

# 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  
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Fuck

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