

I'm Not Real (feat. Earl Sweatshirt)

Mac Miller

Passport, filling it up with stamps
Set a camp up on my land, swam the rivers of Japan
She keep on asking for a rack so I ran
Looking back, like you can't see who I am
Think my bitch don't know me no more
Cause every time she's sad I can't console her no more
If money buy you love, then love's not enough
So tell my why you on your knees crying to the floor
If you had the chance, would you take the time you need to make it right?
The clouds are gray but would you pay the price to paint them white?
Might have a baby on the way, cause I been going in raw
It feels better, that real pleasure
I'm not real, I think I never was
I get a rush every time she let me get a touch
I need to feel that (love)
I need to feel that (pain)
My garden hasn't been growing so can you bring that (rain)
I keep my head up (high)
A little fed up (lies)
They always tell me where my mind is on this LP
I don't exist
Hieroglyphics
Pyrotechnics
Metaphysics
Telekinetics put 50k on my credit card
Look for the answers, I'm searching but I ain't getting far
Let's get it on, I'm royal like Tenenbaums in Lebanon
Decepticons, hit it 'til my head is gone
Point me to the road, and I'mma run it
Bloodhound with my nose to the money
Ain't fucking with these hoes (never that)
Getting duckets 'til I die
While my foes busy running, fuck it
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toasted in public
Head in the clouds and my toes in the struggle
Like who didn't test yet? Test this
There's a few new rules in effect, bitch (go) See this a rather spooky action movie
Roll it up and pass it to me
Hash and booty, absolutely, smack a groupie acting bourgie
See a creature, ass beauty
Need a feature, rather shoot me
Truly bitches must have them bad jeans and back is Coogi

Had to do these rapper tunes to let 'em know the trap is booming
Past the views of Catholic schoolers, fact, but you in fact assuming
Back to doing cash pursuing
Posted up like Patrick Ewing
Rapper feuds are sad if you would battle for a stack or two
These eloquent irrelevant sentences show my penmanship
Indefinite boundaries show you the end of it
Don't forget you infested in nasty crevices
Allowing birds to fall to their death before they even fly
He and I are not the same
Doctor, doctor, please prescribe me something for the pain
Money in machines, those will make you change
If I go tomorrow, I just hope it ain't in vain
But I can't complain
Point me to the road, and I'mma run it
Bloodhound with my nose to the money
Ain't fucking with these hoes (never that)
Getting duckets 'til I die
While my foes busy running, fuck it
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toasted in public
Head in the clouds and my toes in the struggle
Like who didn't test yet? Test this
There's a few new rules in effect, bitch (go)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>