

Mac Miller "Piffsburgh"

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I wanna get blinded, my brother!
Tic-tac mother fuckers!
Greetings!
I wanna get blinded my brother!

Chorus:
Some days I've be feeling like I am the shit
"Wearin' clothes right out the package lookin how nice
they fit"
And I swear I'mma be the fuckin dopest
As long as I could stay off on my grind,
Imma always know where my home is,
I've got a Piffsburgh state of mind!

Hey yo I'm coming to, coming to, coming to, coming
around...
Running, running around...
Me and a thousand of my friends,
Getting lifted, are days confusing,
Controlling this dick shift,
I've been working all day,
be feelin like its my six shift.
I'm dealing with different situations
Getting a bit of congratulations,
Sick with the rhymes, splitting your minds,
Feeling the good vibrations!
Excitement, is in the different places I'm invited
While you're writing.
Is in the people's ears they calling you Tyson.
The nicest you've seen around ,
Believe it, the people don't leave no mail!
They're throwin me love, and open me up
That's what I see and i greet them with smiles
Shawty be letting me into her house,
Picking her up and kicking her down they passin me
weed
relaxin with me they heard that the kid was a ...

Somewhere in Piffsburgh,
Kickin it back and watching the still Earth!
Put you back she push you away
We got some real real herb

I don't feel hurt, cause I'm just on to the next,
Don't get your feelings hurt

Hey, a different city every day,
This ain't none, you know!
House from the bungalows,
Who wanna drop and ouch their toes?
Looking for some money,
We ain't gonna give her nothing,
No, it's big pimpin over here,
Where the fuck you go?
I'll be fooling around,
Chilling and passing the doobie around.
I'm out on the road about to be blowed
Everyone know I'm a fountain with flow
..I countin my dough,
Making this money you out with your hoe
Getting a couple of thousand a shows,
So you're still doped and act like you know!
Never heard of a rapper before
Rappers so rappin they're carving like oh!
Then they mac on the road, they jumpin with joy see
em tappin they toes
Told you that no one can split it like I,
I'm getting money you sitin aside
And never they're sick of my rhyme, ... gettin high
Maybe I'mma slow it down,
This shit blowing your mind!
I got the dopest sound
You better start, rolling up the most dope around
I'm so high!
Not even close to down!

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