

# Of the Soul

Mac Miller

Looks like I wrote this song on paper  
First time I did that in like 3 years...  
My handwriting is horrible and I can barely read this

Hey, hey, don't even know what's in my head anymore tho  
Uh, figured out I ain't gonna go to college, Lee Corso  
Fuckin' girls but I never kept the door closed  
Want you all to hear the way I put it in her torso  
I ain't normal, I'm clinically insane  
I guess it's the result of drugs that enterin' my brain  
All of a sudden, every legend keep on mentionin' my name  
All that does is show me that my life will never be the same  
Police tryna to figure out how to get me locked up  
I tell those cops suck dog nuts  
Arriving to the party in a chariot  
Lookin' for a scary bitch that I can pop her cherry pit  
I'm very sick, yes very I'll  
Eternal Sunshine, Jim Carey feel  
At the amusement park scared of heights: ferris wheel  
Double dare me to kill?

Got some soul like De La do, they say I'm new  
It's nothing but some deja-vu  
Everywhere you go these people hate on you  
Deja-vu, deja-vu

Wind chimes, sick rhymes, been high on this incline  
Tryna get my money stackin' tall, 6'9"  
Have some caviar, sip wine  
Sacrifice insanity, sacrifice normal  
Purpose is for people in the plural  
Form never formal, an art form, not a mural  
Work 4 bars that are tighter than your corn rows  
See a girl that's lookin' horny in the 4th row  
Ha, I just put it in her mouth, ortho-  
Dontist, manipulating phonics, put em into sonnets  
Let me put you on this nastier than Nas is  
Bubonic plague, bacteria that's tryna to find a way  
Spread, Like yolk from a broken egg  
Talkin' shit? You just diggin' your grave

Hypothetically I'm dope, I kick incredibly  
Potentially could be the remedy for happiness without the ecstasy  
No methamphetamines, hot, 110 degrees  
Visually stunnin', you gotta see it on the LED  
When I was 17 I thought I had it figured out  
Now I see what it's about, went in down a different route  
It's crucial, 3 new schools, life with a spoonful  
Of sugar, yea I need my medicine  
Fuckin Mary Poppins, gotta treat her like the president  
Represent all these fuckin' people that I never met  
Some expect me to be the greatest ever  
Hear me on the radio, shit'll change forever  
Now I'm just a pop sensation, fuck your expectations  
I'm a be the best, have some patience  
Thought that it was great, then poof!  
It was nothing but some deja vu