Cold Feet

Mac Miller

Yeah, uhhh
I rap better cause I'm mad clever
Oh my God! Hey

Yeah, they always want that fun shit when you tryna spit a litt
le something real
They start running, turning chicken like a nugget meal
How the fuck I feel? Kinda like 100 mills
Spun the wheel, bought a vowel, I don't owe you nothin' still
Fuck a deal, I can do it with my own team
Won before, seen, hearing all these hoes scream
When I was 14, sippin on my OE
Tryna marry money but that bitch kept getting cold feet
Music loud, hear it banging through the whole street
Beat getting shit on: toilet bowl seat
No sleep, just work, got a couple horny girls in a see-
through shirt
So believe my hype, muthafuckas can't read nor write
Still they talking shit man, I've seen your type
Got problems, can't sleep at night
Cause your girl want to come around freak all night
I'm a sex drill when I'm rolling off them x pills
Five bikes, ten wheels, girl I'll leave your legs still
Say I don't do drugs, just weed
Well I'mma do drugs and speed down the street
Do doughnuts, your flow sucks, you so butt
Your girl's getting throat fucked
I get high, I go up
Why you saying that he's a tramp?
They come to all those shows just to meet your friends?
So much coke sniffed, fucking hoes with bloody noses
Just a couple doses, fuck the roses
Class time: better take good notes
You bitches couldn't touch me with a Facebook poke
Bitch!

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