

Cruisin'

Mac Miller

INTRO:

yeah

all these hatas their just forced to hate no reason (fuck yall)
dont really know who i am at all (fuck yall mutha fuckas)

so i guess i kinda gotta introduce my self again to these mutha fuckas so im just like yeah

VERSE 1

please tah meet ya find me with ah heep of reefa
speaking etha ill whoop ya ass and crease ya sneakers
hatas keep tha hatin lil faggots figure skatin
while we figure eightin seekin ur replace ment and i ain't gon
touch tha hate like some bacteria
some nasty ass food from tha cafeteria
you'll have and hear me bruh if u pass me up ah luh
ima beat ya ass tearin u in half and eat ya up

like any given friday i roll up to ya drive way rock u in tha face have u lookin sideways
so step back cause u ain't want it with Mac tha young cat with rap to leave u flat on ur back
and as ah matter of fact im like crack on tha track with mah cap to tha back im tha cat in tha hat
yeah we rhymin like Dr.Suess so be careful before u end up on tha news
every time that we..

CHORUS:

CRUISE like we ain't got nothing to loose
hit tha speech through tha speakers hope its comin in smooth
when we CRUISE see i ain't got nothing to do
so im a roll around tha city smokin blunts with mah crew
when we CRUISE x2

VERSE 2:

and there ain't nobody that do it like Pittsburgh (NOPE)
said there ain't nobody do it like Pittsburgh (NOT AH)
i said it twice just in case that u misheard
cause this verse is like.....
so quit ya back talk i aint haven it boy
im lookin fresh right now straight dazzling boy
light a swisher now im gone
when my minds on, 5's on, laced up, headed out the time bomb

get your life right size truck whit a white light
triple x tee and a fresh pair of white nikes
i wright like nobody you've seen
cause my weed is purple and my money is green

see im hungry for cream with my fitted on lean
if you wanna talk shit, ima shit on your team

i rock my fitted to the side

roll around the city blowing piff up in the sky

when we..

Chorus:

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so ima roll around tha city smokin blunts with mah crew

when we CRUISE x2

VERSE 3:

the kid raps like lasers, sharp like razors

rollin up my weed in some Garcia vegas (yuup)

fuck a cop tryna chase me with tazers, im runnin out my crib and im dippin through the neighbors, garden

high homie marvin the marshin

i wipe my ass with you soft rappers like charmin

yall hungry im starvin, you talkin shit, oh i beg your pardon

specifics is never gimmicks, i rip it just how i live it, you wanna it ill go and get, im kickin it so escuisit

the wickedest mothafucka on the block i live at

shit talk on hip hop im pealing your wig back, yuup

so where the crib at, where the party at, where them butt naked hoes and the Bacardi at

cause when i start to rap, its gameova

and i ain't spend a single one sober

when we..

Chorus:

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when we CRUISE see i ain't got nothing to loose

so ima roll around tha city smokin blunts with mah crew

when we CRUISE x2

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