

Mac Miller

"Lost"

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I'm gone
Cool, got a blunt gonna roll up two
Don't panic cuz ima take over this planet
They running this shit cut like a bandage
On your man and all up on you band with
No beaver but got damn it
This sour I smoke enhance it
Got a helicopter where should I land it
Been searching but can't find it
The things I do is timeless
Where the fuck did this kid find this rhyme shyt
Hit line pif
Always see me chillin wit a fine bitch
Let her show me where her mind is
In silence it's private so silence
Wit a bently and a big backyard
Freindly but a big redstar
I still show love more bud to roll up
Smoke dubs so much to toke up out of basic art
Who maybe in the mood for a doob
If I roll one of these cheese up boy you gotta roll one to
See I'm high but I'm stuck in skool
Don't know what the fuck to do
Self made design my own mind look a pair of custom
shoes
So keep em fresh please fend the ball about to weight
na S-P
Kritsky less weak
Your spittin doesn't impress me
You walking got two left feet
Drink vodka wit my pepsi
I'm drunk he's sober
I'm starting it's over
Red rover red rover
You can't break down my wall
My hour is so sour so I aint gonna answer calls
I'm lost

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