Fight the Feeling

Mac Miller

So watch ‘em do the macarena somewhere out in Pasadena
Love the drug that everybody here just tryna get a taste of
You a waste of the space that you take up
Living, this time around I’m not kidding
I had an intuition about these women in suspicion
Got me looking at shit different
How a man in my position can start slipping down these slopes
Cuz its all just (downhill from now)
As a kid I didn’t learn that but (now I might)
When you were young and you were just tryna live your life and have some fun
In the world when you have yet to see how evil its become
Its hard to have a dream when you’re deep inside of one
And I know you hate them spirits so I keep ‘em in my lungs
I’m a Beatle to these young kids
Sometimes I be feeling like a needle to these young kids
You had the world you ’bout to leave it to these young kids
And we gon’ show you what the love is

Stay high, go for what you know?
Let it in your mental
And don’t ever let it go
(it won’t stop)
You can’t fight the feeling, feeling
You can’t fight the feeling, no
(it won’t stop)
You can’t fight the feeling, feeling
You can’t fight the feeling, no

And I keep a couple Most Dope homies by me
So there aint too many times its me, myself and Irene
We stay smoking through the night
Wake up do some Tai Chi
Homie cant you see I’m chilling, please don’t fuck up my chi
Yeh my jacket Y3, recently been up on fashion
Waste a bunch of money kinda stinks of satisfaction
Fell asleep in Hollywood, woke up in Manhattan
Balling like I’m Jordan but I’m fresh as Mars blackmon
A penny for your thoughts, a dollar for your dreams
A price on an idea we never can agree
They tell you what you know but its better to believe
So why you tryna act like what you never gonna be
Still I tell ‘em
Fuck what you know, I’m feeling comfortable
Just continue living life cuz enough of ‘em don’t
You spend your days counting every single penny, mane
Start now cuz we coming for you anyways

Sometimes I wake up, up in the morning, make up
Wrap this much make up off my bitch soon as she yawning
Take up, hours upon days just to find power shit to say
But you won’t hear it, even if your ears was pierced with
Beats by Dre, I mean
The sun is slowly falling
We all surely should die eventually
So whats your calling?
Oh, you left your phone behind,

Identity, crisis breaks mirrors, vices steer us through wickedness
Jesus Christ is right near us and devil said you owe 10%
Sold your soul
I know sold your soul and get hopeless
My focus stay ready opened or close in that float in the open
Of oceans that coast the line on the margins I rhyme
Or choking or soaking up game
I’m hoping you picked the second one
Change the emotion of jealousy that your holding
You’re telling me that your golden but really cubic zirconian
Let me see
I break you down like a pound of fire whenever your tactics are mighty cleve
r
But even if you’re Mayweather you

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