

# Soundtrack 2 My Life

## Kid Cudi

[Verse 1]

I got 99 problems and they all bitches  
Wish I was Jigga man, carefree livin'  
But I'm not Shawn, or Martin Louis  
I'm that Cleveland nigga rollin' with them Brooklyn boys  
You knowin' how it be when you start living large  
I control my own life, Charles was never in charge  
No sitcom could teach Scott about the dram  
Or even explain the troubles that haunted my mom  
On Christmas time, my mom Christmas grind  
Got me most of what I wanted, how'd you do it mom, huh?  
She copped the toys I would play with in my room by myself  
"Why he by himself?"  
He got two older brothers, one hood, one good  
An independent older sister kept me fly when she could  
But they all didn't see  
The little bit of sadness in me  
Scotty

[Chorus]

I've got some issues that nobody can see  
And all of these emotions are pouring out of me  
I bring them to the light for you, it's only right  
This is the soundtrack to my life, the soundtrack to my life

[Verse 2]

I'm super paranoid, like a sixth sense  
Since my father died, I ain't been right since  
And I tried to piece the puzzle of the universe  
Split an eighth of shrooms just so I could see the universe  
I try and think about myself as a sacrifice  
Just to show the kids they ain't the only ones who up at night  
The moon will illuminate my room and soon I'm consumed by my doom  
Once upon a time nobody gave a fuck  
It's all said and done and my cock's been sucked  
So now I'm in the cut, alcohol in the wound  
My heart's an open sore that I hope heals soon  
I live in a cocoon opposite of Cancún  
Where it is never sunny, the dark side of the moon  
So it's more than right, I try and shed some light on a man

Not many people of this planet understand fame

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

I'm this close to go and trying some coke  
And a happy ending would be slittin' my throat  
Ignorance to cope man, ignorance is bliss  
Ignorance is love and I need that shit  
If I never did shows then I'd prolly be a myth  
If I cared about the blogs then I'd prolly be a jackass  
Don't give a shit what people talkin' 'bout, fam  
Haters shake my hand but I keep the sanitizer on deck  
Hope I really get to see 30  
Wanna settle down, stop being so flirty  
Most of the clean faces be the most dirty  
I just need a thoroughbred, cook when I'm hungry  
Ass all chunky, brain is insanity  
Only things that calm me down: pussy and some Cali tree  
And I get both, never truly satisfied  
I am happy, that's just the saddest lie

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

To my life, to my life, to my life...

Uh

Yeah, uh-huh

Yeah, uh-huh

Yeah, uh-huh

Yeah, uh-huh

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

