

# I'm Not Real (feat. Earl Sweatshirt)

## MAC MILLER

Passport, filling it up with stamps  
Set a camp up on my land, swam the rivers of Japan  
She keep on asking for a rack so I ran  
Looking back, like you can't see who I am  
Think my bitch don't know me no more  
Cause every time she's sad I can't console her no more  
If money buy you love, then love's not enough  
So tell my why you on your knees crying to the floor  
If you had the chance, would you take the time you need to make it right?  
The clouds are gray but would you pay the price to paint them white?  
Might have a baby on the way, cause I been going in raw  
It feels better, that real pleasure  
I'm not real, I think I never was  
I get a rush every time she let me get a touch  
I need to feel that (love)  
I need to feel that (pain)  
My garden hasn't been growing so can you bring that (rain)  
I Keep my head up (high)  
A little fed up (lies)  
They always tell me where my mind is on this LP  
I don't exist  
Hieroglyphics  
Pyrotechnics  
Metaphysics  
Telekinetics put 50k on my credit card  
Looking for answers, I'm searching but I ain't getting far  
Let's get it on, I'm royal like Tenenbaums in Lebanon  
Decepticons, hit it 'til my head is gone  
Point me to the road, and I'mma run it  
Bloodhound with my nose to the money  
Ain't fucking with these hoes  
Getting duckets 'til I die  
While my foes busy running, fuck it  
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toasted in public  
Head in the clouds, my toes in the struggle  
Like who didn't test yet? Test this  
Few new rules in effect, bitch  
See this a rather spooky action movie  
Roll it up and pass it to me  
Hash and booty, absolutely, smack a groupie acting bougie  
See a creature, ass beauty

Need a feature, rather shoot me  
Truly bitches must have them bad jeans and the back is Coogi  
Had to do these rapper tunes to let 'em know the trap is booming  
Past the views of Catholic schoolers, fact, but you in fact assuming  
Back to doing cash pursuing  
Posted up like Patrick Ewing  
Rapper fuser, sad if you would battle for a stack or two  
These eloquent, irrelevant sentences show my penmanship  
Indefinite boundaries, show you the end of it  
Don't forget you infested in nasty crevices  
Allowing birds to fall to their death before they even fly  
He and I are not the same  
Doctor, doctor, please prescribe me something for the pain  
Money in machines, those will make you change  
If I go tomorrow, I just hope it ain't in vain  
But I can't complain Point me to the road, and I'mma run it  
Bloodhound with my nose to the money  
Ain't fucking with these hoes  
Getting duckets 'til I die  
While my foes busy running, fuck it  
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toasted in public  
Head in the clouds, my toes in the struggle  
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