

Mac Miller "Foolin' Around"

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Ay yo Jerm, Banger

Rising gram train get this money right
Cuz life's a joke, I'm the funny type
So I'm foolin' around, I'm just foolin' around
I'm just foolin around, I'm just foolin around

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(Igh, check it, look)
I'm just foolin' around
Comin' new with the sound
I give you music that pounds
Start movin' the ground
I'm a wildfire ya'll just burnin' slow
Got that Midas touch wit it how it turn to go
You gotta earn your own chips
Never lose focus
Bang it til your ears goin deaf like Moses
I'm on vibrate, buzzin' all crazy
Haters gettin' mad cuz I'm fuckin' all they ladies
I stay skee smokin' til I can't see
Takin' pictures with the hater like say cheese
Yeah I'm kinda young
Weavin' where the vinyl's spun
But no practice here so call me Iverson
But Imma be ready when the finals come
Said Imma be ready when my time'll come
Gimme brain get inside they mind
Go to sleep, wake up now it's rise and grind

(Oh, ay yo Jerm, tryin'a tell 'em man
Let's get it, what)

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Look at when I come around and spit that flow
3 in a row no tic-tac-toe
Hit that dro get so blow
Hold up and spit that slow
Oh I'm hot (who done jump)
Ya'll hatin' you gon' stop
I'm comin' to your block
Still hear my music knock
Gon' take this to the top
I want the top spot
Spittin' them pop rocks
The human talk box
I'm top notch and you ain't got a fan yet
Watch me blow they minds with some bars call me
Xanax
I ain't even goin' hard
Told you my flow is sharp
And when the dro is sparked
Sittin' back Rosa Parks
Don't call me lazy
I ain't just some bum kid
But I can bust wigs with every single drum kit
I like to joke a lot
I'm (rebar flow) I'm not
My moms is walkin' in the room like are you smokin'
pot?
Blow the smoke out like yes I am
So can I motha fuckin' kick this?
Yes you can

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