

# New Faces V2 (feat. Earl Sweatshirt & Retch)

## Mac Miller

[Intro: Earl Sweatshirt]

Yeah you know I'm smokin' at the beginnin' of the song like a damn rapper. Aww man, man, it's crazy bein' so rich, damn[Verse 1: Earl Sweatshirt]

In '09, we were still on the bus, nigga  
Before Nak was deluxe, when I didn't have a brush  
When it still wasn't hoes tryna fuck with me  
Fore I cleaned up a bit like it's company comin'  
I ain't know we were on the cusp of the money  
Tryna get a few bucks under custody  
And my twin brothers was all Sid's brothers  
So my kin gully and my skin toughened  
Thick lens coverin' my eyes, nah  
They bright, nigga, I'm just high now  
And if this a different way to clear my mind out  
I need to find out, I'm doin' fine now  
And I don't look as stupid when I talk now  
And everybody at the show look astound  
And posted up drowsy  
In the cut so much that it's pus 'round me  
Catch him in the daytime or dusk hours  
Smokin' out the pound, [?]  
If your tux's lousy then you can't sit with us, nah  
Can't call it harsh livin' when the margin  
Between you and all these fuck niggas  
Is about as large as it gets  
And you workin', givin' arm and a leg  
Say he workin' but he just talkin' cause he ain't workin'  
Like a long distance, bitch  
Who you know that's out that's harder than this?  
Chargin' niggas like a Tom Lister win, nigga  
Slight frown on the brow on the brim, color brown  
Runnin' wild on the route that was picked  
When the clouds branch out  
I'm out with my face in the shallow, drownin' again[Hook: Mac Miller]  
I've been drownin' with this shallow soul  
Shallow soul, shallow soul  
You are drinkin' from a shallow soul  
Shallow soul, shallow soul[Verse 2: Retch]  
Drugs got me feelin' like [?] Carpathian

Just look at the state he's in  
The most critically acclaimed, slang contortionist  
That ain't suckin' corporate dick  
Said it with my balls in grip  
Other hand got a cork to hit  
All this Ralph be the sportsmanship  
Walked in and said I needed all the chips  
As well as the one on my shoulder  
Feel like my heart got pneumonia, blunt laced, covered in odor  
Cops still lockin' niggas up for quotas  
Brain still numb from the shit in the soda, soft  
A generation lost  
Facin' a [?], fakin' off  
Warrants bein' filed for the cases fought  
And them drugs get obtained by debatin' cost  
You ain't Superman while that cape was off  
Just Clark, nigga, spittin' in his high rise  
Tryna see the bright side of life  
And a nigga just keep comin' back with a Golf picture  
It's like hard liquor, and see people are books  
So you judge a mothafucka by the first page  
And a bitch by the back cover  
[?] so the text covered  
Real ones, I'm the last brother, when they see me on stage  
They said my shit was so insane  
It was like Cobain hit his last number[Hook: Mac Miller][Verse 3: Mac Miller]  
Isn't he dizzy off the ups and downs.  
Got a little wit me, put it in a blunt for now  
She was supposed to get me high, why the fuck I wanna die now?  
And I'm strung out on this dusty couch  
In a big white ugly house, I told the bitch slow down  
Stop runnin' your mouth  
You holdin' my money, just shut up and count  
My right nostril hasn't worked in a week  
Plus the plug got work, like he servin' for a sheep  
Me, I'm swervin' in the Jeep  
Burnin' weed, doin' circles in the street  
How I'm playin' my shit'll wake a baby up  
I get her faded, but her back in the labia  
All my life I've been afraid of powder  
All my life I've been afraid of power  
Where did all that go?  
The long decision always called my phone  
Last supper I was fuckin' with the Corleones  
I need somethin' stronger than a quarter zone

That can save me from the war unknown  
Shoutout to Soulo (SOUL!) and rest in peace Alori Joh  
The devil on the other side of the glory hole  
Any time, any place, you could bet I'ma eat  
Cause my hand on the fork and the fork in the road  
Look at all these new faces  
I see, I see, I see  
They're comin' on the plane but they're leavin' in suitcases  
Been a criminal before [?]  
Used the put the weed in the sole of my blue Asics  
Hate myself up to strangers  
But the raps are just way too flagrant, so  
Here I go  
Throwin' up a prayer, it's a Hail Mary  
I've never been religious but I feel like the scripture's got it all there  
It's not just gypsies and fairies, this could be my last breath  
I'ma take my time, cause I'ma go out the same way I came in  
Right by the pussy with nothin' on my mind[Outro: Mac Miller]  
You are standing in the shallow soul  
You are speaking with the shallow soul  
Shallow soul  
I've been drowning with this shallow soul  
Shallow soul, shallow soul  
You are drinking from a shallow soul  
Shallow soul, shallow soul  
(fades)

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

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