

# Lucky Ass Bitch

Mac Miller

Ol' ratchet ass bitch  
(Fuck me) tryna get your hustle on  
Ain't no nigga gunna pay your muthafuckin' bills, bitch  
Get your own shit, I don't give a fuck, ho  
Mac Miller, tell these hoes what's up, man

She sayin' fuck me, fuck me, she like it rough and that's rugby  
I'm partyin' where there's drugs free, this life to live, it don't come cheap  
Leave a hand print on her butt cheek, she give me head while I puff trees  
I'm on drugs, she on drugs, her nose just got bloody  
Sniffin' coke lines off my dick, she ridin' on that train  
She crushin' down that powder, I'm puffin' on this Sour  
Been fuckin' her for hours and I still ain't got my nut  
You fuckin' with that molly, she ain't gon' let you bust  
Give me some while I hit the blunt, I'm in ya spirit, let me lift it up  
If daddy come, get my shit and run, he gon' see my ass, go and get his gun  
You a devil bitch, let me tell you that, feel like I been to hell and back  
You textin' me, addicted, you need me, you miss it  
She crazy, she nasty, everyday she harass me  
I'm fuckin' her to sleep and then she pay for my taxi  
God damn, the sun is comin' up  
That's the last time that I'm gon' be fuckin' with them drugs  
Yup

She get a bunch of money, spend it all on drugs  
Mobbin' with her bitches, never fall in love  
Dumpin' out that yayo, sniffin' all it up  
Go ahead and hate her, cause everybody does

God damn, that's a lucky ass bitch  
She got money, drugs and freedom, blunts what she's cheefin'  
She ain't got a job, but fuck it, she don't need one  
Drive drunk, she swervin', tryna fuck, she's certain  
Run around and stumble down, hit her head, she hurtin'  
Drunk as fuck, sniffin' pills, wildin' out, tell the bitch to chill  
Cup of syrup and a blunt of purp  
Which one of my homie's gon' fuck her first?  
She in love with drugs, that pussy get licked up  
Picked up, then dicked down, bitch, tell me who rich now?  
You fuckin' with the Most Dope knuckleheads  
Gettin' money, fuck the feds, yeah that Stevie Wonder bread  
Ain't a rookie, uh, that bitch is famous, Snookie  
One thing I won't do, (what's that?) pay for pussy

I'm trippy mane, looking for a trippy chick  
That like to get fucked up and do some trippy shit  
Paper planes rolled up I call them trippy sticks  
Weed, pills, and the drank (codeine)- she with it  
Juicy got money and juicy got bitches  
Smoking and drinking that Charlie Sheen living  
Up in this bitch keep two hoes with me  
Poppin' them superman pills getting freaky (they freaky)  
I like double D's, she like double D's  
Shawty can't lose, she play on both teams  
Hell in her mouth, her becky fire  
Molly pills, orange juice got the bitch wired

All my hoes got money and they keep me higher  
Then I line em' up for a menage-a-tois-er