

My Team

Mac Miller

Come and talk shit, who the boss bitch?
Moon the crowd now, Randy Moss shit
Sharks swimmin' in the water you'll get tossed in
And fuck a first class, I'm in the cockpit
It's obnoxious, it's bumpin' out my car
Bass'll shake your dinin' room table from afar
Makin' in a night what your daddy pull in yearly
See a little style, I got mine's patent
Always rock smile, never a distraction
Brand new Mercedes, cameras when I back in
Fuck with single ladies, yea I did a little actin'
Love me on the weekend but hate me when I'm workin'
Overly dedicated and overly medicated, for certain
By her a brand new purse and it's gravy
I ain't talkin' Slim when I say these bitches Shady
Chicken sandwiches and turquoise beads
Tattoo sleeve, pair of Levi's jeans
Never get no sleep, you know all about me
Come and meet my team, bitch meet my team, meet my team
You know all about me, come and meet my team
Bitch, meet my team, you know all about me
Come and meet my team And if you see me, I'll be with my team
Got my homie Billy probably in Supreme
Jimmy or Will be selling shirts to the fans
While TreeJay, Clock, got you raisin' your hands
Then you got Q that's my right-hand man
Shout out Little Dave sittin' shotty in the van
Everyone I came with travel like a gang bitch
City after city, everybody speak our language
We just flex, get bootleg checks
Got all these people askin' what's next
Success and a dumb fresh life
Taking bets, you trying to lose a little money tonight
I'm on top of the stage but under the lights
We, invadin' your crib and fuckin' your wife
So have a ball, no sports, no Spalding
Poppin' champagne, gon' spray it on her awnin'
Meet my team, I ain't tryna meet yours
What happened to that shit you was talkin before?
Meet my team, I ain't tryna meet yours
What happened to that shit you was talkin before?
Meet my team, I ain't tryna meet yours

Girls: 1, 2, 3, 4

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>