

Suplexes Inside of Complexes and Duplexes

Mac Miller

Might as well
This is madness
This is an outrage
As a matter of fact, this is outrageous
Yeah, young sire
Slap the fuck out John Cryer
Rough rider, rob inside...
Like I want kids
My head continues to be haunted
I burn a city down while I'm unconscious
Maybe gon', take some qualoods
Conversate with Jesus
Batting practice with the muthafuckers
Roast with Babe Ruth
Do as a saint do
Turn painful to graceful
Devil on my trails
I'm trying to find the Holy Grail
Right there
And if Mars is the farthest
That man has set his target
Then I don't why we even started
I'm sick of being too nice
To people who don't do shit but consume light
Told myself, fuck the world kid, just do what you like
Go and have a food fight
Start yourself a new life
You too bright to be inside a bunch'a mediocrity
But all those big words ain't gonna get you paid
And those abstract ideas for sure will get you laid
You got it made in that mad house
What the fuck you got to be sad 'bout?
Go ahead a rap now, do what you do best
I mean, that's what you do best
Matter fact motherfucker you suit vest
You need to buy a new dress
I heard you and your girl live in a duplex
I'mma put her ass in a suplex
The sun East, the moon West
You got a clue, what does a clue get?
Nothing
My milk and honey Cherie-Cherie Amour
My Cinderella in her carriage by the doorway
Her ruby slipper made the wizards send the scarecrow and the lion
Through the forest to the wicked witch's fortress
While she scortched them into fore play
Remember that? he said he fight a box to see the wizard
When he was visited by Dorothy who came here on a blizzard
Now the whole worlds in color
Still, here ambien was next to Kim, but not her mother
For real, her face was care-one
I suspect she migraded from Kansas up from Deerborn and
Had beef with Mrs. Gulch the very beginnin' of year one
Mr. candy man the parables were ramblings
The poetry's like the poems and songs of
Lightning should strike the stone and then Moses should make a tablet
The judge bang the wood up in Parliament with mallet yell here here

Finally some order to this rap shit
Finally some sort of water to soil these cracked lips
I keep my shit crispy and elegant
So miss me with the irrelevant
The guard body is heaven sent
The hard body is reverus, since the son of bi-foot
Brother of foul, every rhymes allowed
Every line is kosher, livin' la vida loca
Shout out to Tony Toca, we did it how we s'posed to