

## Mac Miller "Jerry's Record Store"

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In your old man voice  
Yeah, a one two, a one two  
For one two, for one two  
For one two, for one two  
For one two, for one two  
Uh uh nothin' but rhymes its quite simple

Hey its what I create to eliminate the hate  
Illuminate the night in the lightning  
UFO sightings leave 'em unidentified  
Steady I be getting high  
You ain't got no herbal I'ma lend you mine  
Its Doctor Octagon call him young phenomenon  
I leave these rappers starving like its Ramadan  
You are the wackest my style holographic  
Had to put my city on the map shit  
If you a fat kid go get active  
If you a bad bitch then be a actress  
Rap ease carnage, my family aint the Partridge  
Hard tricks flawless, trapeze artists  
Take my life and put it in a photo album  
How much money do I got? I don't know who's countin'  
Fake muthafucka's round me I could do without them  
You keepin' it a hundred I could use a thousand  
I'm comin' now, call a truce  
I got a lot but, not to lose  
I'm the shit makin' hits call me Doctor Luke  
And prescribing you a vibe for that awful mood  
Why you sad all the time?  
Jump off a roof  
While I'm kicking it with Q-tip and Posdnuos  
Tryna put me down well that's futile ooh child  
Supernatural message got you spooked out  
Believe in God but don't believe religion  
Saying its the truth but never really listened  
That's another conversation though  
Walking on the pavement home find a way to go  
Maybe one might take the word Robert Frost  
Blowin' out steam but its all exhaust  
We comin' for your dollars better call the cops  
You want a war? we got a nuclear holocaust  
Yo E how many bars is that

Is it enough to give these haters all heart attacks  
I been writing on the paper  
Gave me carpal tunnel  
Couple billion people are they all gon' love you?  
Hell no, hell no  
I be grindin' though the rain, sleet, hail, snow  
Sticking to my word like its Velcro  
On some shell toes, what else yo  
Dope shit, go crazy  
Kinda like the internet over Hov's baby  
My girl tell me Mac you a wierdo  
I guarantee that baby be a super hero  
This ain't nothin' but comes rhymes from my mind  
That been stuck inside since the beginning of time  
Chemical romance, slow dance with no pants  
If I got my eyes on her playa you got no chance  
This some simple shit I'm sure they fear  
I'm just trying to explore whats real  
Child of the blues never liked school  
Been miseducated so word to Lauran hill  
Music is my outlet walking through the polo store  
In the studio wondering what I go home for  
In my own world when I close the door  
To the booth, young and searching for the truth  
Like that, like that, like that, like that  
And a little bit of this and a little bit of that  
I just spit a rhyme tell me that I kick a rap  
And if you got time, you can sit down  
Listen to me now, pass the flow around  
Hey thats some cypher shit, I know you like that shit  
Freestyle in the air go and write that shit  
I don't write that bitch I got ill flows  
Yeah I'm ill yo  
And this is real yo  
Mac Miller, gon' kill those flows  
Bouncing up and and down Yoyo's  
Head to ya toes  
In the paint throwin' bows

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