

Happy Birthday

Mac Miller

Yea, bumpadum bum
Yea, yea, okay

There's a birthday party happening upstairs
And it's all for me, who the fuck cares?
They don't notice if I never go and show my face
They just looking for a reason they can celebrate
I hate to waste the vanilla cake that they made for me
I'll tell the same stories, they'll pretend they never heard them
I'll just lay down here inside the studio
Doing blow and paraphrasing The Crucible (witch!)
If you fucking with the God, that's a funeral
Blue jeans, sold 'em, with ya longer than your student loans
Who got the ecstasy pills? I need a funeral
I'm a real drug addict, homie, you should know
Somebody please tell Jimmy to put the pistol down
He's serious this time, he's gonna kill me now
He'll regret it when I hit the ground
For now, everybody gather 'round

It's happy birthday!
It's a birthday party!
Happy birthday! It's your birthday party!
Yea, happy birthday! It's your birthday party!
Happy birthday, happy birthday!

Happy birthday, (thanks), how the fuck you feel?
Good!
Do you ever sit and wonder what is real?
Do you ever reach to touch her but there's nothing there?
Do you tell her that you love her but she doesn't care?
Does she tell you that you hurt her and you're unaware?
Did you hear about a Heaven now you running there?
Do you think about the fantasy and make-believe?
Do you cover up your eyes, you can't wait to see?
Lately, I've been having strange dreams
Paranoid they hate me, everybody think I'm crazy
Baby can you take me somewhere where the sky blue?
You can lead the way, I promise I'll be right there behind you
I do
See myself as iconic
Getting high my downfall it's kinda ironic
Like a condom they on it
Got 'em in my pocket
No time to worry, hurry up and light the candles
Everybody

Happy birthday to you!
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you, to you