People Under The Stairs

Mac Miller

Hey microphone testing,
testing you playin' politician
you martin she on the west wing
guessing the best thing for me to do is spit it
this shit is never a gimmick you listen more than a minute of it
Iv been spitting flows since the kid was 6 years old
and if u listen close I'll do this like some mismatches clothes
its whatever put in together-
you never could be this clever,
im rockin the mic forever
you gonna stop me never.
Im cocky because I love it, you rocky without the punches,
hockey without the ice and boxes without the lunches
flowing like me, noone and that got you mad bitch,
so your boys are nothing but just air rich,
I aint tellin nobody how they should live they life
I got my own shit to deal with, so that just isint right
Im just tryin to leave the crib go out and live the night shift,
fuck that, im locked in the lab working
dropping the track beats,
get bodied and bags certain
see the world through 1st 2nd and 3rd person,
omniscient listening so efficient,
trapped in my own goal line ready to go the distance,
consider it a privilege
that what you got to witness
history in the makin'
you fuckin bitches, just playin' with yall
still in line waiting for my name to get called, yaa

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