

Mac Miller

"Confessions Of A Cash Register"

Visit "[Confessions Of A Cash Register](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Feat. Prodigy

(Intro)

Yea

Yea

Check it out

And drive

Check me out

Yea yea, LC

Dape

Mac uh

Yea

(Verse)

All I got for these niggas is X bleedage and slugs

All I got for these bitches is big dick and drugs

Alcohol and guns, don't be scared now - you got it dog

I'm smart enough to chill the fuck out

Until it's time to dump

Release so much rage in such a short space

I'll put your face in your cornflakes, mob style

You gave then blow him a pound

101 nigga, hold it down

Hood nigga, she love my style

I knock the cat out

Nigga I pull in the Thundser

Nigga is that yo bitch? I took that back to the casa

I'm always pulling the heist, I can't help that bitches

wanna

You know what they'll all be like for just one night

I blow up mine and get low

It's too much dough out here to be broke

So I hit the curb, and bend a few corners, bumpin this
shit here

Turnt all the way up, niggas getting robbed tonight,
let's be clear

Come up off of them things, a nigga gon die tonight,

I'll leave you here

You give me your valuables

No funny moves, I swear uh

(Verse)

A man walked in with a smile on his face, an 1145 in his hand

To the part don't move it and call me to shoot but I will say you must understand a thing

Shots in the air, no time to waste

Been doing drugs all day, now it's mine to race

Fuck the red story, better find the safe

Get the money, hit him homies up in congregate

I need to grab my kidney to be feed

This is the recession, going through de-cash

And don't send it cuz I ain't gon win it

Gotta be fucked up to make it to the top of the money

I could be next to me, death and vanish

Work a CD, ask them one day you'll manage

Rejects, emotionally damaged, you kids need to straight, let me call theâ€¦ rantis

1-2 get a crib in Atlantis

Like a fish out cold, shoot Rick Randles

Tell Dorothy we ain't in Kansas

Living in this world but we don't understand it, no

Bullshit, you can't sell that

All these kids will get hell back

A cup filled and my L fat

Them weaks want Dave Chapelle back

Well until that

I'm coming through the front shit with something to discussin for discussion

Yep that's alchemist in production

Open leg fishy it's nothing

God versus man, mindless land

Competition ain't shit

I'mma treat you all like my bitch

You thought we're sucking this dick

Got you

Visit [Mac Miller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.