tha Month" with my fam, jokin', rollin' tree
You see this walk, you know my face
All hail King Wizard in your motherfuckin' space, you love it
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>