

O.K. (Bonus) (feat. Tyler, The Creator)

Mac Miller

Get 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em
Girl, shake that bodyGet 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em
Girl, shake that bodyWhoa, what do we have here?
People want to know how we could be that weird
How many hoes want to clean Mac's beard?
I kill flows, think I need that tear on a tattoo
My bitch suck, she a vacuum
Fuck her in the ass every time I'm in a bad mood
Ain't got a choice, know she do it cause she have to
I hit it raw while I'm listening to Papoose
No respect cause you wear a V-neck
I mean stress, pressure that could even make Keith sweat
I wish Narnia was on a GPS
I wish Rihanna was DTF
I got rich with these rap songs
Bought a drug problem, now the cash gone
Album filled with all sad songs
But this the one that I can laugh onGet 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em
Girl, shake that bodyGet 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em
Girl, shake that bodyGirl, shake that body, them ass and totties
I want to see them cankles at my hotel lobby
Bitch, why you so damn snobby?
Your ass flatter than the back of my head
I bought you dinner now it's time to pay me back with some head
Or I'm a have my little sister beat the back of your head
I'm a grade-A douchebag, I'm a dickhead
Asshole area where my gooch sag
Little momma got salty at me, she started talking tough
So I called the Wolf Gang up, they start to bark it up
Popped a hundred mollies, fixed sherm, think I was sparking up
A bottle of Zima, the beamer, I started parking up

Seen my nigga, Mac, and he hopped in the back
And then we jet to Fatburger, ordered some Big Macs
And bitch came with a gauge, and she wanted my fade
But I'm a bitch-ass nigga so I say Get 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em

Girl, shake that body Get 'em Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac
Get 'em

Girl, shake that body T-Dollaz and Mac Meezy, making sure you niggas don't win like referees
Looking for the bitches that love to suck peewee

Herman, I'm a vermin
And you could tell I golf with my hat, man, fuck Thurnis I'm at IHOP's and eating with Tyler
Drink cocoa then double-team Mariah
But please, don't tell Nick

We were all watching movies at a Motel 6
Like ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
I hope Kendrick fuck Gaga
If Madonna on the Kabbalah
Then me and Snoop could chill and be Rastas
I don't need Prada to show you I'm rich
Pulling out the llama like "Show me your tits"
Keep crying cause I still ain't over my bitch Oh well
It'll be OK

Songwriters

Malcolm McCormick Published by

Lyrics © SONGS OF SMP Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>