

Man in the Hat

Mac Miller

Boy a fool, wonder what's cool
Tryin' to figure out what to rhyme about
I heard your mans ran cryin' to his mommy and his daddy
When the cops drove by his house, so who you tryin' to dial
If you're lookin' for an answer, you're probably gonna find it now
And to the man in the hat standing lookin' at his watch
Motherfucker, well the time is now
Go clap your hands, let me hear you say that's the jam
See I wouldn't be shit if I ain't have no fans
Can't sit down kids you have to stand
Just put your hands up, you don't have to dance
Here, we get it poppin' like it's Pakistan
Iraq, Iran, and have them sayin' Mac's the man
The maximum, coming through to pass you bums
So if you ain't got no money better ask for some
Hey, we came to get down, have a good time
Bring the champagne out and the good wine
We gon' be sippin' and whippin' the sickest whips
Spittin' the illest shit that's sicker than syphilis
Comin' in the back door yellin' fuck a list
Fans takin' pictures while I'm tryin' to take a piss
We came to party, didn't come to give a shit
Now sing this part, it goes like this

All my people in the front
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
Everybody in the back
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
If you're feeling that funk
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands
If you love it like that
Go and clap your hands
Go and clap your hands

H-h-h-h-hold up
Every day they wanna ask me when I'll grow up
I show up cause fans will go nuts
Tell the girls it's cool, look but don't touch
I'll be home as soon as I can, I don't rush
Cause girl, you're baby girl, you're good just don't fuss
I wanna hear y'all clap, just like that
Keep it goin' I'm a bring it all back
H-h-h-h-hold up
Every day they wanna ask me when I'll grow up
I show up cause fans will go nuts
Tell the girls it's cool, look but don't touch
I'll be home as soon as I can, I don't rush
Baby, you're baby girl, you're good just don't fuss
I hear these couples fighting all the time, not us
We have a good time, like to get fucked up
What, what, goin' hard tonight
Under 21, but find me at the bar tonight
Hey, driving round in my car tonight
Making music that ain't hard to like, I got the heart to write

A couple bars I might go do
Something crazy or maybe lazy, love me or hate me
You know it's the same me
And it goes a little something like this

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