

# Red Dot Music

## Mac Miller

Think I can see a fucking halo  
About to meet my maker  
Brought a double cup of Drano  
Some Soda for the flavor uncontrollable behavior  
With some psychopathic tendencies  
Lonely as your neighbors with the bitches, he got special needs  
Word to my denim fiends, I'm Kennedy on ecstasy  
My flavor from the nature, need an acre for my recipe  
They got my soul, but I don't let them take the rest of me  
My melody, a little like Kenny G's, it's heavenly  
And my denim tailored, me and Action rapping  
I'll be fucking with the fader, sipping mind eraser  
Actually, we rapping for the fuck of it  
Taking money from you, gonna smack you out in public  
We the republican government, abundance of substance  
Having consumption to fuck a bitch  
You're Banana Republic fit, go suck a dick  
And your bitch looking like Cousin Itt, the ugliest I said it must be the drugs that got us thinking crazy shit  
Groupie bitches wild enough to suck a baby's dick  
Cadillacs is gettin' whipped a hundred eighty fifth  
Just for that sizzle, gore-tex in case of drizzle I said it must be the drugs that got us thinking crazy shit  
Looking up into the clouds where the angels sit  
They looking down, keeping watch 'til I'm dead  
So how'd I get this red dot on my head? Yo, I don't perform unless the money's in my pocket first  
After rapping take my people out for octopus  
We all deserve a dedication to the fandom  
Hold your hand out for nothing if you claim to be my man, damn  
You see me peeling off a whip like when your mother strip  
Blow the dice, roll them shifts, hit another trip  
Shit, I'm on some shit  
Hand's fucking hotter than a leather in the six in the summertime  
Understand I'm only rhyming for this son of mine  
And so my daughter can be a lawyer and reap the spoils  
We ate the tuna, it's suede puma, my look is Jay Buhner  
Dawggie cause some of us just age sooner  
I'm still twisted, rocking lizards from a strange river  
Forbidden jungle in the joint paper, point shaver  
Check the bio, I fixed the game between Kentucky and Miami of Ohio  
I been wild I said it must be the drugs that got us thinking crazy shit

Groupie bitches wild enough to suck a baby's dick  
Cadillacs is gettin' whipped a hundred eighty fifth  
Just for that sizzle, gore-tex in case of drizzle  
I said it must be the drugs that got us thinking crazy shit  
Looking up into the clouds where the angels sit  
They looking down, keeping watch 'til I'm dead  
So how'd I get this red dot on my head?  
Bitch I'm nodding off, I'm hot as wassabi sauce  
And constantly giving y'all a bit of this ambiance  
I was a minor, chasing after vagina  
None of my friends were fake, but none of  
My clothes designer  
Went from posted on stoops to smoking on roofs  
I came from that basement now look at this view  
Making this money, blowing it all  
Fuck what you did, just show me results  
Yo I'm a 635, dip or fly motherfucker  
Leather to the foot, horses I lead them to the brook  
If you locked, then keep the chisel in the book  
I see a lion in the mirror when I look  
Look, I lose money but I make it back  
I keep it true and ain't no motherfucking faking that  
I get a fade and then I fade to black  
Bet on the Razorbacks, I hold the multi-colored flavored gat  
Blat  
I said it must be the drugs  
I said it must be the drugs  
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I said it must be the drugs  
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I said it must be the drugs  
You was Easy Mac with the cheesy raps  
Who the fuck is Mac Miller?  
This name say "crack dealing trap nigga  
Slash cap peeler, back with a black stripper  
Ass thicker than a snack wrap snicker  
Too fat to snap zippers"  
And half is what I'll do to Mac Miller  
Now my minds first track figured  
A nigga who treats his yak richer than elixer  
Taps slicker than past tiller  
Goes around the room like his cats get finna  
Oh you Mac Miller?  
The fact's filtered in the snapped picture  
My man Jack ripped over Google like Jack the Ripper  
Yoohoo, I'm finna murder this brunette bitch  
Get pumped like a flat fixed to become a flat fixture

A rap figure to look like you hacked Twitter  
I'll show you Beastie Boy  
You can't match your killer with that wigger  
I'd rather attack Tigger or Jack Triller  
He got track fillers for a album  
If he had Jigga on an ad-sticker  
Wouldn't go cat litter where I'm from  
Malcolm, I knock the thoughts off your balcony  
King, you're from a home of funny bones  
Not like quite the one I've known  
You look like, before you punched in flows  
You were struckin' blows, bloody nose for your honey row  
In the lunchroom gettin' yo money stole  
You're a bully's Best Day Ever  
With those Nike's on your feet  
Coming through Blue Slide Park  
I'm gon' rob this chump  
On a party on Fifth Ave like he Donald Trump  
Nigga give me that shit  
I liked you better when you was Easy Mac  
With the cheesy raps  
Who the fuck is Mac Miller?

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