

# Black Acura

## Pac Div

Featuring Mac Miller  
Show out for the girls and get your ass whipped  
On some 8th grade, right in front of the class shit  
You gon' try to test me but I'mma pass it  
I'm a motherfuckin' genius and you in some bad shit  
Step 'round a corner with my crewneck on  
Hammer can't touch me, man I'm too hands on  
I don't know you man, we ain't never been to school together  
We ain't ever shared weed, bitches, or ate food, never!  
They say money never sleeps, gotta have two hustles  
Since I'm bagging duffles, I got ashy knuckles  
Carry 'em to the bank, now I got big muscles  
Man I do my thing, I got fans in Brussels  
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started  
Man I'm just saying, that shit retarded  
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started  
Man I'm just saying, y'all shit retarded  
(I just got excited, man I almost farted  
That's too much information, my bad, I'm sorry  
We got syndication, our shit go hardest)  
And that's why she chose and that's why you losing, my nigga you garbage  
Not to be harsh but fuck it, your bitches look parched and busted  
And I bet that you be carpet munching, that shit we spark be skunking  
That PepÃ© Le Pew and you know we be repping the crew  
Pac Div, you second to who? Maaaaan, ain't nobody be checking for you  
Must we remind again, must you rewind again  
I'm off three Heinekens, and this shit is effortless too  
I done stepped on your shoes and spit in your face  
Disrespected yo bitch in your place  
You still want a autograph? Gimme a break, I'm sick and disgraced  
These niggas is fake, bitches is fake, man shit is just fake  
I just stay to myself, I don't get in the way  
Got bread to get, got head to get, rap etiquette, don't edit this  
Need evidence, been repping it, ever since... bitch!  
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started  
Man I'm just saying, that shit retarded  
Y'all think I made it, I'm just getting started  
Man I'm just saying, y'all shit retarded  
We overfaded in the function and we getting started  
Shit, a nigga blew three blunts 'fore we finished parking  
That OG make a nerd broad get retarded  
A pretty bitch's dream, a freaky bitch's Mr. Marcus

Popping up for that revenue, standing tall like I'm 7'2"  
You ain't cut from that same cloth, hell nah we ain't gettin' no checks with you  
No you can't get no checks with me, get these niggas from next to me  
Backstage drinking up the Yac, nigga you ain't get no text from me  
Shit pull up, I can pump your brakes, that's dopeboy shit we pumping base  
Flex so hard my muscles ache, stack that bread then tuck the safe  
If it's game day, I quarterback, that's on me, them boys is back  
All I know is that fly shit, got pimp game on my boarding pass Fuck what you talking 'bout, I be making G's  
Posted up in the parking lot, dangling my keys  
Fuck what you talking 'bout, I was overseas  
Posted up, Polo down, catch me dangling my keys If you try, you'll find I'm rhyming in some Iversons  
In the ocean, riding dolphins, grab 'em by the fin  
Uh, yea bitch I'm ten feet tall  
Bunch of hoes playing with my beach balls  
The money in the way, I don't see y'all  
Finally making paper legal  
Bitch I'm flyer than a seagull  
Fresh as fuck, that's by default  
I hit Schoolboy Q to borrow bucket hats  
Why you talking little homie, go and run a lap  
Fuck that shit, I been ether  
Have these bitches running like a gym teacher  
So you can go and do a hundred drills  
Twenty years old with a couple mill  
It's nothing, I'mma go for me  
Just became a wizard, bitch I'm Okafor  
Same shit you been told before  
These some raps out the fucking baking soda drawer  
Yea I spit that crack bitch  
Mac Div

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>