

# Someone Like You (prod. J. Hill)

Mac Miller

Someone like  
Someone like you  
Someone like  
Someone like you  
Someone like  
Someone like you  
Light up till the pain gone  
All I hear is this same song when the radio came on  
Fuck around and get waste dawg  
Do this shit till the day I die  
Are you ready? Are you ready?  
Terrified but my hands are steady  
Verify get the camera ready  
Carry my own weight all these earthquakes don't wait  
Need up from this sleep diving into this cold lake  
Fuck all this let that hoe shake telling me I'm her soul-mate  
Disguise the emotion no face bull shit with that no thanks  
Dealing with her since 08 fucked around I'm done  
I heard your suppose to race when you hear the sound of that gun  
Now it's losing all of it's fun spending days in solitude  
Too many dumb interviews put me in this awful mood  
Not thinking logical getting high jump off the moon  
Looked right into his soul when he died right there in the hospital  
Peace don't seem possible when the mind is so close  
Came in for your money then left with all your hoes  
Life moves fast but my baby keeps it slow  
Open up your mind and start forgetting what you know (Oh!)  
This shit ain't been the same since you left me here alone (Woah!)  
You hurt so good  
Girl you let it hurt so good  
Uh love me love me then trippin' on ignore me  
Beautiful to get ugly turn you into a drunk  
Still searching for something but I don't know what  
Dreaming about nothing wake you up and then fuck  
I love it when you get a little nasty  
Hit it from the back if you like that wiggle them ass cheeks  
Isn't that sweet same shit you did last week  
For all the cash you might of stood up and would've walked past me  
Wake me up from this bad dream put a match to this gasoline  
Every night you somebody different got me thinking it's Halloween  
Fucked up can't feel myself work hard might kill myself  
Exist through audio where all my problems outwear themselves

Trapped in this wish and well death creeping like sprinter cell  
Getting high put my mind away find the words I'm tryna say  
I'mma think of that later when the world goes against you  
You better get that paper

Songwriters

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