

Gees (feat. Schoolboy Q)

Mac Miller

Ignorant-ass white kid
But I'm still bicycling and recycling
And I'm still eating Gummy Bear vitamins
All my bitches taking Vicodin, huffing nitrogen
Hyper than Williams' middle son, since I was
A little one, Moms had to put me on the Ritalin
Made a swisher run, crack the 40 then I lit a blunt
Told Chuck I had a couple raps, so we kicked the drums
All the best rappers are usually dead
But I'm the poison that left a widow Juliet
In the studio with candles lit and Buddha heads
Coming up with all the coldest shit, take your Sudafed
Contagious, speaking while sedated
God shit, make 'em want to add a couple pages to the Bible
I ain't got nothing left in my will
'Cept throw it all in the casket, it's mine still
I need some backpack cast raps
Took a break just to kill the game half-ass
Set some rat traps, went to take a cat nap
Woke up, threw the dead bodies in the trash bags
Act polite, but I'm nasty on the mic
Your bitch don't want my dick, then she has to be a dyke
Slap it but she like, tell me, "Master, feed my pipe."
I'm the Scotch on the Rocks, you the Appletini type
BitchSuck my dick before I slap you with it
Gees
Suck my dick before I slap you with it
GeesStill fucking with these hoes, though
Ozo on these doppelgänger Jojos
Take a bitch to Soho for some Froyo
Tell her she gone blow it, Romo
And now I'm out in Cali like Tone-L•c
Young boy, but I'm chilling with some grown folk
No joke, most dope, you just bowl smoke
How much coke you got to sell to make a boat float?
Hit 'em, hit 'em 'til they tell me "No more."
I'm a highly difficult ropes course
Pulling up to Rome on a chrome gold horse
Say "What's up?" to the Pope, pull off in a Porsche

Who you kidding? Your flow's warshed
I ain't from the street but I grow you from the porch
I been had hoes, I play sports
Her ass out the bottom of her shorts Suck my dick before I slap you with it
Gees
Suck my dick before I slap you with it
Gees Black James Bond in a white shaft
Turned my daughter to a queen, turned a dollar to a dream
Flashy as high beams, smoking on good weed
Something from kush seeds, the only strand to smoke for us OGs
I'm rich car service, no car keys
First class flight, 'bout to land on a new bitch
She fuck me and swallowed every homie I came with
MCM bag and nigga, bet some weed in it
200 dollars worth of Backwoods, we all living
Brought the gangsters back to bucket hat, how real is that?
I'm getting money, rub my tummy, that's my baller sack
Quarter million in a safe in case I get a case
Faggot-ass judge hating on me cause my money straight
Dropped 10 racks in all 50 states
Gone name my next tour Million-Man March
Make a nun throw it back while I pull her scarf
She gave me head, my nuts touched her cross, boss
Figg side Suck my dick before I slap you with it

Songwriters

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