

Mac Miller "Dig That"

Visit "[Dig That](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

Another 7 am session with Mac, high as a motherf-cker
man

Edward Eg just walked in, waddup baller!

Mac Miller in the building!

Lemme tell you this story though real quick, about this
ho

Excuse me ma, about this â€œchickâ€

This how it went down tho

[Verse 1 : Cam'ron]

Baby says she sick of me, sick of me, you kidding me?

F-ck the f-ckery, you comfort me, you digginâ€™ me?

Not Scooby Doo, boo-boo, no mystery

Not school, but I tell you the history

Wanted me to wife her, I just want to pipe her

Only gave her cab fare, I wouldâ€™ ve white-nikâ€™ d
her

Baby wonâ€™ t quit tho, she a fighter

lâ€™ m like â€œGod damn, it was just a one-
nighterâ€

Donâ€™ t know what I said to her

But now, the girl lâ€™ m deadin her

Caught the vapors, Schwarzenegger never seen this
predator

Venus a competitor, my cream and my cheddar-ar

See more tennis than Venus, Serena and Federer

? Lamborghini, man etc

If life feels like a movie, lâ€™ ll truly be your editor

Cam did it, your man live it, I ran with it

2 thousand dollar sweater ?

[Hook]

I tell â€œem oh yeah, motherf-cker, oh yeah

lâ€™ m getting money with my homies, yeah you know

lâ€™ m gonna share

Might get hard, I donâ€™ t care, I ainâ€™ t goin

nowhere, I ainâ€™ t scared

I got my peoples and they iller than yours is

So can you dig that? can you dig that?

So can you dig that? can you dig that?

[Verse 2 : Mac Miller]

I must admit it, I'm just iller than most
This business, I get up in it, like I'm pimpin'
these hoes
All these that you people love, go and give em a toast
Because if they ain't here tomorrow you gon'
miss em the most
Now I'm living pretty good, yeah some would say
phenomenal
All about my net like it's a goalie in a soccer goal
Accomplished the impossible, my dreams they seemed
illogical
They ain't about that essay paper, I'mma tell
em adios
? motherf-cker, shouts to Vado too
Shmutty hoes been told me that they love me, that
ain't nothin' new
Yeah that's nice you know my twitter, no I ain't
gone follow you
You prostitute, dirty b!tch, I'll throw you down the
laundry shoot
Like bada bing, bada boom, diamond rings, designer
shoes
Finer things I like to do, London, France, and China too
I got a crib that got a view, above my yard that got a
pool
Probably tryna find me shit, too bad, I tell em

[Hook]

I tell 'em oh yeah, motherf-cker, oh yeah
I'm getting money with my homies, yeah you know
I'm gonna share
Might get hard, I don't care, I ain't goin'
nowhere, I ain't scared
I got my peoples and they iller than yours is
So can you dig that? can you dig that?
So can you dig that? can you dig that?

Cam told me to tell you that you a b!tch, and you ugly
That's what cam told me to tell you

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