

PA Nights

Mac Miller

Hey, ten thousand dollar hands, million dollar plan
My fam's still the only people that really know me for who I am
Damn, got me askin' when I got this fly
The type to change because of fame, I'm just not that guy
Still sippin' on my forty when the cops drove by
When I go, gotta tell my girl to stop, don't cry
See, I-I-I been buyin' these diamonds
All designer clothes and a Benz just to drive in
Autograph signin' must've got to my head
F*** that, I've been the same lil' muf***a'
Always down to share my s***, melody with snare kick
So I don't give a f*** about some lames I rode the ferry with
My larynx is imperative to live, music's what I need, boy
Destroy all of these fake me's, they decoys
Everywhere I go, these companies give me free toys
These random strangers just treatin' me like weed? boys
Pennsylvania nights, nine thirty flights
Thinking to myself, where does all this go?
No time to care, got more I can share
By now, this life is all I know
So this is all I know, this is all I know
Taught myself to walk, then got up and took flight
Hey, bulls***s always gonna be bulls***
So make a toast to the good life
Hey, hey, ten thousand dollar hands, billion dollar plan
Listenin' to jams while I'm sittin' in my van
This is who I am, wrote these lyrics on my D-N-A code
Happy as hell, M-D-M-A, yo!
F*** a job, there ain't no one that I call my boss
We just tryna work so we can blow up like a Molotov
And it kinda wake me up like a coffee shop
Thinkin' 'bout my people who was murdered in the Holocaust
Got me thankful just for life by itself
And there's way more people here I should be tryna to help
Am I wrong for spendin' money how I do, probably yes
It's just funny old people see the logo on my chest
You got ya thumb held high, we can be friends
Other people pretend, we hang out on the weekends
These f***ers lil' bit creepy, so we just leave them
Say get some rest, when I die, I'ma sleep in
Pennsylvania nights, nine thirty flights
Thinking to myself, where does all this go?

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Songwriters

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