

Mac Miller "A Night in the Studio"

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(Ay yo Josh
Ay yo where the fuck you at man?
What you mean you on your way yo
Our session was at 9 its fuckin' 11
Im out here, blow smokin L's
Waitin for yo ass
I dont even think I got..
Oh no I definitely still got some weed for the lab
But still when you gonna be here?
Soon? Mother fucker how soo..
Oh there you are right now
Ay yo whats good bro?

This is a DJ Haze exclusive
Ay yo whats good bro
Just here chillin'
Yeah Im tryin to go to the studio or whatever
Yeah I got shit to drop mpther fucker
I always got shit to drop damn
Ight you'll meet me there?
Alright)

I woke up scratched my nuts
Rolled a swisher on the shitter
Got blow then I light me up a cigarette
The coolest flow coolio a movie roll
Now I'm tryna head up to the lab
I headed to the studio open the door
Say wassup to everybody who was 'posed perform
I'm bout to record they know I'm smokin' of course
Blow some haze in the air pull out my notebook
Then I head up to the booth load the beat off my email
Phone on silent ignorin' calls from females
My man Josh sit down get the tempo
Put on my headphones
Ight, let's go
I let go into the beats startin'
Say a couple words try not to be retarded
Cuz Im a goofy dude doin what I choose to do
Eatin' tracks up like some snacks call me scooby doo
Now the beat about to drop verse 1
Its like a whirlwind the soldier pull the first gun

Everything's blank it's just me and the mic

I don't read a lot so I try and see what I write
Visualize the melody, hypnotize everybody watchin'
I hope they ain't blink they eyes
Cuz you don't wanna miss a fuckin second
When I'm catchin wreck
I be in the booth goin' off try to catch my breath
Couple more bars couple seconds left
Killin' em softly takin' extra steps
They never guessed I be murderin' and blessin'
Ight the first done but before we start the second
We gotta do man shit
Doubles and ad libs
And Josh makin' sound like magic
He a old school genius with the pro tools
Tryna school me on everything that the pros do
I tell him that he needs to think it in the book
But for now we makin guap just singin' on some hooks
So I don't worry bout the chorus
The track gotta hook on it
And my verses wit dat, they sound good on it
Now I do a second maybe do a third
If I'm in the mood to go crazy with my words
I take a lil' break got some haze to burn
The cast sittin' outside can wait they turn
We makin' classics in the session
Mom's askin me these questions
(When you comin' home you got school)
Naw, I'm suspended
After this track done burn the last blunt smokin' good
Payin' for my time with stolen goods
Say peace to whoever, outside its dark
I'm blowed and can't find where the fuck I parked
So I beep the car, oh there it is
Lets go ahead and hip hop in the whip
Light them cigarette and sit
Gotta ride homie ahead of us
(Sprunked) in the back
Tell my man wit the whip to bump on my track

Tryna ride out, and I'm high now

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