

Mac Miller "Desperado"

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[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, I'll 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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