

Mac Miller "Man In The Hat"

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Boy you're fool, wonder what's cool
Tryna to figure out what the rhyme about
I heard your mans went crying to his mommy and his
daddy
When the cops drove by his house
So who you tryna doubt
If you lookin' for an answer, you probably gonna find it
now
And to the man in the hat standing looking at his watch
Motherf-cker, what the time is now?
Don't clap your hands,
Let me hear you say that's a jam
See I wouldn't be shit if I ain't have no fans
Can't sit down kids you have to stand
Just put your hands up, you don't have to dance
Here, we get it popping like it's
Pakistan, Iraq, Iran,
I have 'em saying max the man the maximum,
Coming through the pass you bums
So if you ain't got no money, better ask for some
Hey, we came to get down, have a good time
Bring the champagne out and the good wine
We gon' be sippin' and whippin' the sickest whips
Spittin' the illest shit that's sicker than syphilis
Comin' in the back door yeah a f-ck a list
Fans taking pictures while I'm tryna take a piss
We came to party they didn't come to give a shit
Now sing this part, it goes like this

[Hook: x2]

All my people in the front
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
Everybody in the back
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
If you're feeling that funk
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
If you love it like that
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands

[2nd Verse]

H-h-h-h-hold up

Everyday they wanna ask me when I'm grow up

I show up cause fans will go nuts

Tell the girls it's cool, look but don't touch

I'll be home as soon as I can, I don't rush

It's crazy baby girl, you good so don't fuss

I wanna hear y'all clap, just like that

Keep it goin' I'mma bring it all back

H-h-h-h-hold up

Everyday they wanna ask me when I'm grow up

I show up cause fans will go nuts

Tell the girls it's cool, look but don't touch

I'll be home as soon as I can, I don't rush

It's crazy baby girl, you good so don't fuss

I hear these couples fighting all the time but not us

We have a good time, like getting f-cked up

What, what, goin' hard tonight

Under 21, but find me at the bar tonight

Hey, driving round in my car tonight

Making music that ain't hard to like, I got the heart to write

A couple bars I might go do

Something crazy I maybe lazy, love me or hate me

You know it's the same me

And it goes a little something like this

[Hook: x2]

All my people in the front

Go and clap your hands

Go and clap your hands

Everybody in the back

Go and clap your hands

Go and clap your hands

If you're feeling that funk

Go and clap your hands

Go and clap your hands

If you love it like that

Go and clap your hands

Go and clap your hands

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Tryna to figure out what the rhyme about

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