

How To Play the Flute (feat. King Draino)

Macklemore

[Intro: King Draino]

Don't nobody give a damn what all that shit talking 'bout, man, we tryna hear some of that, that "Girl, shake your ass, shake your ass, shake your ass," you know what I'm sayin'? I'm tryna get that in my life

Gemini[Verse 1: Macklemore]

Diamond, diamond, diamond, that's my shit (that's my shit)

Oh, juice (wet), three-piece, crisp (damn)

Saucey, dripping (dripping), CEO of this (CEO)

Curry, wavy, my undertow's a bitch

Shoutout to my city, know I really does this

Third time's a charm, I'm feeling triumphant (I want it)

I put a little gold up on my bicuspid

They can only see my eyes inside of the Cutlass (Who's he?)

She may be vanilla cream, baby her butt big

They treat me like McGregor when I'm out in Dublin (They do? Yes they do)

My momma don't like it when I be cussin' (She don't)

But fuck these motherfuckers, momma, I don't trust them (fuck 'em)

It's plush up in the bucket, look, don't touch it, thought you knew

In the pocket, like I'm Russel, man I hustle, watch me move

In the summer watch me fuck around, I'm 'bout to drop the roof

She hopped up in the whip and then I taught her how to play the flute, play the flute

[Chorus: King Draino]

Goddamn, they hatin' on a player (Why that?)

Don't understand, they need to get they weight up (Okay)

Shazam, I'ma have to David Blaine 'em (What you doin'?)

Emoji hands, I'm praying for them haters (Amen)

[Post-Chorus: Macklemore]

Ah-choo, God bless you, ay

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[Verse 2: Macklemore]

Ay little mama, aqui

Skin tone macchiato, we eating mahi-mahi

On Miami Beach, we have a party la-dee-da-dee

On my B-I-E 'til I D-I-E, I think I'm king (I think I'm king)

You didn't think that I would get the peacoat (No!)
Unbutton that motherfucker, nothing but a speedo (Look!)
Who's that peeking in my window?, Cee-Lo
I was on that Cujo, that Big Gipp and that Teamo (What?)
Dolce and Gabbana, cappuccino, gelato
In a grotto out in Cabo, amateurs so apollo
Whip this bulky like Costco, I'm out here and dodging 5-0
I hit the block with that top low, a dookie rolled with a poncho
But it ain't about to rain on me
Tryna sing up in this bitch, but I ain't on key
Now I stay genuine, I'm the same old G
Feeling like John Havlicek, check, with these eight gold rings
Play the flute[Chorus: King Draino]
Goddamn, they hatin' on a player (Why that?)
Don't understand, they need to get they weight up (Okay)
Shazam, I'ma have to David Blaine 'em (What you doin'?)
Emoji hands, I'm praying for them haters (Amen)[Post-Chorus: Macklemore]
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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