

Black Acura (ft. Mac Miller)

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.

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