

Willie Dynamite

Mac Miller

You're a hard man to reach, Willie Dynamite!
"I wanna rap"
Go right ahead

Girls ask me for that Willie D
That's how I know they feeling me
It's simple see, the pimping be
What got these bitches clipped to me
You maybe at the game, I guarantee you, we in different seats
I seen you in the nosebleeds, but where I'm at, that isn't cheap

In the Benz, in a Jeep, make a million in a week
Taking off her clothes 'fore I begin to speak like gimme cheeks
Been to London, been to France, go there if you get the chance
Been to Amsterdam, hit the club, hell no I didn't dance
Rolled around a little, smoked the weed, seen the red lights
Ain't f-ck a prostitute but the head nice, get right

From here on to the next life, relax and sip that Red Stripe
The way I spend this money you would think I had an ex-wife
Bitches love the lead pipe, the 'Burgh word to Ken Rice
New place every day, what I would give to just have 10 nights
Yeah right, 'bout to drop an album, hope to blow your mind
Tryna reach a level where no music is put over mine

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Live it up cause you don't live that long
Or am I wrong?

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It's young Macintosh, tell you bout that sabotage
Travelling through Germany, word to David Hasselhoff
Back and forth, kill 'em softly
Bitches like to f-ck em doggy
Probably off some Molly got me turning into polygons
On and on, DJs putting on my song
People say I talk too long
Killing every single track, the God is on

They cheering with their pom-poms, buying what I got on
Straight gold, find me f-ckin silver with my long John
Tom Tom, direct me to that money please
Where's funds? F-ckin dumb, get your grades
And I know in God we trust, but how much do they trust in me?
Enough to be a f-ckin beast on beats, yeah
Shit is so disgustingly amazing

Bitches out the playpen, you f-ck your hand asking
"how much money can I fit into this rubberband?"
Hustling, throw your ass right inside a garbage can

Excuse my French, that's just how I talk if I was Russell Brand
Know that I'm the f-cking man
Play my shit for three days
"All I make is hits, call me T-Pain!"
Sicker than if she gave me AIDS, plus some teeth decay
Then she stole my condom, try to auction it on Ebay
Talk a little shit man, probably thought he diss me
Bitch please, I just ate out Monica Lewinsky

Yeah, I've taught her about some
Had her crying about her father
Then I busted in her face while she told me it's an honor
We just politickin, finger-licking on my chicken
Got a way with words, words, words
Word to Charles Dickens
I wrote this on the shitter using toilet-paper
Put your head inside the water, enjoy the flavor

Yeah bitch, you know how I drive
Don't cut me off man! f-ck you!

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