

Mac Miller - Cruise Control

{Chorus: Mac Miller & Wiz Khalifa}

Ayo, I'm livin' the high life

Fly clothes, good liquor, good weed (Good weed)

Fine hoes, those are things I'ma need (I'ma need)

We make these ladies pants wet when we grab the mic

And we gon' have 'em like (Like)

La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la (Uh), la-la-la-la, la, ayy

Sit back, relax and move slow (Y'all already know what it is, man)

We're now in cruise control (Bad bitches and good weed, God)

{Verse 1: Wiz Khalifa}

Uh, Wizzle man, the fans: can't keep 'em off me

Always reppin' for my city even though I don't see it often

Yeah, as a youngin' learn it's best to keep from talkin'

I only say I'm the best cause that's what the people call me

And I'ma keep shinin' 'til the day the Reaper call me

A lot of shit on my chest so I suggest you keep from round me

Tryna slander my name but when you sit think about it

It's hard to show off your aim when niggas yet to see the target

He's talkin' that mess 'cause he's garbage

My trees rolled, beauty of the week is foreign

And my homie bought a yacht so we on it and drinks are pourin'

Hoes admire my clothes 'cause I got Louis features on 'em

Life just like a movie plus the special feature bonus

With bad bitches and good weed to keep us coughin'

Hard as a bed of nails, you a beast for sleepin' on 'em

Motherfucker, yeah

{Chorus: Mac Miller & Wiz Khalifa}

Ayo, I'm livin' the high life (Bitch)

Fly clothes, good liquor, good weed (Hahaha, yeah) (Good weed)

Fine hoes, those are things I'ma need (What up, Mac?) (I'ma need)

**We make these ladies pants wet when we grab the mic (Yeah)
And we gon' have 'em like ({}?) or die, I see you, nigga)
La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la (Uh), la-la-la, la-la-la-la, la, ayy
Sit back, relax and move slow (Ayy, good lookin', Wiz, yeah)
We're now in cruise control**

{Verse 2: Mac Miller}

**I got these motherfuckers hatin' on the way the boy live
Angry at the way they ladies always say that I'm the shit
People stay up on my dick, I ain't worried 'bout them
I'm too focused on the money, I ain't worried 'bout friends
They say the youngin' dream like a king (Like a king)
I'm Muhammad Ali in the ring, Christmas Eve in the spring (Spring)
Way above the bar, but I ain't twenty-one
Wizzle cuttin' up 'cause I stay puffin' blunts
And when the money come (Come), I'ma give it back (Back)
Got a driver who addresses me as Mr. Mac (Aha)
Dealin' with these diva hoes (Hoes), they so demanding (Uh-huh)
Mac a young superstar (Star), Dakota Fanning (Aha)
You know I'm planning for the world to be mine
No blind dates, but I'm gettin' girls from behind
The type of shine, stay turnin' 'em blind
Just cruisin', smokin' purp, and recline (Aha)**

{Chorus: Mac Miller}

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Fine hoes, those are things I'ma need (I'ma need)
We make these ladies pants wet when we grab the mic
And we gon' have 'em like (Like)
La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la, la, ayy
Sit back, relax and move slow (Move slow)
We're now in cruise control**