

Goosebumpz

Mac Miller

Better act right cos I smack dykes
Give em blow and a bit of that bagpipe
Bitch wanna live that rap life
But I already hit that last night
Think you're fucking with me huh?
Must be hitting that crack-pipe
I be making my money
Thank God I learned how to add right
My cash like that cocaine
Give me more, say give me more
Don't worry about it, ain't no thing
Big titty hoes in my videos
Classy bitch, don't kiss and tell
Smack her ass and then wish her well
Life sucks, better give em hell
Get money, fuck girls, free Biggavel
A million in my briefcase
'Bout to shop for some real estate
'Bout to party with drugs though
Turn it up, bitch feel the bass
Throwing money, in your face
Feeling good, living great
Bad bitches in different states
It's like I think I'm Vincent Chase
With pornstars, sports cars
And my crib got a courtyard?
How we get all this money though?
You know how big his tours are?
Greedy bitch, you a needy bitch
Want some money, but need some dick
And my belt monogram
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
When I die bet she fuck my hologram
When I die bet she fuck my hologram
My hologram
We in my black Benz, windows up
Getting head, smoking blunts
Everybody know what's up
And I turn them girls to sluts
Crib's like a mob boss
My bitch get my car washed

We nonstop, my dick out, her jaw drop
Cause all we do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she- all she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
All she wanna do is fuck f-f-fuck-fuck
Fuck
Don't I look like a drug dealer?
Don't I look like I'm somebody
Killing beats with that Murder Inc
Don't I look like I'm Irv Gotti
Riding through with my hippy van
You broke bitches don't give a damn
You softer than the Michelin man
Your bitch put her pussy on Instagram
Better go hard when my flow start
They brand new with they old cars
Your pockets is on low carbs
She do a show, she a pollstar
In the penthouse, with the pants down
With the camera out, no hands now
Them hard drugs, we don't ran out
Can't believe that's someone's grand child
She's so bad but i like it (like it)
Wanna hear your pussy I'll mic it
My credit card bill is righteous but
Girl that ass is so priceless
Spend the night with
The right bitch
My dick ill, my pipe sick
Small pussy, tight fit
She loves to sniff that white shit
Fuck free, no charge
I play with that pussy like mozart
Eat that pussy, I won't starve
Love the pussy with my whole heart
Bitch named Layla my Clapton ho
Gimme head put the benz in captain mode
And my belt monogram
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
When I die bet she fuck my hologram though
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Fuck

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>