

## Mac Miller "Musical Chairs"

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Eh yo what up Jerm beats crazy bout to get my drink on  
Go to one of them high school parties you know what  
I'm sayin

Eh yo if you got a cup put it up in the air  
And if your smoking on a blunt better puff it and share  
Ya'll know you'll wake up not remebering last night  
That shawty with the ass like the bottom of a bag pipe  
Girls suck my dick like she was swallowing a mag light  
Gotta get my cash right livin in this fast life  
I'm fucked up the room is spining the ceiling is gone  
I'm spittin game on a girl but im feeling her mom  
I'm Sippin crissy getting pissy while killin em bomb  
I run the tables on my people that twitching some bomb  
Listen its on I'm the man of the night  
I shine bright can you handle the light  
They cant stand that I'm white  
With a ego find me like nemo chillen with the homies  
And you know we let the trees blow  
Ya'll aint making one point like a free throw  
Aha yeah and the beat go.

[Chorus]

Get down get up get down get up get down get up get  
down get up  
and move around round like it was musical chairs  
Get cho ass off your seat find your self a new chair.  
Get down get up get down get up get down get up get  
down get up  
and move around round like it was musical chairs  
Get cho ass off your seat find your self a new chair.

Party hard mother fucker party hard have a ball laugh a  
lil hardy hard  
You hardly saw shit but now I'm all up in your face  
With mixtape money when a wallet is a waste  
With a rubber band dutch and dozen grams smokin  
Till i dope my head now everybody do the runnin man  
We takin it back its easy boy  
I'm all three members in the beastie boys  
So fight(fight) for the right to party  
Everybody stand up like Steve Harvey

I got service like damn hes gnarley  
And mothers giving me a free bowl of beef barley  
Runnin in the back back back on the car seat

Gettin out then park it in the car keys  
Young and I'm wreckless with buds in my breakfast  
And I'm rockin more dunks then garnett gets  
Yes it's mac mac mac mac mac mac mac mac mac

[Chorus]

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down get up  
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And I'mma get my diploma you needa notice I'm a  
scholar  
Running through the streets ever since I was a toddler  
Playing cops and robbers always was a robber  
In my neighbourhood all day like mr.rogers  
Now a lil taller hip hop monster  
Eight legged flow you can call me peter parker  
I know you see it boy I'm weed and spitting that real  
To match my style kid you best be equipped with some  
steel  
Swagga mean dressed fresh and so clean  
In a flash getting change like a vending machine  
And I'm out pocket of piff hop in the whip  
Head to the first dip at the top of the list  
Rollin easy got chu drinks for the free only  
And my eyes still chink from the tree  
Hoes out the playpen I be on some raybay  
Mayhem living in this teenage waste land.

[Chorus]

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