

Rush Hour

Mac Miller

I give a fuck less and less everyday
The more you give a fuck, I guess the less you make (Money)
Homie we just out here tryna elevate
Heaven is a crime scene, stand behind the yellow tape
I started making money in eleventh grade
Soon as I learned that the more you do, the less you wait
Got a bigger crib, always use the extra space
Shit was so different in 2008
Growing pains, fill the open veins with Novocain
Relapse, I eat that, I don't complain
I'm just rambling
You want war, N64 Blitz champion (Sucker)
Out of space channeling, brain damaging
Heavy rain game cancelling, proud to be American
They tell me "Get yourself straight
How much more money can you make?"
I'm just tryna grow up old and rich
Maybe get married to a local bitch
I be, I be, I be, I be over shit
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness
I'm just tryna grow up old and rich
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness
I be, I be, I be, I be over shit
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness I'm a deranged motherfucker, took too many
uppers
Now it's Rush Hour, Jackie Chan, Chris Tucker
I stuck around for the past six summers
Karma is a bitch and that bitch don't love ya
We was in the attic you could smell the weed
Bitches getting naked, we was selling E
Bitches kissing bitches just like Ellen D
In the kitchen whipping biscuits, giving generously
I thank the lord I made it out, no STD
Lost a few too many brain cells, I'm special needs
They tell me "Get yourself straight
How much more money can you make?"
I'm just tryna grow up old and rich
Maybe get married to a local bitch
I be, I be, I be over shit
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness
I'm just tryna grow up old and rich
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness

I be, I be, I be over shit
The world don't give a fuck about your loneliness Ladies and gentlemen in attendance, good
morning
It's the baby face Don Dada checking in
And I want you to know
It ain't about complaining, it's about maintaining
Know what I'm talking about
Don't ever become content because you will repent
Feel that, go get it
That's your life, go live it
Pass me my Hennessy and my Grand Marnier
If you will

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