

The Parlour

Mac Lethal

Blood in my lungs
Shotgun in my own mouth
Ballin' so hard I got money I don't count
Stacks in my pocket, stacks cause I'm indie
Even though the fuckin odds were just stacked up against me
Hold up, I took a shot of whiskey now I'm fine
Ain't a single one of you gon' say this city isn't mine
Even though these record labels told me that I need to act realer
They said they'll sign me if I act like I'm Mac Miller
Some even said they wouldn't sign me cause I'm balding
Even though my flow is straight scalding
Now I'm losin confidence I feel like quittin music
Even though my flow is so abusive
I'm just scared to let my balls swing
So fuck ya'll, I ain't somebody's pet dog
I pull a gun on all these record labels get robbed
I gotta make you bang your head until your neck throb
No one in their right mind deserves to work a desk job

I'm gonna catch this dream before I die bitch
I'm gonna catch this dream before I die bitch

I don't even need a cheesy pop single or a chorus
Ya'll bout to watch me shift the whole entire global orbit
I'm on my own dick it's so big, it's so enormous
I think I'll swallow myself like I'm the Ouroboros
Morbid, black poisonus orchids
Torture anybody on that music business whore shit
"How much does a feature cost?"
Bitch you can't afford it
Ten billion unmarked bills on a forklift
I smack the paparazzi bitch I'm on that Bjork shit
Drinkin Beaujolais and a plate of seared swordfish
Either that or Farmhouse Ale with some pork tips
I quilt words together it's so gorgeous
I never quit it would be bad news to my fans
I'm committed I put tattoos on my hands
I'll never get a real job
So I'm just stuck makin music
For the goodnatured people that just feel odd

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Listen, I ain't dissin anybody
Tryin to work a 9-5 so they can get a little money
But if you feel like you got a passion that you gotta chase
Quit your job and hock a loogy in your boss's face
Cause I spent too long showin up to work formal
How can I do normal work?
My brain don't even work normal
I'd rather spray paint the stars til their black
Therapeutic gangster rap
There's a market for that, What up
Look, if I was Gucci Mane Pitchfork would say
I'm the greatest fuckin writer of my day
I'm sick of music publications giddy in their press for thugs

Ya'll are named Pitchfork why you obsessed with Bloods?
Just because I'm white and used to mess with drugs
Does not mean Eminem's the reason that I rap
I know real gangsters and people in the trap
It's a fantasy for ya'll and we're just leavin it at that
Bitch

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