

Claymation (feat. Vinny Radio) [Bonus Track]

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
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 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 Inglish 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 Bitches stay hating
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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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