

Loud

Mac Miller

Ladies and gentlemen

This is Macadelic

Motherfucker Ugh I got codeine in my cup, you can bet your ass I'm sippin'

Groupies fall in love, I'm like bitch you must be trippin'

I'm just tryna fuck and she just need tuition

Why you tryna stunt, you need to play your own position

Never gave a fuck and nothing 'bout me changed

Still roll up them blunts, got diamonds in my chain

Yeah you heard me I got diamonds in my chain

But it don't make a difference if you cryin' in the rain

Two hundred shows, I'm a kill more

I just sold out that Fillmore

Got a million, make a mil more

Play a number one spot on the billboard

Yeah people lie, numbers won't

Keep me high, drugs is close

Roll one up, pour a cup

Watch the world go up in smoke I like my music real loud (real loud)

Can you turn that shit up for me right now (right now)

Here it come, there it go, ask your homies, ask your hoes

If you didn't, now you know, never keep your pockets low

I like my music real loud (real loud)

Can you turn that shit up for me right now (right now)

Here she comes, there she go, never chasing after hoes

If you didn't, now you know, never keep your pockets low I'ma get that Grammy soon, fuck your magazine

Jordan gonna hand me shoes, still fuck your magazine

Hammer team, in that pack with me

Hear that Jerm beat banging, with a glass of lean

When I went to every high school class would be

Tryna fuck the female faculty

I'm a crazy little fucker, think my head done ran away

I experiment with drugs but I won't ever fuck with yay

I just made a million dollars still I think I'm underpaid

Fuck with me? Kid no way

When you meet me, bitches stand up straight

Pump out reps, yeah I got reps

Tryna talk shit what you think about that?

For the pesos, getting bank rolls, I'm a lay low chill, til I let that stack Yeah people lie, numbers won't

Keep me high, drugs is close

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Can you turn that shit up for me right now (right now)
Here it come, there it go, ask your homies, ask your hoes
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I like my music real loud (real loud)
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Here she comes, there she go, never chasing after hoes
If you didn't, now you know, never keep your pockets low

Songwriters

JEREMY KULOUSEK, ERIC A DAN, MALCOLM JAMES MCCORMICK, ZACHARY RAYMOND

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