

In the Bag

Mac Miller

Driving in my car... [?]
Who is coming up to my car? What?
I know niggas think you white and you not bout to go in with these bars, my nigga, but that is not the truth.
Word to God I take another shot of Hennessy if you don't go in right now and meet your fate right now, bruh

Okay, okay
Yeah, the [?] continues, man
Okay, okay
(You's a wild motherfucker, Mac)

So this the music that made white people mad
Yeah, this the shit to blow your speakers out
This the shit you dream about
You can know the world is up for grabs
Leave with everything cause everything is in the bag

When I was younger, I was just a little wild motherfucker
Tryna be like all the people on television
They had all the bitches that I wanted, all the cars and all the extras
Anything money could buy, they was spending millions
I was tryna get to pimping, I was tryna blow up talking demolition
That boy got the devil in him, swear I need a exorcism
I'm all by myself, got no competition
Keep it real in a world that's filled with politicians
You want to talk about your problems
Don't you wish the life you lived was motherfucking awesome
Don't you wish you had all the pussy, too much money you could spend
You could get away and never see your shitty life again

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We never done with this shit
Here we come with that shit
I ain't stressing, I ain't worried bout nothing, don't trip
It's amazing all the shit that I be coming out with
Shit is real, tell 'em chill
Keep on bumping my shit

All my life I been a fuck up, never did anything right
That's why everyday I'm fucked up
Momma pray to Jesus Christ
Asking somebody to save me (Somebody save that boy)
But I'm way too motherfucking crazy (No one can save that boy)
All the kids is doing drugs (Drugs)
They just want to break the law and find someone to fuck
(They wanna find someone to fuck)
Nobody doing as they told (Little bad ass kids)
Everyone out of control (Fuck it, that's just how it is)
I'm self made, dream came true, I'm a miracle
Every time I put my dick inside a bitch, it's spiritual
Got the whip that say wealthy on my steering wheel

Brand new model bitch made me waffles and some cereal
That's what I call a good morning
Your mom work an extra job just to get you Jordans
Just so you could show up at your school looking fresh and
I don't know bout you but me, I'm important (I'm so gorgeous)
You got money in your pocket, you the shit
You got everything you want and bitches on your dick
A couple grand got you feeling like the man
Everybody walking tall til they trip
They just cut the check, you had to go and cop the whip
Drive up to your ex's crib and tell her she ain't shit
There's just something about the money, make a motherfucker crazy
When I die, bury me in my Mercedes, god damn

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