

# A Night In The Studio

## Mac Miller

(Ay yo Josh  
Ay yo where the fuck you at man?  
What you mean you on your way yo  
Our session was at 9 its fuckin' 11  
Im out here, blow smokin L's  
Waitin for yo ass  
I dont even think I got..  
Oh no I definitely still got some weed for the lab  
But still when you gonna be here?  
Soon? Mother fucker how soo..  
Oh there you are right now  
Ay yo whats good bro? This is a DJ Haze exclusive  
Ay yo whats good bro  
Just here chillin'  
Yeah Im tryin to go to the studio or whatever  
Yeah I got shit to drop mpther fucker  
I always got shit to drop damn  
Ight you'll meet me there?  
Alright) I woke up scratched my nuts  
Rolled a swisher on the shitter  
Got blow then I light me up a cigarette  
The coolest flow coolio a movie roll  
Now I'm tryna head up to the lab  
I headed to the studio open the door  
Say wassup to everybody who was 'posed perform  
I'm bout to record they know I'm smokin' of course  
Blow some haze in the air pull out my notebook  
Then I head up to the booth load the beat off my email  
Phone on silent ignorin' calls from females  
My man Josh sit down get the tempo  
Put on my headphones  
Ight, let's go  
I let go into the beats startin'  
Say a couple words try not to be retarded  
Cuz Im a goofy dude doin what I choose to do  
Eatin' tracks up like some snacks call me scooby doo  
Now the beat about to drop verse 1  
Its like a whirlwind the soldier pull the first gun  
Everything's blank it's just me and the mic

I don't read a lot so I try and see what I write  
Visualize the melody, hypnotize everybody watchin'  
I hope they ain't blink they eyes  
Cuz you don't wanna miss a fuckin second  
When I'm catchin wreck  
I be in the booth goin' off try to catch my breath  
Couple more bars couple seconds left  
Killin' em softly takin' extra steps  
They never guessed I be murderin' and blessin'  
Ight the first done but before we start the second  
We gotta do man shit  
Doubles and ad libs  
And Josh makin' sound like magic  
He a old school genius with the pro tools  
Tryna school me on everything that the pros do  
I tell him that he needs to think it in the book  
But for now we makin guap just singin' on some hooks  
So I don't worry bout the chorus  
The track gotta hook on it  
And my verses wit dat, they sound good on it  
Now I do a second maybe do a third  
If I'm in the mood to go crazy with my words  
I take a lil' break got some haze to burn  
The cast sittin' outside can wait they turn  
We makin' classics in the session  
Mom's askin me these questions  
(When you comin' home you got school)  
Naw, I'm suspended  
After this track done burn the last blunt smokin' good  
Payin' for my time with stolen goods  
Say peace to whoever, outside its dark  
I'm blowed and can't find where the fuck I parked  
So I beep the car, oh there it is  
Lets go ahead and hip hop in the whip  
Light them cigarette and sit  
Gotta ride homie ahead of us  
(Sprunked) in the back  
Tell my man wit the whip to bump on my trackTryna ride out, and I'm high now

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