

Programs

Mac Miller

[Intro]

Ebm

Yep, yep, yep, yuh, yuh, yuh

[Verse 1]

Ebm

I don t got a reason to lie

Ebm

They gave me the key to the sky

Ebm

But I d rather open my eyes

Ebm

Cause that s what ll keep me alive

Ebm

Somethin that s easin my mind

Ebm

Please do not fuck up my day

Ebm

Everybody want a headline

Ebm

I don t got nothin to say

Ebm

Cept I m comin back with the freshness

Ebm

You know I love makin an entrance

Ebm

Now now, don t get defensive

Ebm

Time is a matter of seconds (one, two, yeah)

Ebm

Off to see the wizard, lead the picture, me and liquor

Ebm

Evil mixture, demons clutter

Ebm

Clean the whiskers, seeking Mr. Fisherman

Ebm

Back on my shit again

Ebm

Doin my own dance

Ebm

Feel the rhythm that s no hands

Ebm

I tell ya vision like programs

Ebm

Busy livin on triple digits, young old man

Ebm

Ya ll dead wrong I m upper with the echelon

Ebm

So butter when the bread long

Ebm

I m going strong till my head gone

Ebm

(til my head gone)

Ebm

Yeah, floatin back up on the scene

Ebm

I m sayin hello (hello)

Ebm

Do my thing up on the strings like Tom Morello

Ebm

I keep it movin you ll be doin way to much

Ebm

I ain t tellin time just

Ebm

To tell you when it s up (yup)

[Chorus]

Ebm

Yeah, I m only keepin good company

Ebm

I am not talkin to you

Ebm

If you don t have love for me (yeah)

Ebm

Yeah, one for you and one for me (yeah, yeah)

Ebm

I am not talkin to you if you don t have love for me

[Verse 2]

Ebm

Yeah, I mean wow, do not touch that dial

Ebm

I ve waited a while, been around

Ebm

Just like word of mouth, you gon hear me out (and I)

Ebm

And I, and I, and I put that on my house

Ebm

I m always goin overboard,

Ebm

I better swim before I drown (drown)

Ebm

I m like rubber with the bounce, hundred be the count

Ebm

Drummin loud, that s Stunner

Ebm

With the sounds (bang, bang, bang, bang)

Ebm

I was younger, fuck around, every summer wild

Ebm

Always had it jumpin at the house

Ebm

Clappin for ya ll, I m into havin it all

Ebm

Feelin like Shaq with the call, stature is tall

Ebm

Rollin around with the homies,

Ebm

A battery pack on my dawgs

Ebm

Fuck with my dawgs, havin enough ain t a lot

Ebm

Puttin a check in the box, straight to the top

Ebm

It don t matter, never mind the

Ebm

Pattern when you re takin your shot

Ebm

Yeah, enough with the bullshit,

Ebm

Enough with the bullshit

Ebm

Enough with the extras, fuck all my money,

Ebm

I swear I been through it

Ebm

Fuck all the losin , that s just an illusion

Ebm

Gotta keep them comin back for more to keep it movin

[Outro]

Ebm

I m only keepin good company

Ebm

I am not talkin to you

Ebm

If you don t have love for me (yeah)

Ebm

Yeah, one for you and one for me (yeah, yeah)

Ebm

I am not talkin to you if

Ebm

You don t have love for me (love for me)

Ebm

Follow me another way

Ebm

Yeah, you know you better stand god damn

Ebm

Put your hands together,

Ebm

Everybody got money, get the band together

Ebm

Movin like you can t stand the weather,

Ebm

But it ain t gon rain always