

Thumbalina

Mac Miller

He's on drugs again
My neighbor's yellin', I don't give a fuck again
And I swear to God if the cops come again
I'ma open up this door, get to rumblin'
Start bussin', bussin', bussin', bussin'
My dick, your mouth, no discussion
Yeah, it's all happenin'
I must be imaginin', take a hit, time travelin'

Turn up the mothafuckin' volume
And you a freak, why you hidin' in a costume?

Let me see them nipples baby
Don't give it all up, just a little, baby
I'm just tryna free your mind
Cause all you see is dollar signs

Line crosser, real life flyin' saucer
Nothin' straight 'bout her but her posture
Young prodi-gy, I'ma eat lobster
Pull Spanish bitches but I speak nada
And she got a need to roll the weed all up
You ain't got a chance when it's me on you
I'm a mothafuckin' legend, girl
Get that pussy killed, bitches out in Edinboro

Turn up the mothafuckin' volume
And you a freak, why you hidin' in a costume?

Leave that pussy crippled, baby
Let me slide right down a little, baby
Thumbalina, has anybody seen her face?
She's blinded by the streets