

Mac Miller "What Up Cousin"

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What up cousin, how are you feelin'?,
I heard that you been raised high above the ceilin',
just makin music, I hope you feel it,
but now i got a couple things that i gota deal with,
soo what up cousin...

how you been, homie?
what it is, homie?
without you here, your family feel lonely
but it's all good cousin, we gone carry on
although it seems so unfair your gone
people nowadays neva focus on the positives
cause life nows only good when the guap is big
they talkin shit, hatin for no reason,
haters is stupid...baby my flow ,leave'em
so confused cause they all up bout this dumb shit
Lisa said she love it and the other shit is rubbish
so ima make my time here worth it, real god for you
lookin' back like theres nothin I couldn't do
and theres nothin that i wouldnt do to bring you back
poetry, heart an soul singin rap, i've been thinkin that i
found my passion rappin bout the future in an old
school fashion

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they say my style aint different, im just like ery body
else
they say my pitches gota change up, but all those
people is
just hatin cause they dont know how to love theyself
mad when someone bring my name up
an its unfortunate cause im just here comin from the
heart
shit, i'm just tryna find somethin for the market
an i aint sayin that i'm from the worst hardships, but
my life aint no walk in the park, its been a shark pit,

dark with no harvest, drivin in a car but cant find a
place to park it
i got some people that i really need to talk with,
that musta been what got this shit started
theres been some people that i havn't said goodbye to
but my life gota go on, an it dont mean that we forget
because we dedicate our lives to, thats why I wrote this
fuckin song

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shits real out there, aint nobody playin' round
I got some bangers an some druggies that i hang
around
erry body does their own thing and you can find me
on the corner makin money when its snowing,
i sell a lil weed, get my pockets fat
but i talk to cats who be movin lots of crack
it aint the good life, it aint the bad, its just makin the
best of what we have
I'll put the dollars down an move into the lab
thats how much i want this music shit to last,
an some days i feel its movin to fast
schools gone pass, not rememberin a class,
start to leave, before you know its time to grow up
focus on the real try not to get ya hopes up
so far ive had some hard work an a lil luck
some make it to the money, i aint gone giveit up

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