

Red Dot Music (Ft. Action Bronson)

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
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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 resultsYo 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
BlatI said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugs
I said it must be the drugsYou 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?

Songwriters

ARIYAN ARSLANI, SUSAN LYNN HOOVER, ANDREW GORDON LATIMER, JOHN JOSEPH LUCKS,

ALAN MAMAN, MALCOLM JAMES MCCORMICKPublished by

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