

# 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 Burn one, burn one, burn one, burn one  
Burn one, burn one, burn one, burn one

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