

Jerry's Record Store

Mac Miller

In your old man voice
Yeah, a one two, a one two
For one two, for one two
For one two, for one two
For one two, for one two
Uh uh nothin' but rhymes its quite simple

Hey its what I create to eliminate the hate
Illuminate the night in the lightning
UFO sightings leave 'em unidentified
Steady I be getting high
You ain't got no herbal I'ma lend you mine
Its Doctor Octagon call him young phenomenon
I leave these rappers starving like its Ramadan
You are the wackest my style holographic
Had to put my city on the map shit
If you a fat kid go get active
If you a bad bitch then be a actress
Rap ease carnage, my family ain't the Partridge
Hard tricks flawless, trapeze artists
Take my life and put it in a photo album
How much money do I got? I don't know who's countin'
Fake muthafucka's round me I could do without them
You keepin' it a hundred I could use a thousand
I'm comin' now, call a truce
I got a lot but, not to lose
I'm the shit makin' hits call me Doctor Luke
And prescribing you a vibe for that awful mood
Why you sad all the time?
Jump off a roof
While I'm kicking it with Q-tip and Posdnuos
Tryna put me down well that's futile ooh child
Supernatural message got you spooked out
Believe in God but don't believe religion
Saying its the truth but never really listened
That's another conversation though
Walking on the pavement home find a way to go
Maybe one might take the word Robert Frost
Blowin' out steam but its all exhaust
We comin' for your dollars better call the cops
You want a war? we got a nuclear holocaust
Yo E how many bars is that
Is it enough to give these haters all heart attacks
I been writing on the paper
Gave me carpal tunnel
Couple billion people are they all gon' love you?
Hell no, hell no
I be grindin' though the rain, sleet, hail, snow
Sticking to my word like its Velcro
On some shell toes, what else yo
Dope shit, go crazy
Kinda like the internet over Hov's baby
My girl tell me Mac you a wierdo
I guarantee that baby be a super hero
This ain't nothin' but comes rhymes from my mind
That been stuck inside since the beginning of time
Chemical romance, slow dance with no pants

If I got my eyes on her playa you got no chance
This some simple shit I'm sure they fear
I'm just trying to explore whats real
Child of the blues never liked school
Been miseducated so word to Lauran hill
Music is my outlet walking through the polo store
In the studio wondering what I go home for
In my own world when I close the door
To the booth, young and searching for the truth
Like that, like that, like that, like that
And a little bit of this and a little bit of that
I just spit a rhyme tell me that I kick a rap
And if you got time, you can sit down
Listen to me now, pass the flow around
Hey thats some cypher shit, I know you like that shit
Freestyle in the air go and write that shit
I don't write that bitch I got ill flows
Yeah I'm ill yo
And this is real yo
Mac Miller, gon' kill those flows
Bouncing up and and down Yoyo's
Head to ya toes
In the paint throwin' bows