

Keep Floatin' (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Mac Miller

Got no problems, my weed lit, got nowhere to go
So we ride and we smoke til we can't anymore
And keep floatin'
Pass it to your man, roll another one and (keep floatin')
When it's almost done
Why don't you go and break down enough for another one
And roll me someHey, then you can pass that, the kid who rock a snap back
Steady blow this hash back until my thoughts are abstract
How to get by, that's how we livin' in this day and age
I bring some color to a world that's filled with shades of gray
Throwin' this cake away to blaze and sip some Tanqueray
Remember spectatin' til they picked the kid to play the game
Now I'm an all-star, blasted out the ballpark
In my Lamborghini speedin', you a golf cart
California dreams, Amsterdam reality
Life ain't what it seems, these the thoughts that weed pull outta me
Blow through a thousand trees, the whole entire crowd get skeed
Livin' in what seems to be fiction, I'm on a balcony
I light one up, this for those who ever doubted me
Then light another, this for those who hold it down for me
Passin' around the weed, no problems at all
And you haters keep on hatin', I ain't talkin' to y'all
Got no problems, my weed lit, got nowhere to go
So we ride and we smoke til we can't anymore
And keep floatin'
Pass it to your man, roll another one and (keep floatin')
When it's almost done
Why don't you go and break down enough for another one
And roll me someAnd you can pass that, we floatin' along
So much smoke we got the words high wrote in the song
Girl I try to come and make you smile, I'm gone so will you wait a while
As soon as I come home we gon' smoke and then I'll stay a while
Some people hate my style, some people love it though
And all these kids who wanna clone me, they ain't comin' close
Politicing joints, we countin' none of your votes
I'm gettin' everybody high so you can puff on ya roach
Shorty used to all these players, tell her fuck with a coach
I just want you to come over, roll me somethin' to smoke
Hey my mind be cookin' rhymes up, live until my times up

Hate me then they love me, tell them try to make they minds up
Barbers and they line me up, ID was on the beat
It's best to shout the people out that help you get your cheese
Smokin' weed, we got no problems at all
All you haters keep on hatin', I ain't talkin' to y'all
Got no problems, my weed lit, got nowhere to go
So we ride and we smoke til we can't anymore
And keep floatin'
Pass it to your man, roll another one and (keep floatin')
When it's almost done
Why don't you go and break down enough for another one
And roll me some

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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