

## Mac Miller "Keep Me Alive"

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Uh,  
Homie i remember everything,  
every single blunt lit,  
me and my homies we was all up on that dumb shit,  
hittin' that one lick,  
gettin' us dumb rich,  
bein' extra sneaky not leavin' thumb prints,  
there was little Mac killin' packs of fun dip,  
and my people that been with us since the young kid,  
gettin' caught by my pops blowin' haze...smokin' blunts  
from my younger through my older days,  
nothin' goes to waste,  
not a day was smashed,  
there was doe to make,  
and we was makin' cash,  
bangin' rap till the neighbors called the cops,  
beatin' dudes up throwin' mollywops,  
some people say that i'm all just talk,  
but i'll tell you everything about the block i walked,  
i wasn't cookin' pot, i wasn't tokin' guns, but i was  
lookin' high, stayin' smokin' blunts.  
Yeah i stole a little bit boy nothin' was cheap,  
santa stayed puttin' that coal under my tree,  
and this is peace to my people and peace to my  
enemies,  
but nothin' keeps me alive like my memories...

(Chorus)

You make me feel alive, "These memories keep me  
alive",  
you are my highest light, "These memories keepin' me  
high",  
you make me feel alive, "These memories keep me  
alive",  
you are my highest light, "These memories keepin' me  
high",

(chorus over)

But lets get back to the good ones,  
we was just chasin' some women,  
runnin' the game before we playin' an inning,  
now we need that cake to the ceiling,  
cook in the kitchen,

but these, haters is grillin' fill the place up with villains,  
cause we all just chillin' now,  
got the illest crowd,  
raisin' the roof, uh, breakin' the ceiling down,  
i'm iller now then when yall first heard me,  
peace to the people who listened past the first week,  
and there's a lot of yall,  
so let me take a vow,  
this to memories,  
the drinks is on the house,  
we came a long damn way from sittin' on the couch,  
peace to all my honies that was takin' off their blouse,  
you'll miss me when i'm out,  
don't leave me when i'm gone,  
you hatin' forty-year-olds im peein' on your lawn,  
i treat you like a jon,  
the way i treat a beat,  
this ain't everything, but i'll let you sneak a peak.  
(chorus)

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