

New Faces v2 (feat. Earl Sweatshirt)

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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