

# Blue Slide Park

Mac Miller

Hey, I got these Ray-Ban shades  
Kinda look like somethin' Lennon would rock  
It seems like now I got a couple bags whenever I shop  
Louie shoes, Polo socks, some name brand dumb shit  
Logo never make a man, but I'm still blowin' thousands on it  
No clue what I'm callin' my album  
Fans be at my van screamin', callin' me Malcolm  
Never knew the outcome be this much cash now  
Bank account lookin' like a George Jung stash house  
Young and actin' out, the topics that I rap about  
Be varying from politics to bitches pullin' asses out  
That's exactly how I do this as a rapper  
I'm nuttin' in her mouth you tongue kissin' her after  
Daughters' moms kinda want me neutered  
But they also want the kid to cum right on their cooter  
Have the music soundin' better then guitar tuners  
Plus I'm doing shows daily call me John Stewart  
So who you know that's iller than Mac Miller and company  
It's like I planted money seeds right underneath the fuckin' tree  
Now I got a hundred g's so none of y'all can fuck with me  
Yeah I said it publicly so run and tell your mother, motherfucker  
I said run and tell your mother, motherfucker Hold up Jerm let me spit the second Hey yo I breeze past haters in  
the E-class quickly  
In deep, did a hundred songs and that's this week  
Shit keeps goin' on and on  
We just tryna go bananas like it's Donkey Kong  
Yeah, on my grind, always need to work  
So I be eatin' good, you be eatin' dirt  
If you talkin' shit, you gonna see me smirk  
While the DJ be scratchin' til the needles burst  
A couple screws probably loose in my head  
Holla at my girl, tell her bring that doobie to bed  
I'm a regular guy within a regular life  
Except I'm a Lamborghini if it's racin' a bike  
Who knew that I can turn turn sound into somethin' so cool  
Fresh kicks, see me I'm bustin' the moves  
Coming in soon to a theatre near you  
Creep in your kitchen start eating your food  
Girls tryna fuck I don't be in the mood

No time for pussy when money in the room  
Oh, I switch flows switch rhythm  
Sick spittin', unlimited ammunition This is Blue Slide Park

Songwriters

Clarke, Willie James / Wright, Milton / McCormick, Malcolm / Dan, Eric Published by  
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