

# Stop Bitchin'

Mac Miller

What up, Jerm?  
Ha ha, ayy

Stop bitchin', stop bitchin', stop bitchin'  
Stop bitchin', stop bitchin', stop bitchin'  
Shit ain't gon' change, ain't nobody gon' listen  
Y'all need to just stop bitchin' (Stop bitchin')  
Uh

Yeah  
Mac got your favorite sentence (Uh-huh)  
These other bitches just table tennis (Aha)  
Put some weed with some rice in this Cajun  
That spicy Jamaican, I smite you for hatin'  
Rap shit's nice, but I might need some [?]  
I'll be that rap all them white people playin'  
The game, well, it's changin'  
These radio stations controllin' them dollars (Uh-huh)  
And I'm the scholar (Yeah)  
Hip-hop today ain't [?] and paid  
Dr. Dre wouldn't get The Chronic played  
And that's a shame (A shame)  
Just some shit I gotta handle (Handle)  
I give these bitches lil' somethin' they can dance to (Cheah)  
I ain't gon' be a show that gets canceled  
You ain't like what's on, change the motherfuckin' channel  
My hip-hop peoples, I feel ya pain  
But it ain't no reason to just sit and complain (Uh-huh)  
On a track, sayin' "Fuck rap, all of it's wack"  
'Cause cream motherfuckers said, "It's all for the cash" (Cash)  
So for ya single, sing a lil' jingle  
Then you can stack chips like Pringles (Ha ha)  
It ain't hard, it's easy, it's magic  
Dance, do a backflip, make some cool ad-libs (Yeah!)  
Once you see that check that you like, say "Fuck it"  
And go back to blessin' the mics  
It's hip-hop forever, but it's stressin' to fight  
And money makes it easier to rest here at night  
Hatin' on Soulja Boy? It shouldn't happen  
Look at him laughin' (Ha ha), he know he ain't that good at rappin'  
You can hate but it ain't gon' solve shit (Solve shit)  
Hip-hop's the culture, it's gon' evolve quick  
There's some music I don't bump and bang  
But it is what it is, let 'em do they thang

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And a lot of cats sulk and won't fuck with this new shit (Uh)  
But, ayo fam, music is music (Music)  
Y'all need to stop bitchin', give this shit a listen (Listen)  
Some of these cats is actually spittin' (Spittin')  
There's a lot of wack cats in the game  
But it ain't no reason to hate on they name

Worry 'bout yourself, let 'em do what they do (Do)  
Soon it's out with the old and in with the new  
Most cats is only hot for six months (Six months)  
But real hip-hip is gon' be around forever (Forever)  
What sell is gon' change every day, it's basically the same as the weather (  
The weather)  
And big ups to everybody who spit it from the heart (Heart)  
You do it for the real and you live for the art (Art)  
Sayin', "Hip-hop's dead" is gettin' played out  
Everybody just lookin' on how to get they name out  
Some shit to dance with? That's what's up too  
But it ain't it the same shit you smokin' blunts to  
Fuck bein' famous, who cares if you make it  
Just make the music that you love and stop hatin'

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