

# The Star Room

Mac Miller

Hallelujah, thank god I have a future  
Prayin' I don't waste it gettin' faded  
Cause I'm smoking, till I'm coughin' up tar  
Through the surge, energy curve like a lumbar  
I don't act hard, still read babar  
Trippin' out, lookin' at a bunch of google map stars, shit  
They got a app for that But me, I'm still trapped inside my head I kinda feel like its a purgatory  
So polite and white, but I got family who would murder for me  
Think I'm living paradise, what would I have to worry 'bout?  
Dealing with these demons, feel the pressure, find the perfect style  
Making sure my mom and dad are still somewhat in love  
All these backfires of my experiments with drugs  
I experience the touch of my epiphany in color form  
The difference between love and war inform me I'm above the norm  
But, give me anybody though, I'll gladly chew his face off, them bath salts  
Rhymin like it's summertime on asphalt, hot  
Haven't picked a major label think I'm black balled  
I still don't got the heart to pick my phone up when my dad calls  
Will he recognize his son when he hears my voice?  
I put this music against my life, I think I fear the choice  
And I don't know what I'm running from, but I'm running still  
I conversate with acquaintances, but it's nothing real  
I'm from a city that you hear and think a bunch of steel  
So a hundred mills wouldn't make me sign a fucking deal  
Money kills, that's the truth, it's called the root of evil  
But I want that rolls royce that the homie lennon drove  
So, if you ain't talkin' bout some money I'mma send you home  
Unconventional, special but unprofessional  
Adolescent expression that's lettin me meet these centerfolds  
As troubles fill my mind capacity I let them go  
If I was johnny depp in blow, I would let it snow  
That's just me all wylin out and being extra though  
And, if god was a human it'd be yours truly  
Watching horror movies with some foreign groupies  
Thinking this decor suits me  
I do drugs to get more loopy I'm in tune  
To ancient jujitsu spirituals it's blissful  
Looking out as far as eyes can see  
I'm glad that me and this elevation could finally meet

I think I'm jfk's final speech  
They try assassinating all of my beliefs  
But I'm asleep so whisper to me for some peace of mind  
And he be high some weed to grind on top a jesus shrine  
Twenty thousand on my watch because I needed time  
If y'all would leave me the fuck alone, that'd be divine  
Can't decide if you like all the fame  
Three years ago to now it's just not the same  
I'm looking out the window ashing on the pane I wonder if I lost my way  
Don't you ever wanna hide away  
Poseidon triumph in the eyes of rain  
Won't give a fuck about tomorrow if I die today  
I'll greet the devil with a smilin' face  
Shit, that god fellow may reside in space  
As, time's a wasting I'm freebasing with freemasons  
My girl's switchin' the locks, the keys keep changin'  
Dreamin' of places my own personal creations  
If death a party in heaven, I plan to leave wasted  
Retracin' my steps way back to biblical times  
We-we all gon' end up meetin' at the finishin' line

Songwriters

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