Good Evening

Mac Miller

Uh
Look
Good Evening
Yeahhh
Uh

When I party in new york take the late night subway
Goin out friday they comin home monday
From all directions never find me on a one way flavor
The rhyme jus the icing on the cupcake fuck face
My fans notice these other rappers is bogus
I'm supercalifragalisticexpialidocious
And the boys stay kickin incredibly dope shit
Make my momma proud cause my clothes fit
Travel round the globe bitch on my louis clarke shit
Don't matter where I live cause I can tell you where my heart is
I jus stay on my side fuck where everybody at
Tell the planet peace cause I'm gone I ain't comin back
Had the whole regular life I can tell you that I'm done with that
Tryin build a mil off a couple stacks on my own business
Investin all I got into these fuckin raps
Willy park the money hand it off n then it's runnin back

Ayo you fuck with that, uh
You gotta fuck with that
You in love with dat, look
Uh, mac miller

Takin sips from the fountain of youth
If you ain't heard about the kid then you outta the loop
As I'm sittin back starin at this world out in my eyes
See out the window in my room that I'm hidden inside
I'm just a kid who stays speakin his thoughts talkin his mind
Life a roller coaster but I stay along for the ride
Put my heart up on the page and the song in the crowd
It's large and behind the way you stayin caught in lie the boy
Ain't a shocker I'm a topic of discussion
Motherfucker want my spot so they probably wish I wasn't
They give a lil love like everyone does
In reality they stone off that competitive drug
And I don't blame em, cause those who above me I'm gunnin for
Tryin to make my way to the top startin from the floor
And I don't even need to bring a single gun to war
Cause I be on some shit they that they a'int ever done before
Takin over piece by piece, startin from the core
It's only been a year I could stick around a hundred
Said I could stick around hundred more
I a'int goin nowhere

Young and some much time to go
Jerm you might as well keep this one rollin
I got like one more verse
I haven't spit three verses on a song in a minute
Ehum, see if I can remember this one verse
Aight look

You can find me in the lab workin overtime

Smell the weed when you go on by
Global grind, I a'int just a local guy
When you're feelin stressed out, have it now
Blow money, keep my lady decked out in Chanel
Live fast when I die better wish me well
Ha, I just they servin beer in hell
Just an everyday story that I'm here to tell
So please, stick around for the epilogue
For anyone who ever blogged, probably heard my name
Hip hops underdog he wanna win the game
I'm sick of hearin how music change, never been the same
And these dudes who think they everything and never pick a lane
Call yourself a vet but haven't won a single game
Mad every girl got my name imprinted in her brain
Boy I'm a beast, match the style in bars
Find me smokin weed where the wild things are, ha

Yes sir
So I mean I had to take this time, real quickly
To just go in
I don't know man I feel like you should never stop goin in on your shit
That's just me
I mean Q, Tree Jay out there we excited just makin history
And germ of course

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