

Mac Miller "Lucky Ass Bitch"

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[Juicy j]

Ol' ratchet ass bitch

(Fuck me) tryna get your hustle on

Ain't no nigga gunna pay your muthafuckin' bills, bitch

Get your own shit, I don't give a fuck, ho

Mac miller, tell these hoes what's up, man

[Verse 1: mac miller]

She sayin' fuck me, fuck me, she like it rough and
that's rugby

I'm partyin' where there's drugs free, this life to live, it
don't come cheap

Leave a hand print on her butt cheek, she give me
head while I puff trees

I'm on drugs, she on drugs, her nose just got bloody

Sniffin' coke lines off my dick, she ridin' on that train

She crushin' down that powder, I'm puffin' on this sour

Been fuckin' her for hours and I still ain't got my nut

You fuckin' with that molly, she ain't gon' let you bust

Give me some while I hit the blunt, I'm in ya spirit, let
me lift it up

If daddy come, get my shit and run, he gon' see my
ass, go and get his gun

You a devil bitch, let me tell you that, feel like I been to
hell and back

You textin' me, addicted, you need me, you miss it

She crazy, she nasty, everyday she harass me

I'm fuckin' her to sleep and then she pay for my taxi

God damn, the sun is comin' up

That's the last time that I'm gon' be fuckin' with them
drugs

Yup

[Hook]

She get a bunch of money, spend it all on drugs

Mobbin' with her bitches, never fall in love

Dumpin' out that yayo, sniffin' all it up

Go ahead and hate her, cause everybody does

God damn, that's a lucky ass bitch x4

[Verse 2: mac miller]

She got money, drugs and freedom, blunts what she's
cheefin'
She ain't got a job, but fuck it, she don't need one
Drive drunk, she swervin', tryna fuck, she's certain
Run around and stumble down, hit her head, she
hurtin'
Drunk as fuck, sniffin' pills, wildin' out, tell the bitch to
chill
Cup of syrup and a blunt of purp
Which one of my homie's gon' fuck her first?
She in love with drugs, that pussy get licked up
Picked up, then dicked down, bitch, tell me who rich
now?
You fuckin' with the most dope knuckleheads
Gettin' money, fuck the feds, yeah that stevie wonder
bread
Ain't a rookie, uh, that bitch is famous, snookie
One thing I won't do, (what's that?) pay for pussy

[Hook]

[Verse 3: juicy j]

I'm trippy mane, looking for a trippy chick
That like to get fucked up and do some trippy shit
Paper planes rolled up I call them trippy sticks
Weed, pills, and the drank (codeine)Â– she with it
Juicy got money and juicy got bitches
Smoking and drinking that charlie sheen living
Up in this bitch keep two hoes with me
Poppin' them superman pills getting freaky (they
freaky)
I like double d's, she like double d's
Shawty can't lose, she play on both teams
Hell in her mouth, her becky fire
Molly pills, orange juice got the bitch wired
All my hoes got money and they keep me higher
Then I line em' up for a menage-a-tois-er

[Hook]

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