

Goosebumpz

Mac Miller

Better act right cos I smack dykes
Give em blow and a bit of that bagpipe
 Bitch wanna live that rap life
 But I already hit that last night
 Think you're fucking with me huh?
 Must be hitting that crack-pipe
 I be making my money
Thank God I learned how to add right
 My cash like that cocaine
 Give me more, say give me more
 Don't worry about it, ain't no thing
 Big titty hoes in my videos
 Classy bitch, don't kiss and tell
 Smack her ass and then wish her well
 Life sucks, better give em hell
 Get money, fuck girls, free Biggavel
 A million in my briefcase
'Bout to shop for some real estate
'Bout to party with drugs though
 Turn it up, bitch feel the bass
 Throwing money, in your face
 Feeling good, living great
 Bad bitches in different states
It's like I think I'm Vincent Chase
 With pornstars, sports cars
 And my crib got a courtyard?
How we get all this money though?
 You know how big his tours are?
 Greedy bitch, you a needy bitch
Want some money, but need some dick
 And my belt monogram
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
 When I die bet she fuck my hologram
 When I die bet she fuck my hologram
 My hologram
We in my black Benz, windows up
 Getting head, smoking blunts
 Everybody know what's up
 And I turn them girls to sluts
 Crib's like a mob boss
 My bitch get my car washed

We nonstop, my dick out, her jaw dropCause all we do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she- all she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
Fuck
Don't I look like a drug dealer?
Don't I look like I'm somebody
Killing beats with that Murder Inc
Don't I look like I'm Irv Gotti
Riding through with my hippy van
You broke bitches don't give a damn
You softer than the Michelin man
Your bitch put her pussy on Instagram
Better go hard when my flow start
They brand new with they old cars
Your pockets is on low carbs
She do a show, she a pollstar
In the penthouse, with the pants down
With the camera out, no hands now
Them hard drugs, we don't ran out
Can't believe that's someone's grand child
She's so bad but i like it (like it)
Wanna hear your pussy I'll mic it
My credit card bill is righteous but
Girl that ass is so priceless
Spend the night with
The right bitch
My dick ill, my pipe sick
Small pussy, tight fit
She loves to sniff that white shit
Fuck free, no charge
I play with that pussy like mozart
Eat that pussy, I won't starve
Love the pussy with my whole heart
Bitch named Layla my Clapton ho
Gimme head put the benz in captain mode
And my belt monogram
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
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Fuck

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