

# PA Nights

## MAC MILLER

Hey, ten thousand dollar hands, million dollar plan  
My fam's still the only people that really know me for who I am  
    Damn, got me askin' when I got this fly  
The type to change because of fame, I'm just not that guy  
    Still sippin' on my forty when the cops drove by  
    When I go, gotta tell my girl to stop, don't cry  
        See, I-I-I been buyin' these diamonds  
    All designer clothes and a Benz just to drive in  
        Autograph signin' must've got to my head  
        F\*\*\* that, I've been the same lil' muf\*\*\*a'  
    Always down to share my s\*\*\*, melody with snare kick  
    So I don't give a f\*\*\* about some lames I rode the ferry with  
        My larynx is imperative to live, music's what I need, boy  
        Destroy all of these fake me's, they decoys  
        Everywhere I go, these companies give me free toys  
These random strangers just treatin' me like weed? boys[Chorus]  
    Pennsylvania nights, nine thirty flights  
    Thinking to myself, where does all this go?  
        No time to care, got more I can share  
        By now, this life is all I know  
        So this is all I know, this is all I know  
    Taught myself to walk, then got up and took flight  
        Hey, bulls\*\*\*'s always gonna be bulls\*\*\*  
So make a toast to the good lifeHey, hey, ten thousand dollar hands, billion dollar plan  
    Listenin' to jams while I'm sittin' in my van  
This is who I am, wrote these lyrics on my D-N-A code  
    Happy as hell, M-D-M-A, yo!  
    F\*\*\* a job, there ain't no one that I call my boss  
    We just tryna work so we can blow up like a Molotov  
        And it kinda wake me up like a coffee shop  
    Thinkin' 'bout my people who was murdered in the Holocaust  
        Got me thankful just for life by itself  
    And there's way more people here I should be tryna to help  
        Am I wrong for spendin' money how I do, probably yes  
        It's just funny old people see the logo on my chest  
        You got ya thumb held high, we can be friends  
    Other people pretend, we hang out on the weekends  
        These f\*\*\*ers lil' bit creepy, so we just leave them  
    Say get some rest, when I die, I'ma sleep in[Chorus: x2]

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