

# Willie Dynamite (Produced By Big Jerm)

## Mac Miller

[Intro]

You're a hard man to reach, Willie Dynamite!

"I wanna rap"

Go right ahead[Mac Miller - Verse 1]

Girls ask me for that Willie D

That's how I know they feeling me

It's simple see, the pimping be

What got these bitches clipped to me

You maybe at the game, I guarantee you, we in different seats  
I seen you in the nosebleeds, but where I'm at, that isn't cheap

In the Benz, in a Jeep, make a million in a week

Taking off her clothes 'fore I begin to speak like gimme cheeks  
Been to London, been to France, go there if you get the chance

Been to Amsterdam, hit the club, hell no I didn't dance

Rolled around a little, smoked the weed, seen the red lights

Ain't f-ck a prostitute but the head nice, get right

From here on to the next life, relax and sip that Red Stripe  
The way I spend this money you would think I had an ex-wife

Bitches love the lead pipe, the 'Burgh word to Ken Rice

New place every day, what I would give to just have 10 nights

Yeah right, 'bout to drop an album, hope to blow your mind

Tryna reach a level where no music is put over mine[Hook x2]

Girls ask me for that Willie D

Girls ask me for that Willie D

What does it mean to keep your pimp hand strong?

Live it up cause you don't live that long

Or am I wrong?[Mac Miller - Verse 2]

It's young Macintosh, tell you bout that sabotage

Travelling through Germany, word to David Hasselhoff

Back and forth, kill 'em softly

Bitches like to f-ck em doggy

Probably off some Molly got me turning into polygons

On and on, DJs putting on my song

People say I talk too long

Killing every single track, the God is on

They cheering with their pom-poms, buying what I got on

Straight gold, find me f-ckin silver with my long John

Tom Tom, direct me to that money please

Where's funds? F-ckin dumb, get your grades

And I know in God we trust, but how much do they trust in me?  
Enough to be a f-ckin beast on beats, yeah  
Shit is so disgustingly amazing  
Bitches out the playpen, you f-ck your hand asking  
"how much money can I fit into this rubberband?"  
Hustling, throw your ass right inside a garbage can  
Excuse my French, that's just how I talk if I was Russell Brand  
Know that I'm the f-cking man  
Play my shit for three days  
"All I make is hits, call me T-Pain!"  
Sicker than if she gave me AIDS, plus some teeth decay  
Then she stole my condom, try to auction it on Ebay  
Talk a little shit man, probably thought he diss me  
Bitch please, I just ate out Monica Lewinsky  
Yeah, I've taught her about some  
Had her crying about her father  
Then I busted in her face while she told me it's an honor  
We just politickin, finger-licking on my chicken  
Got a way with words, words, words  
Word to Charles Dickens  
I wrote this on the shitter using toilet-paper  
Put your head inside the water, enjoy the flavorYeah bitch, you know how I drive  
Don't cut me off man! f-ck you![Hook]  
(Uh) The girls ask me for that Willie D  
(Uh) The girls ask me for that Willie D  
What does it mean to keep your pimp hand strong?  
Live it up cause you don't live that long  
Or am I wrong?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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