

Willie Dynamite (Prod. by Big Jerm)

Mac Miller

[Intro:]

You're a hard man to reach, Willie Dynamite!

"I wanna rap"

Go right ahead[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

Girls ask me for that Willie D

That's how I know they feeling me

It's simple see, the pimping be

What got these bitches clipped to me

You maybe at the game, I guarantee you, we in different seats

I seen you in the nosebleeds, but where I'm at, that isn't cheap

In the Benz, in a Jeep, make a million in a week

Taking off her clothes 'fore I begin to speak like gimme cheeks

Been to London, been to France, go there if you get the chance

Been to Amsterdam, hit the club, hell no I didn't dance

Rolled around a little, smoked the weed, seen the red lights

Ain't fuck a prostitute but the head nice, get right

From here on to the next life, relax and sip that Red Stripe

The way I spend this money you would think I had an ex-wife

Bitches love the lead pipe, the 'Burgh word to Ken Rice

New place every day, what I would give to just have 10 nights

Yeah right, 'bout to drop an album, hope to blow your mind

Tryna reach a level where no music is put over mine[Hook: x2]

Girls ask me for that Willie D

Girls ask me for that Willie D

What does it mean to keep your pimp hand strong?

Live it up cause you don't live that long

Or am I wrong?

[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

It's young Macintosh, tell you bout that sabotage

Travelling through Germany, word to David Hasselhoff

Back and forth, kill 'em softly

Bitches like to fuck em doggy

Probably off some Molly got me turning into polygons

On and on, DJs putting on my song

People say I talk too long

Killing every single track, the God is on

They cheering with their pom-poms, buying what I got on

Straight gold, find me fuckin silver with my long John

Tom Tom, direct me to that money please

Where's funds? Fuckin dumb, get your grades
And I know in God we trust, but how much do they trust in me?
Enough to be a fuckin beast on beats, yeah
Shit is so disgustingly amazing
Bitches out the playpen, you fuck your hand asking
"How much money can I fit into this rubberband? "
Hustling, throw your ass right inside a garbage can
Excuse my French, that's just how I talk if I was Russell Brand
Know that I'm the fucking man
Play my shit for three days
"All I make is hits, call me T-Pain! "
Sicker than if she gave me AIDS, plus some teeth decay
Then she stole my condom, try to auction it on Ebay
Talk a little shit man, probably thought he diss me
Bitch please, I just ate out Monica Lewinsky
Yeah, I've taught her about some
Had her crying about her father
Then I busted in her face while she told me it's an honor
We just politickin, finger-licking on my chicken
Got a way with words, words, words
Word to Charles Dickens
I wrote this on the shitter using toilet-paper
Put your head inside the water, enjoy the flavor
Yeah bitch, you know how I drive
Don't cut me off man! fuck you! [Hook:]
(Uh) The girls ask me for that Willie D
(Uh) The girls ask me for that Willie D
What does it mean to keep your pimp hand strong?
Live it up cause you don't live that long
Or am I wrong?

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

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