

# Claymation (Bonus) (feat. Vinny Radio)

## Mac Miller

Bitches stay hating  
This is Claymation  
Fucked up, get away  
That's a vacation  
Want to get paid, who doesn't though?  
I'mma be a ghost, take a polaroid  
Bitches stay hating  
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Want to get paid, who doesn't though?  
I'mma be a ghost, take a polaroid picture  
Fresh off a steroid swisher  
Pistol at the people that's a paranoid nigga  
One of a kind though  
Ain't nobody close to me  
Your answers straight over G  
I'll bag you like groceries  
It's whatever though  
Whatever cross my mind  
Haters got no watch  
I ain't got the time  
Vinny got more flow than a box of wine  
Rare as a copper dime  
I got an awkward mind  
But it's beautiful, like Russel Crowe  
Fire at the fingertips can't extinguish it  
Shorty gave me tight head without shrinkin' it  
Coolest kid out, on my Chuck English shit  
Mac and Vinny, always get the people loose  
Fall back, strike back  
Just like evil do  
The birds prey on us like eagles do  
It's like claymation the way they bend and move  
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Monster and Michael Keaton  
And I'm off'in you while you sleep  
And you talking but it's so cheap  
And I'm popular for a reason  
I got a pool but it's sharks swimmin in the deep end  
Don't get much sleep, two minutes and get a dream in  
Is all you need  
It's crazy  
The colony was lost at sea getting wavy  
The rawest rapper  
Baby forehead autographer  
On top of Saturn  
I'm sending shots from a rocket blaster  
Believe me this is where geniuses live  
It's Most Dope  
We holier than all of Jesus' kids  
But we speaking in heathens  
And all of these Even Stevens  
Who don't need a reason  
Just want a bitch they can feed with semen  
No need for sleepin  
Cheeba gon' keep me dreaming  
I'm faded  
Been in Cali a lil too long it got me jaded  
Hit Japan and I'm instagram camera shy  
Samurais  
Fucking up a Jerm beat  
Teach you how to vandalize  
The bandana Santana tied  
The sound amplified screams on Kennywood's Steel Phantom ride  
My pockets fat I'm still looking for some pants my size  
They over-analyze everything I fantasize  
We could have a conversation we could pantomime  
Girl you could come a little closer put your hand in mine  
This life a prison it's time to set you free  
Watching movies in silence describing what I see  
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Songwriters

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