

# 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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