

Lucky Ass Bitch (feat. Juicy J)

Mac Miller

(Again and again, and again, and again, Do It Again!) Ol' ratchet ass bitch

(Fuck me) I see you out there, tryna get your hustle on

Ain't no nigga gunna pay your muthafuckin' bills, bitch

Pay your own shit, I don't give a fuck, ho

Mac Miller, tell these hoes what's up, man[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

She sayin' fuck me, fuck me, she like it rough and that's rugby

I'm partyin' where there's drugs free, this life to live, it don't come cheap

Leave a hand print on her butt cheek, she give me head while I puff trees

I'm on drugs, she on drugs, her nose just got bloody

Sniffin' coke lines off my dick, she ridin' on that train

She crushin' down that powder, I'm puffin' on this Sour

Been fuckin' her for hours and I still ain't got my nut

You fuckin' with that molly, she ain't gon' let you bust (Blam!)

Give me some while I hit the blunt, I'm in ya spirit, let me lift it up

If daddy come, get my shit and run, he gon' see my ass, go and get his gun

You a devil bitch, let me tell you that, feel like I been to hell and back

You textin' me, addicted, you need me, you miss it

She crazy, she nasty, everyday she harass me

I'm fuckin' her to sleep and then she pay for my taxi

God damn, the sun is comin' up

That's the last time that I'm gon' be fuckin' with them drugs

Yup

[Hook]

She get a bunch of money, spend it all on drugs

Mobbin' with her bitches, never fall in love

Dumpin' out that yeyo, sniffin' all it up

Go ahead and hate her, cause everybody does God damn, that's a lucky ass bitch X4[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

She got money, drugs and freedom, blunts what she's cheefin'

She ain't got a job, but fuck it, she don't need one

Drive drunk, she swervin', tryna fuck, she's certain

Run around and stumble down, hit her head, she hurtin'

Drunk as fuck, sniffin' pills, wildin' out, tell the bitch to chill

Cup of syrup and a blunt of purp

Which one of my homie's gon' fuck her first?

She in love with drugs, that pussy get licked up

Picked up, then dicked down, bitch, tell me who rich now?

You fuckin' with the Most Dope knuckleheads

Gettin' money, fuck the feds, yeah that Stevie Wonder bread

Ain't a rookie, uh, that bitch is famous, Snooki

One thing I won't do, (what's that?) pay for pussy

[Hook][Verse 3: Juicy J]

I'm trippy mane, lookin' for a trippy chick

That like to get fucked up and do some trippy shit

Paper planes rolled up I call them trippy sticks

Weed, pills, and the drank (coedine) -- she with it

Juicy got money and juicy got bitches

Smoking and drinking that Charlie Sheen liquor

Up in this bitch keep two hoes with me

Poppin' them superman pills getting freaky (they freaky)

I like double D's, she like double D's

Shawty can't lose, she play on both teams

Hell in her mouth, her becky fire

Molly pills, orange juice got the bitch wired

All my hoes got money and they keep me higher

Then I line em' up for a menage-a-tois[Hook]

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

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