

# Desperado (prod. ID Labs)

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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