

Mac Miller "Nothing On Me"

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(Chorus)

I hear these kids and they trying to spit
But they sound so ass and I am the shit
no you got nothing on me boy (not not not nothing on
me boy... not nothing on me)
You got nothing on me boy (not not not nothing on me
boy... not nothing on me)
They tell their friends that they're gonna blow
Once they on the stage everybody go home
no you got nothing on me boy (not not not nothing on
me boy... not nothing on me)
You got nothing on me boy (not not not nothing on me
boy... not nothing on me)

The youngin spitting like tobacco sharper than a jacto
Now flow tighter than a lasso
Louis shade on my movie star shit
looking like I'm dressed for the fucking red carpet
you look like your outfit from target
what a bitch that smells like an armpit
Damn that pussy stink, need to keep it clean
Do it like a kids movie
Homie keep it G PG-13, TV big screen
been getting money since the boy was 15
But i spend it when i get it (q) wanted me to save it
But i tell you wanna blow up when i make it
Used to drop verses in the dirty ass basement
Now I'm recording at places that Lil Wayne spit
Shit the future seem brighter than some neon
Bitch im just a dog tryna find a tree to pee on
Infinity and beyond beyond
thinking you can beat me? Dream on(dream on)
Im so hard got more bars than a damn jail yard
you slow like them damn little snails are
Now you in space with the star
So just chill for a second play the background
Ha Ha
its time to make fool for the class clown...

(Chorus)

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Hey.. look.. ah
Labelled as a young man dont wanna get old
Little thing called hip hop stuck on my soul
Loving my shit coming up to a show
Well it seems this youngin here looking like a pro
Now I look fresh but i always had hoes
we just tell yea always had those
Gone so long now I'm coming back home
So many calls, gotta get another phone
Just to deal with the day-to-day routine
But i'll always make a little time to dream
Come with me you could learn a few things
No I'm good dont need a new ring
Hey! Hip hop's little brother like fonte
Little league no Danny Almonte
Bomb haze got me rising like Andre
Chilling, counting money with a couple of my own
(brace?)

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