

Suplexes Inside of Complexes and Duplexes

MAC MILLER

This is madness!
This is an outrage (echo)
As a matter of fact, this is outrageous Yeah, young sire, slap the fuck out Jon Cryer
Rough rider, raw bust inside a vagina
Like I want kids, my head continues to be haunted
I burn a city down while I'm unconscious, baby go on
Take some quaaludes, conversate with Jesus
Batting practice with the motherfucking ghost of 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 know why I 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're too bright to be inside a bunch of mediocrity
But all those big words ain't gonna get you paid
And those abstract ideas for sure won't get you laid
You got it made in that mad house
What the fuck you got to be sad about?
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'm a put her ass in a Suplex, the sun east, the moon west
You got a clue, what does a clue get?
Nothing My milk & honey, my Cherie-Cherie Amour
My Cinderella in her carriage by the doorway
Her ruby slipper made the wizard send the scarecrow
And the lion through the forest
To the wicked witch's fortress where she scorched them in the foreplay
Remember that? He said he'd fight the box to see the wizard
When he was visited by Dorothy who came here on a blizzard
Now the whole world's in color, still,
How Auntie Em was next of kin and not her mother
Real, her face was care-worn
I suspected she migrated to Kansas up from Dearborn
And had beef with Mrs. Gulch from the very beginning of Year One

Mr. Candyman, the parables parabolic
The poetry's like the poems and songs of Ecclesiastes
Lightning should strike the stone and then Moses should make a tablet
The Judge will bang the wood up in parliament with the mallet
And yell "Hear, Hear," 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 god body is heaven-sent
The hard-body is reverence, since the son of Byford
Brother of Fal, every rhyme's halal
Every line is kosher, livin' la vida loca
Shout out to Tony Toca, we ballin' like we suppose to

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