

Mac Miller "Pen Game"

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Yo
PA to BK
Skyzoo
Easy Mac
S.K.Y.Z.O.O
I love money, I love money.
You take a buck from me, you doug funny.
I said I love money, I love money.
You take a buck from me, better duck dummy.

[Mac Miller]

Im with my man Skyzoo, is the class clown of his high school.
Dround you in typhoons, hittin' you with rhymes too
Haters keeps they eyes glued, pound if you my dude,
We stay high like Einstein's IQ
And ya'll muther fuckas know where I'm comin from
Chewin' cats up, like a little peice of bubble gum.
Tryin double sum's, hustle, wanna let my money run.
I ain't even battling dude, I'm having fun with it.
Jokes make him feel wrong in his own skin,
Sippin gin from a bin that's makin' my dome spin.
And your the type that'd try to take from your own kin.
Feel it close on your toes, hangin from clothes pins.
I'm spittin blades, God damn it, my tooth hurts.
I'm out feelin' with a bunch of cancerous tumors.
Yup, music's my baby, I ain't gonna, lose her.
So I stay with the radio, like Cuba Gooding Junior.

[Chorus]

Who you think could bother me lyrically?
In the middle of Alaska I bring the heat.
My worst verse hot as your best ryhm, Damn.
The pen game insane
Who you think could bother me lyrically?
In the middle of Alaska I bring the heat.
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[Skyzoo]

I'm one drink away from everything you meant to say
Like I think he on the rise of what the kings made

And in the blink of an eye I'm on the kings page
But no album, this is all for the mixtapes
In a different lane, no signs of road rage, aint no body
over here to rage quit, so no gains
No sleep, no retreat, no surrender, no apologies from
me,
I'm the pen of the penners
I mean what I speak, so if I given you a sentence,
Then it bez what it bez, nothing hit on the agenda,
You leave it up to me, and you can divy up the team,

put your pride in end and I'm dismember your limbers
The harder the city, the starting point guard, that can
play up to the fall,
so the parts is all gone, no room on the bench,
and I got a no trade clause, so I'm here long haul no
switchin

[Chorus]

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[Mac Miller]

Look, I rip mics to piece cook em or eat em raw
I was bustin freestyles before I could read it all
MCs just call me the monster in their mind that haunt
them all the time
And they thought if they could ryhm they could make
the situation a lil diffrent then the present
See, I fucked this track, worried thought I got her
pregnant,
I'm haulin ass, yall is whack, taking out the garbage
trash,
Duckin from these sharks n crabs, giving MCs heart
attacks,
Its yo boy Mac, damn Im great, and you guessed, no
love like a man with aids,
I feel you dancin gays with some hand grenades, drop
bombs, remove your hands and legs,
And I pray dear Lord please give me the strength not
put these little stakes in their taint till they faint,
Suffocating, now you choke you a broke MC, now aint
nothing to do but smoke your weed like...

[Chorus]

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Thank you, Hope you enjoyed.

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Music

Tags:

Mac Miller The High Life Mixtape Mix Tape Pen Game
feat. feat featuring Skyzoo Produced by Millz Beats

Lyrics in Description

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