

Insomniak (Ft. Rick Ross)

Mac Miller

[Intro: Sample]

Think for yourself and you'll find out that a lot of those so-called authorities are bullshit[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

I'm the mothafuckin' greatest, y'all don't know that yet

I don't need your money, you can hold that check

At the crib in some Polo sweats

I don't need a ho, that's what the hoes don't get

I'm on my worst behavior

Bad side piece with the perfect flavor

Mothafuckas never loved us

Comin' for your money, mothafucka, don't trust us

You ain't shit

Bought a brand new crib, yeah, I move that brick

I don't want nothin' with your doo-doo clique

Treat her like a dog, how I do that bitch

Done doin' promo

And it's still mothafuckin' Most Dope

Made a couple million off a brand, mothafucka

We ain't even got a logo

Bitch, you better have my money

(I stay feelin' myself)

I don't see anybody but me

(Man I'm killin' myself)

And this shit too real

See a mothafucka like me gettin' money

How does it feel?

Already been, but I'm back for more

Insomniac, I don't know what I got a mattress for

Insomniac, I don't know what I got a mattress for

Don't sleep! [Hook: Mac Miller]

I'm an insomniac, a mothafuckin' insomniac

(Don't try to sneak around me)

I'm an insomniac, a mothafuckin' insomniac

(So don't try, don't try to sneak around me)

I'm an insomniac, a mothafuckin' insomniac

I'm an insomniac, a mothafuckin' insomniac

(Oh, hello Q) [Verse 2: Mac Miller]

Yeah, yeah, said, said I'm a maniac, crazy, same thing

I might need to cave the fact

Chain reactions happen when I make a pact

A psycho, God made me that
Cause I fade to black and gets down like a plane attack
You mothafuckas just made me lap
Ha ha, God damnit, safety drill, do not panic
Let me see how loud you scream (AHHH!)
I'm off the map, mothafuckas start lookin'
But they're never gonna see where I be
She only speak French
Said "Bitch look, don't try and speak around me"
I don't sleep at all
If you with that bullshit, I don't wanna be involved, shit
I could make a million puttin' my lyrics on a tee
Fearless, Jet Li, fourth quarter, Gretzky
Take your bitch, Joe Pesci, don't test me
Don't flex if you don't got shit on me
And you ain't got shit on me, come get it
(Come get it, come, come get it, come)
Drawer full of fresh whites
Snow bag full of unleaded
I don't get enough credit
Don't sleep! [Interlude: Rick Ross]
(M-M-M-M-M-M)
They've done fucked up, han?
The biggest bezzle, han?
The don, Ricky Farrakhan
(M-M-M-M-M-M-Maybach Music) [Verse 3: Rick Ross]
My weed burnin', my chain glitter
He's self made, Mac Miller my real nigga
Fuck who don't like, bitch come see me
Fuck who don't like, hitta, hitta, hitta
Gettin' money so complicated
I'm the shit, I'm constipated
Yo baby momma, straight G
Let me use the crib to mail all the weed
California, Atlanta
White girl in the black Phantom
My top down, mid-December
Ride with a big black fat nigga
Krispy Kreme, then it's chicken wings
Introduce you to different things
Jet skis and the best weed
Think it's fake? Bitch test me
I'm jetlagged, don't need a stylist
Pants sag, Jimmy Fallon
Blowin' green in the green room

Def Jam like Baous really wildin'
Yeah they hate but won't box a nigga
Bought the estate from a boxin' nigga
Paranoid, I'm walkin' 'round
I'm butt naked with my chopper, nigga
Hahahahaha

I'm butt naked with my chopper, nigga[Hook: Mac Miller]

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

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