

# Barz For Dayz

## Mac Miller

Lick it, Split it, Twist it, Hit it, Splif it, Pitch it, Roll Anotha. x4

Haha, Yo you see they probably wonder why I dont smile

Cuz this cats need to get there own style

Hold the phone dial

I go miles, when im sprinting on the beat

you get lifted of yo feet

when yo spliffin up my trees

Quit givin me a speech

i really tryna hear this

see with these lyrics

im tryna run fearless

We playing games in this jungle, Jumanji

With bomb tree, hidden under all my dirty laundry

Call me an arm free fucking around

Im putting words in your mind

so you in love with the sound

They saving my place

tryna shove this food in my face

so they force it down my throat

til im use to the taste

Now move to your place

Cuz im campin out on top

fresh kicks on my feet

while you sititn in some socks

Cops tryna get me lock

Catch me fucking with shenanigans

But ill just handle them and throw them in the ambulance

They want to know what my hands is in

Scare me straight

Get back bitch i aint tryna share my plate

Whats good fam, i love money, i will marry cake.

Get a rich bitch like Ashley and Mary Kate.

And i aint talking about one of them

Im getting both

I grab them and get a lo

And then take their money and their coats

I blow trees, so my mouth is always filled with smoke

You sniffin coke

Singing but you havent hit a note  
Plus that shit you wrote isnt set to carry a crowd  
Im legendary anywhere that im out  
Im sharing this pound  
With my people like a how high sequel  
Told my people need to air out the house  
So beware of my mouth  
Spittin venom, coming out the cerebellum  
with these kicks on my feet,  
See i told you i was gellin  
You playin felon  
you in stealin a penny  
i put a hole in your belly like you oprah or jenny  
Lick it, Split it, Twist it, Hit it, Splif it, Pitch it, Roll Anotha. x4

I sport a long white tee, fitted cap, baggy pants.  
If you see me be sure to slap my hand  
Some people do it for the love  
Some peiple do it cuz they can  
But me, Im tryna be legend like Bag a Vance  
Some rap will make you think  
While other shit will make you dance  
So i bump what ever is in the system  
Tryin to make some plans  
I just want to see whats good for the night time  
IF nothings hype, Ima head up to crib and write rhymes  
Age like white wine, nicer by the second,  
Thats why i never put punctuation on a sentence  
Cuz the song goes on, here a dope song  
If they say i wasnt for real, then you was told wrong  
See you aint on, what we on  
You bright, Im neon  
Im smoking up the weed till the tree gone  
Yeaahh  
My life is up and down like a sew saw  
So i stay with a Bitch like Leon...Phelps

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