

Mac Miller

"Get It On The Floor"

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Y'all ain't doin' jack shit, just a buncha has beens
What the fuck happened? why you stop rappin?
Huh?
I'm the future, tryna ball like a hoopa
Attack a beat like a cougar, rouga [?]
Who da... dude that wanna come and talk shit
I'm so fly, high up in my cock pit
The tapes comin' boy wait until I drop it
It's some hot shit I know you gon cop it
It's like tha carter 3 mixed with da chronic (classic)
Plus some big I and nas hits
I tell em watch this, start spittin out rockets
Light a beat up like some fiber optics
Pause... you ain't seen this yet kid
Ressurrectin this dmx diff
On tracks I be doin them bmx flips
Sex chicks and move on up to the next bitch
Big like texas don't mess with tha freshest
Yeah I spin electric my set is the best
In the PA, country, continent, the world
Cryin lil bitches I ain't startin with u girls
It's Mac (it's Mac) It's Mac jump back
Dumb raps and my lungs is black
Uhh yeah it's mac, say it again
Chest collapse when you takin it in
I'm playin to win spittin it right
We just a couple a kids livin the life
And I'm stayin sharp like the end of a knife
And ya girl come to me cause u ain't hittin it right

Haha ay yo that's how it go down, don't even need a
hook for this shit know what I'm sayin? I'm just keep on
spittin let this camera keep roliln and shit

Lesson, if you wanna play with da kid
See don't come bull shittin sayin you spit
Say you, up and comin but just buggin
I don't rap for the stacks I rap cause I rap
And mac be the cat with the haze and the dro
Games for the doe I'm the next up to blow
Stretchin the flows I'm that all white

Yeahh
And spark mic's like a shark bite
You as bright, bout as bright as a car light
Hahaa
And you ain't tight you just all right
I'm as nice as a calm night
Chillin with some broads bout as raw as a bar fight
Cannon on me any more the base bumpin through the
floor
Make veterans feel like they ain't did it before
I'm a black belt bitch get ya ass kicked
My weed bomb you could smell it through the plastic
Take a whiff, please all ya senses
In this rap shit they call me God's apprentice 'cause
They say the kid got the hardest sentence
Feelin like a pitch from Roger Clemens.

That's how it go down
You know how it is all day
Mac miller, easy mac the juke box.
Play any beat muhh fucker, I'm a murder it
Career criminal
Serial killer.

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