

Mac Miller - La La La La

{Intro}

Ahem

Hey

Coming to you from a packed studio

(Haha) Haha, uh

{Verse}

I'm goin' in after hittin' this ganja

Out to dinner with the homies, private table at Nakama

I'm a new millennium Sinatra

Coppin' marijuana from the neighborhood Rastas

Chiefin', feastin', king of the new school

I'm speakin' in tongues, try translatin' voodoo

Hold up, let me start again

Undefeated shirt, Levi's and a Mr Rogers cardigan

It's a hell of a feelin' bein' this fresh

Spit seem to sit upon my lips, call it Blistex

Peddlin' this medical, the presence of a general

Magazine centerfolds, they all up on my genitals

Got the game in the palm of my hand, it's itchin'

Wylin' out, better talk to your man, he bitchin'

'Cause I ain't got a lot time for these weirdos

Talkin' shit all up in my earlobes

I just live life, try and do it right

Everyone that hear me say "The boy is super nice"

Put a bitch up on a flight, she gon' be here by tonight

Get some afternoon delight, only eat it if it's ripe

Call me Stanley Steemer, I be givin' her the pipe

And when I'm outta town she wanna see me so we Skype

She might get obsessed and keep callin'

Thirty-thousand feet, Tom Petty, free fallin'

Just layin' back, lettin' gravity take its course
I wanna tell all of my haters that we made it, boy
From basement studios to some official shit
From stressed out all the time to I don't give a shit
Used to dream about it, boy, now I'm livin' it
412, it's the Most Dope syndicate
Had a normal life but now I'm sick of it
Try and spend money just to spend and it's ridiculous
Young and so mischievous

{Outro}

Bitches-es

And then, uh, Rell wants me to sing a hook like this:

A-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la

La-la-la, la-la

A-na-na

A-na-na

La-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la

La-la-la, la-la

A-na-na

A-na-na