

No Hook

Mac Miller

DJ CapCom, the youngest in charge
Pay attention, you pussies

When I was just a little one (Uh-huh), I did sit still once
My cousins used to call me Hit-N-Run
I learned a lot from my homies and a lot from my fam
All my, all my peoples really made me who I am (Yup)
My grandma passed, I was savin' her a dance
I didn't understand why I never got the chance (Why'd you take her?)
But if it's anything she taught me, never give up
My enemies is waitin' for a slip-up
So when I'm down, I get up (Get up), the clock is tickin'
It's either rap shit or a spot in prison (Uh-uh)
I ain't got no, got no time to spare
Seats is fillin' up, better find a chair (Find a chair)
Sugar-sweet rhymes from the finest pears
And a lot comin' for me 'cause the grind is there (Uh-huh)
Well, I just had a little piece of mind to share
Face-up on Times Square, it look fine there (Chyeah)

And that's the way it go down
Mac Miller, the motherfuckin' Jukebox
Class Clown comin' soon
But I'ma get back up into the second verse for y'all

Aight, what?
There's a lot of speculation on my future as it is
Am I for real or just a can on the computer for the kids? (Uh-huh)
Not a damn thing right now is buzzin' in the biz
In Pittsburgh, "Well, he nothin' next to Wiz"
I address the class with class, a class act (Oh)
That's Mac, only 'bout the facts
Rap gettin' littered on, I'm pickin' up the trash
And this track gettin' shitted on, spittin' out the ass
I got cruel intentions (Uh-huh), usin' weapons (Chyeah)
And you a piece of shit I just stepped in (Stepped in)
I still do it for the city, do it for my block
A movie in your mind, I do it for hip-hop (What, what, what, what?)

I do it for hip-hop
So we gon' take it to the top, to the top, uh
I do it for hip-hop
So we gon' take it to the top
It don't stop, take it to the top
Yeah, I do it for hip-hop

One time
The kid Mac, he be spittin' somethin' special
And I'm ready, hear the whistles from the kettle (Yep)
Shootin' missiles out my pencil with my pedal to the metal (Metal)
Startin' every day with a bowl of Fruity Pebbles
Then I'm gone, things are never gon' change (Change)
Words released out this little thing I call my brain (Yep)
And you're all insane thinkin' I'm in class, 'cause I'm hatin' school (Uh-huh)
Breakin' rules, haven't been to school in a day or two
Then name a few, 'cause it's killin' me to study

It really isn't funny, seemin' sillier than putty (Haha)
I'm just chillin', burnin' Dutchies while I'm supposed to be in class (What?)
)
I pass grass to get a laugh, s'posed to be in math
I'm an abstract, class-act cat with my hat back
Bitches holdin' onto blunts, better pass that
Gettin' high, findin' anything to laugh at (Haha)
'Cause we gon' take it to the top