

Mac Miller

"I'm Not Real"

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[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

Passport, filling it up with stamps
Set a camp up on my land, swam the rivers of Japan
She keep on asking for a rack so I ran

Looking back, like you can't see who I am
Think my bitch don't know me no more
Cause every time she's sad I can't console her no more
If money buy you love, then love's not enough
So tell my why you on your knees crying to the floor
If you had the chance, would you take the time you
need to make it right?

The clouds are gray but would you pay the price to
paint them white?

Might have a baby on the way, cause I been going in
raw

It feels better, that real pleasure

I'm not real, I think I never was

I get a rush every time she let me get a touch

I need to feel that (love)

I need to feel that (pain)

My garden hasn't been growing so can you bring that
(rain)

I keep my head up (high)

A little fed up (lies)

They always tell me where my mind is on this LP

I don't exist

Hieroglyphics

Pyrotechnics

Metaphysics

Telekinetics put 50k on my credit card

Looking for answers, I'm searching but I ain't getting
far

Let's get it on, I'm real like Tenenbaums in Lebanon

Decepticons, hit it 'til my head is gone

[Hook: Earl Sweatshirt]

Point me to the road, and I'ma run it

Bloodhound with my nose to the money

Ain't fucking with these hoes

Getting duckets 'til I die

While my foes busy running, fuck it
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toast it in public
Head in the clouds, my toes in the struggle
Like who didn't test yet? Test this
Few new rules in effect, bitch

[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

See this a rather spooky action movie
Roll it up and pass it to me
Hashing booty, absolutely, smack a groupie acting
bougie
See a creature, ass beauty
Need a feature, rather shoot me
Truly bitches must have them bad jeans in bag of
Coogi
Had to do these rapper tunes to let 'em know the trap is
booming
Past the views of Catholic schoolers, fact, but you in
fact assuming
Back to doing cash pursuing
Posted up like Patrick Ewing
Rapper fuser, sad if you would battle for a stack or two
These eloquent, irrelevant sentences show my
penmanship
Indefinite boundaries, show you the end of it
Don't forget you infested in nasty crevices
Allowing birds to fall to their death before they even fly
He and I are not the same
Doctor, doctor, please prescribe me something for the
pain
Money in machines, those will make you change
If I go tomorrow, I just hope it ain't in vain
But I can't complain

[Hook: Earl Sweatshirt]

Point me to the road, and I'ma run it
Bloodhound with my nose to the money
Ain't fucking with these hoes
Getting duckets 'til I die
While my foes busy running, fuck it
Marijuana smoke in my stomach, toast it in public
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