

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.songarea.com/>