

## Mac Miller - On Some Real Shit

{Intro}

I know you gotta feel this

I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit

I know you gotta feel this

I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit

(Let's go) Check it out

I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit

(One time, one time) I know you gotta feel this (Your boy Mac)

I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit, I'm on some real shit

(Let's go)

{Verse}

I pull my hoodie down and take a look around

Sounds that shook a town, man, it feel good to smile

So I shouldn't frown when the night is lookin' down

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who the smoothest crook around?

Takin' some dollars and makin' away from Impalas

Shakin' the Jakes 'cause they chasin' the face of a robber

Actin' goofy, absolutely

'Cause my passion suits me, so blast the tunes, please

I see the world with four eyes, hip-hop tour guide

Hear the war cries, rap or die

Wanna get signed, drive a four-door ride

Be more fly, 'til then I'll just soar by with a wave

I'm a bat in the cave

Sit back in the shade when I'm passin' the haze

Misbehave, I'm a trouble-makin' teenager

{?} to please haters

Seat taker, three-term mayor

Gettin' re-elected just three terms later, uh

I've seen greater days, so let the haters play their game

Dreams fade away when you make the predator the prey

The ace of spades can make it's way to save the day  
But from the start a club of heart was diamond  
Now I'm in Zion flyin' through the skyline  
The game on my back, I got five spines  
Black cat with nine lives, time flies by  
So I got one life to lose it, but how will I use it? Uh  
I put it all in the music, 'cause y'all pussy  
Fold away before they hand you cards  
Broke-ass rapper, now you dancin' with the stars  
I'm handlin' these bars like a simple situation  
Bassin' on them cats who don't fit in the equation  
Patience is a virtue, but fuck it, I want it now  
Get my record deal ready, get Diddy up on the dial  
Hello. what's up, Puffy? I'm on my grind and hungry  
Throw me to the people, they gon' love me, trust me, ha  
'Cause these older cats is gettin' a little rusty  
It's time for a change like Barack said  
And I don't care, hip-hop is not dead  
Spit hot lead, but none of these haters get shot dead  
They don't bother me, I'll even play 'em for my wife  
Kick back, have a laugh while you complain about your life  
Grr, you hate Mac and you say you gon' fight  
It's all good, bro, you entertainment for tonight  
Like I'ma be mad you hatin' 'cause I'm white  
Do a lot of cryin', lettin' pain out on the mic  
'Cause overall I'm iller than most of y'all, y'all pussy  
Never ever goin' for it all, you scared of a little risky coachin' call  
What happened? I thought you was a know-it-all?  
I stay smokin' well, haze got a potent smell  
It take me back to kickin' raps back in show-and-tell  
I wanted to show people, all of my bro's peoples  
Have a dude come up like "Yo, I know people"  
The need for Dead Presidents, this dough evil

**So lethal, police'll always try to beat you  
Seat you down, try and have you run your mouth  
Bring your mother out, "Look what your son is now," haha  
See, my mom, she know her son is well  
The youngest child, she been through it for a while  
9-1-1 on the dial with a smile  
'Cause I'm wild, foul child style, haha  
Too focused on my grind to ever catch an "F"  
My heart in it, down eight with five seconds left  
I want the best, won't settle for nothin' less  
And I always stay dressed in somethin' fresh  
So keep your head on straight and show respect to the game  
And that's what this beat messaged my brain**