

## Mac Miller "Purple"

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Smoking on this purple got my mind all hazy But it  
never put my grind on lazy  
I just wanna get my shine on baby I know it drives you  
crazy that my grind's on daily  
Cuz I be getting blowed everyday of the week  
This haze got me so cheifed that I stay in my seat, You  
wanna get me to spit just play me a beat  
I strive to win in everything Cuz they hate to defeat  
So I elevate my mind Gotta stay cheifin'  
And I don't even rap boy this just the haze speakin'  
My room bangs and it got the rays tweakin'  
Smoking blunts of haze i just watch the day leaving  
with L's around the circle you can tell this is purple  
Cuz this dank is so potent If you smell it it'll hurt you  
I smoke that fruity with the funkiest fumes  
Pepi Lapeu  
Got a little skunk in the room  
Now chill  
Lay back meditate  
I'm floatin feelin' lighter than a feather weight  
My body asleep, but my head awake  
I dedicate the rest of my night to makin hella cake  
Pardon the lingo its prolly this Cali  
The addiction and the plague got me wantin' it badly  
I chase money like a hard to get female  
And throw it back up in the water like a seashell

(Girl singing- 2 am the silent twilight...  
the purple high light ..of the twilight,  
wrap.. the night around me.. [her germ where you find  
this weed at?]  
blanket of black on my back... i feel safe in the  
darkness. ) [ got the boy blunted here]

That purple gotta love that purple

i get blowed then melt in to the chair  
blow a L up in the air eyes are red but i don't care  
right now i prolly shouldnt be spitting  
cause im lifted an mixing up my diction  
im feelign high like the top of a water tower  
cop a sour then its gone in an hour

heavily medicated sedated and faded relaxed chasin'  
an oasis  
im in a safe haven free from any trouble  
stumble damn this kush got me seeing double need  
not fumble  
got to keep my head striaght cause i stay putting  
haters in the check mate  
now im way pass blowed purple weed got me feeling  
on my own  
aint nothing like a purpie the type to keep a nerd high  
got me coughin up a lung like its my first time  
metaphors and similies from equador to italy  
back in 5th grade when i lost my weed virginity  
smoking like chimminey blowing out a cloud this purple  
last kush be stinking up my house

(Girl singing- 2 am the silent twilight... [man i love when  
she sings like this right? Go head girl!]  
the purple high light [with that purple] ..of the twilight,  
[Get high]  
wrap.. the night around me..  
blanket of black on my back... i feel safe in the  
darkness. )

[ so yall can ash your blunts now roll up another]  
blanket of black on my back... i feel safe in the  
darkness.  
[i like that germ .. im outt im outtt im outtt haha.]

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