

# Aliens Fighting Robots (feat. Sir Michael Rocks)

## Mac Miller

[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

Yall is dead weight, less great, always gettin second place  
I tend to race ahead of pace, dippin while Im dressed in Bape  
Then they chase, catch me if you can, I aint DiCaprio  
This lucid dream will have you go like half a dose of Adderall  
Capicola sandwichs are tasty from Primantis  
Im a 57 giant, Brandon Jacobs, Eli Manning  
Girls want makeup, get demanding, but they fake like orange tanning  
So my girl and I be up like we some college students cramming  
For a test that we aint study for, wonder will she love me more  
With money, cause if not, Im not sure what all this money for  
Feelin like a hundred wars are goin on currently  
Soldiers sent to death on some jets for the currency  
Poison, take this mercury, Ill teach you for a learners fee  
How to turn your girlfriend to a circus freak  
Cool by the word of Keith, fabric by the hand of Zeus  
Actin like you fuckin with me, thats some shit I cant excuse  
Focus is on manual, control the panoramic view, universe  
You got a chance, dont blow it like how a tuba works  
I plan to do, somethin that aint tangible  
Now Im bout to hand it to  
The homie Michael Rock, hear what he sayin to you

[Verse 2: Sir Michael Rocks]

Take a trip, took a molly out a bank a populari  
And the word around the city is he sittin in a Ferrari  
I told my self I wouldnt get it, Im sorry  
Thats my bad, I party till my cardies get foggy  
Cant keep her hands off of me, got her locked, and lost the key  
We smoke, make it hard to see, we go harder then Carter one  
Excuse me baby pardon me, can you fuck me like the honeymoon?  
Not saying its coming soon, but I want the real show  
Give me the treatment that you getting all them heels for  
The shit they payin all the bills for  
Man I missed it, that cake taste delicious  
They cant wait for vacations, paid for by pictures  
Im feeling good, Im pulling bills Im real as hell  
I dont front I roll blunts and papers  
Dont fuck with fakers  
Your girl is asking me if Imma take her

Im straight though  
You see Im booked up til April  
Thats mine, thats me, I take those  
You try to see some pesos than shake though  
You get exactly what you paid for, stop acting like you cant go  
Swagging til the ankles  
I feel you baby  
Hopefully I look familiar, lately  
Falling down the same rabbit hole looking for love  
But youll never ever get it because  
It seem like itll only happen when Im holding the drugs  
You can never ever see it because

[Mac Miller]

Life a cliché, it ain't a bad one  
First the plane land and then the bags come  
We walking on this planet seeking action  
Breaking girls hearts, sorry Miss Jackson  
Falling down the same rabbit hole looking for love  
But youll never ever get it because  
Seem like itll only happen when Im holding the drugs  
You can never ever see it  
And it wont stop til the aliens fight the robots  
And all the ladies take their clothes off  
Im here with Mikey and we gonna Rock  
This some shit you wont top  
I said it wont stop til the aliens fight the robots  
And all the ladies take their clothes off  
Im here with Mikey and we gonna Rock  
This some shit you wont top  
Im so high what you think about that babe  
On some other shit, tell em baby act crazy  
Fifteen thousand, blow it on clothes  
Six in the morning still sitting here throwed  
Im buggin out, buggin out, I wonder if they know  
Pull up to the house, and I wonder if she know

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

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