

Friends

Mac Miller

1, 2, 3, pop, pop
1, 2, 3, pop, pop
1, 2, 3, pop, pop
(Mr. Davis)
1, 2, 3, pop, pop
Okay
Yea, Okay, okay
Okay, O-kay-kay-kay-kay
Okay, okay, um

Snowflakes keep falling on my expired debit cards
Don't know why I'm still awake, I gotta be up at 10 tomorrow
Missiles in my repertoire, I'd say I'm pretty regular
I never leave my house, I don't know why I got an extra car
My pool-house studio is covered up with pencil marks
And everyday is full of jokers like a deck of cards
So, I'm so lonely, there's horns on my dome-piece
But, I'm not the devil, I'm a motherfucking Minotaur
Oh my God, look at how upset you are
Cause we out here winning, brought my dogs from out the reservoir
And I'mma let 'em bark, before you ready, my set will start
We forgot our roots before and trust me, things they fell apart
Wash myself with acid, it's because I got a denim heart
My conscious so weak I need to split it up in 7 parts
Revis brought me out to Cali for the first time
Went to Amare's party, took tequila shots with Kevin Hart
But Kevin don't remember that
I saw him at the V-M-A's, told a joke - he never laughed
The rap diablo, free your mind my motto
And we all gonna be good if TreeJ ever hit the lotto
So arigato
So, shit you know I'm world famous
And R. Kelly been told me I'm the world's greatest
But still to fall in love is like an orgasm
Cause you never gonna know if your girl fake it
I'm always faded, getting shaded in the basement
I just bought a cello, now all I do is play it
Thank God that I made it
Ask Q where Dave is
He'll probably tell you that he's rolling midnights out in Vegas
When I'm in my spaceship, my face is so complacent
Wear a suit to cash a check, we're going to the banquet
And Jimmy got the burner, but he don't wanna murder
And clockwork somewhere out in Sweden speaking Danish like
(Husband, isn't this your language?)
That man must be a alien
I really can't explain it, shit
It's just a little cocaine sniff
But the lines is longer than parades is
I think it's time to give me all your praises
So I can get this money and give all the homies raises
My life is on these words, this is my affidavit
And if you wanna legal battle - send your ass to David (that's my lawyer)
I'm half man-half amazing
Probably half God, but that don't fit my calculations
I know the planet Earth is about to explode
Kinda hope that no one save it

We only grow from anguish

Yea, Miller Mac
(Miller Mac)
Miller Mac, Mac Miller
(Miller Mac)

There's snowflakes falling on my debit card
Swear I'm not alive, I couldn't tell you if we ever are
In this Game of Thrones, it is known
I got the 4G, L-T-E connection boards
No Control, fuck Ken Lamar (Fuck you Kendrick!)
I don't vote, I never registered
But I'm a magnet for them zeros call me Edward Sharpe
I wake up feeling dead, I need a fresher start
So me and Q put people on the label we don't remember
Smiled as I saw Jerm, nerding out with Josh Berg
Talking in [?], and drinking Arnold Palmer
Any other room, watching C-Span with E. Dan
Land out the baseline, doing drums with his freehand
When I was in first grade, I wished to be Puerto Rican
My mom took me to a barbershop to get some cornrows
I walked in, ready for them Sprewell braids
But the lady said my hair was too short though, man
I always thought my mom's was the illest for that shit
Driving through the hood she did not have a reaction
With a 6 year old she kept the doors unlocked
And drove by the 5-0 like fuck those cops
God damn, it just don't stop
I know my father probably wish I would just smoke pot
My grandma probably slap me for the drugs I got
I'm a crackhead but I bought her diamonds, we love rocks

Yea, I've had the same outfit for 6 days straight
And still all these bitches will get in position because I got their pussies
all dripping in pain
Somehow, I'm making this music it's just to relate to
And I got the life-raft, ain't gonna save you
Look at my reflection, I broke the mirror
It's only for protection, shit keep getting weird
Now I can't see a thing but, things never been clearer
Call the Mothman its Richard Gere (It's Richard Mother Fuckin' Gere!)
This is our year
Let's get fucked up and get the fuck up outta here
I've kicked it with the aliens, a different stratosphere
And looking down like
We come in peace
I told Will and Bill they need to kick the habit
We on the same trip, we just got different baggage
Parks spilled the grape juice on all of Dylan's dad's shit