

Mac Miller

"La Familia"

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Feeling like a scholar, gotta keep my grades up
Hear the same stuff everyday from these lame fucks
This whole game rough kick you while you down
And, none of these motherfuckers gonna miss you why
you out

I use to sit around the house, waiting for some dollars
Now I'm out grinding, chasing after dollars
I ain't a star just wasting all my dollars
We here for life ya'll fade away tomorrow

Pause, roll the dice like a board game
I'm sleeping with your girl and I don't even know the
whores name
So magnificent quick to spit to kill this shit
These bitches is illiterate and this is some deliverance

No Bubba Sparks talking Carl Malone
Snake bite I hinge my jaw and swallow you whole
On my own path throwback dope rap
The room stops for me? or ghost rap

Ya'll fragile, broke glass coming with no swag
I be counting numbers no math failing class
But I'm scholarly rap properly
Knowledge speaks with the verbal trigonometry

Real slick like I'm climbing out the foxes hole
Keep your grades up bitch no honor roll

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