

Desperado

MAC MILLER

(INTRO)

uh, chya, uh, uh

dedicated too, this dedicated too

f-ck it

(verse 1)

uh, i got a pocket full of posies

some devil with a pitchfork keep talkin' like he know me

i'm psychopathic, low key, my hyperactive dome piece

get no sleep, ill as fuck, the hospitals seem so weak

i stood before an angel as he told me bout the glory

put me in a room of people, how the f-ck could i be lonely

i only get money, these lables tryna clone me

uh, my thoughts get heavy, hit the ground and crack the concrete.

so, i try to keep em' in my head

it's sad to see when everything that you believe is dead

word to heavy d, and rest in peace to all that come and pass

life is good sometimes, but it just doesn't last

a bunch of tracks, you see this mic is like my punchin' bag

rock n' roll, drugs and cash, you softer than a bubble bath

sucka ass mothafucka, muthafucka's venom and

doper than the shit that put chris tucker in dead presidents

desert rhymes, homie, ridin' beats, i'm on a camel

i'm way too hot to handle, life a beach, i brought my sandals

haha, you want a war ? i got a lot of ammo

you ain't a soldier cause you rockin' cammo

young rambo, hundred million fans though

and i do it big, you a ipod nano

fire on wax, look like i rock candles

yeah you got a show, but you ain't on my channel

that's hbo b!tch, you gotta pay for that

hahaha, your channels free

i'm gunna f-ckin' kill you

um, imax'n shit motherf-cker

yeah, suck my d!ck

(Verse 2)

hey, ayo, i'm bout to start gambilin' with ambien

i'm dutch smokin', that's a strike

but f-ck bowlin', i could tear a pin of maryland

see, i'm american, apparently it's damagin'

to be in front of cameras in your underwear with marilyn
monroe, look at dumb hoes who want to much dough
and come close to have you straight trippin' when you jump rope
don't rock the love boat, this business f-ckin' cut throat
and it's gunna crack is you just paint the wall with one coat
rooms filled with blunt smoke, peep me through the fog
these rappers who be hatin' probably need to get a job
see, me i'm with my squad, gettin' money, livin' comfortable
i know a couple hoes who model, but they ugly though
f-ck a toast, y'all is f-ckin' broke, cut ya throat
judgin' me is nothin' dope, boy you lyin' under oath
god made the world, why did man make the scriptures?
and if he created lennon, why'd he go and make a hitler?
i could take a photo, but i'd rather paint a picture
of the one lawrence fishburne, we'll shoot up all you hipsters
i'm from pittsburgh, that's black and gold
if my skin gets filled up, i'mma tat my soul
runnin' out of paper, writin' on my hand
hundred thousand haters writin' bout my jams
want a number one independent album? i'm your man
i'mma hit preme and leave you all right where you stand

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