

## Mac Miller

### "Doodling In The Key Of C Sharp"

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[Intro]

Check. It's 6:26 in the morning. I just made this beat 'cause I realized I enjoy playing the piano. You know... fuck you. No one's in the room with me right now, so I'mma record this myself. I'mma try and do this all in one take, so there's not a lot of editing because I'm too drunk to edit. And that's just the truth of the matter. All right, let's go.

[Verse 1]

I said, raps is cold about 20 below  
I just realized I don't give a fuck anymore  
Used to look into the mirror asking "where would this go?"  
Got big quick kind, of wish that I was taking it slow  
It takes balls to go on break from the mold  
I guess I did that, still got some dumbass fans who want KIDS back  
And I forget that they twelve years old, I must accept that  
Should probably stop thinking so much and just rap  
I wish life was kind of easier to figure out  
I wish it was like Ferris Bueller singing "Twist and Shout"  
I got a couple reasons that I'll stick around  
But for the most part this shit is foul  
I place my hand on a stove top to see if I'm awake  
I heard you taking bath salts and eating people's face  
Saw the people I know personally  
See they act a certain way because they working for me  
And if you take that as a diss, that means I'm talking to you  
No, I never look down, I got knots in my shoe  
Strings, made some money went and bought me a few things  
This ain't shit I'm just doodling  
I'm sick of going to the movies and people looking at me  
Inquire 'bout some shit that they know they shouldn't ask me  
Hollywood got every girl around the world fasting

Like eating was a sin but really beauty lies within  
Guess I wouldn't fuck me a fat bitch  
I just disagree with you, determining fat is  
Want to go to Israel and see if there's a God there  
For now I'm about to smoke some blunts and post in  
this lawn chair  
Could of been the mayor because I'm excellent with  
politicking  
People never say what's on their mind because  
they're on a mission  
Who do you think you are?  
And may God damn your soul if you forgot tradition  
Locked inside a box, a prison  
Somewhere there I saw a vision  
Met this girl with innocence  
And stole it while on top of linens  
Roger, word to Roger Clemens  
That don't mean a thing  
I'm in love with making melodies but scared to even  
sing  
Freaking judgmental fuck-heads, talking about my life  
You don't know me, and if you did you'd say I'm  
nice  
Everyone I see always has some cool advice  
About what they'd do if they were me and all the  
issues they would fight  
You could never phantom what this shit is like  
And I hope you turn your bitch to dyke  
My kryptonite is me

Yup...

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