

Bird Call

Mac Miller

Quack, quack I'm chilling for an hour, smoking weed, watching Worldstar
Benz in the garage, probably got to drive your girl car
You ain't a rapper, of course, never heard y'all
I just spit a punchline, so now I need a bird call
Hit your sister in the face with a Nerf Ball
I'm dealing with some shit that really don't concern y'all
Punch a fan if you get a fucking word wrong
I'm wavy, get me some shit that you can surf on
Finding me a bitch I can swerve on
Frank Thomas homie, about to put the hurt on
Your bitch a night light in bed, she turned on
Throw some weed, tell her burn one Burn one, burn one, burn one, burn one
Burn one, burn one, burn one, burn one Yea, I used to give a fuck about success
Now I just want to see Mila Kunis undress
Hope she down for buttsex, it will be a cum fest
Sorry that's some shit I had to confess
Crazy ass bitch doing 911 threats
Came in the game smoking Newport Hundreds
Now I'm at the top and the crown fit
Gold on my outfit
Surrounded by some pussy, I'mma drown in
Got that wet pack, bitch come and give me that
You know we want to know where them titties at
Got 'em gassed, they be asking what I'm cooking with
Have your little brother asking moms where the pussy is
Corruption, stuntin' at the function
Your girl pussy smell like Sour Cream & Onion
Pay attention, you gon' learn something
Roll that weed up, burn one

Songwriters

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