

Mac Miller "Face The Facts"

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Hey, Hey, Hey (Hey) Just Display A Rhyme Skill Man
That What It Is 92 Till Infinity And Beyond,
Heh Heh, And Beyond
Allright Look, Monthafuckas Still Rap BEYOTCH

Hey, When I Was Fifteen It Was My Dream To Work With
Pream
He Believed In What I Do So Now Hes Makin' This Beat
And Im Writin' These Rhymes, Makin' Sure That I Kill It
Shinin Like Im A Critic The Government Cann't Conceal It

My Style They Try To Steal It
Cus' People Startin To Feel It
Im Goin On These Adventures Somethin Like On A Field
Trip
And Now Im Growin Up Lookin Around This Planet
Some Shit Be Goin On And I Just Can't Understand It

No Need To Panic I Got To Expand It
A Million Downloads Im Takin Over Your Bandwidth
Moments All Can Did Kodak Reminisin Go Back,
Life Feel Good Want Yall To Know That
Don't Have No Dill And No Half A Mill
Just On My Game Start Shit With Some Mass Appeal

Go Platinum, Independently, Incredibly Dope
You Needa Tell A Scope To Come And Get At Me
And Maybe I Could Never See To Label My Identity
They See My Middle Finger Shut The Fuck Up And Let
Me Be

That How Its Always Been And How It Will Be

Filthy Ass Rhymes Makin Money But Im Still Me
Flippin' The Mics, Spittin' This Nice,
Never Could Get Everything That I Like
Now I Can Copy No Matter The Price
Fuck If You Get It I'm Rappin For Life

You Can't Tell Me Shit, I Got My Own Mind,
Its Six In The Morning And Now Its Go Time

Hey, Had To Take The Beat And Let It Breath Usin Up
The Oxygen
The Kid He Go Rockin' And There Ain't To Stoppin' You
See Me Stockin' Up Workin Every Second Of The Day
And Still Not Enough
Now On That Cocky Stuff Wat Yall To Acknowledge Us
If You Don't Suck My Dick Bitch Esophagus

You Probably Just Go All On The Internet
See A Conversation And You Fell The Need To Interject
I Ain't Finished Yet Dont Think This Kid A Threat
I'm On The Lose End Find Me Supervision Yet
You An Mp3 Im Still In A Set, Vintage Yet
Futuristic With Some Shit Taht Split Your Dick(Deck)

My Cadence Complex Rhyme Without A Concept
Atomic Bombs Your Just A Stupid Fake Bomb Threat
Six In The Morning And Im Writing These Rhyme Workin
Hard
So That You Know Every Night Is A Grind, Fine

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