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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