

## Mac Miller

### "Salamander"

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Put your hands up if you feel like you a salamander  
Me, me, me  
You ain't no human, you a salamander  
Put your hands up if you feel like  
You a motherfucking form of energy  
You ain't even, these electrons  
These bones just keeping it all together  
We full of spirits, look

American born, welcome to my stomping grounds  
In point breeze, where I used to walk around my  
father's house  
Older brother used to always say I was adopted  
Convinced I'm a Russian foster child my family forgot  
about  
Curious taller, such imagination  
Didn't had the patience to be top of the class at my  
graduation  
Little pervert infatuated with masturbation  
Couldn't wait to bust a nut, watch some porn and love  
the sluts  
Rusty tempers and such, disgusting sleezy shit  
12 years old sexual deviant, got my penis licked in 7th  
grade  
Thought I was a man now,  
Couldn't understand how my parents still thought I was  
a little kid  
I had the mind of a 109 year old elder man  
The passion of the Christ and the memory of an  
elephant  
Used to wander all bout heaven and hell  
Witnessed death at a young age  
I said to myself, we all mortals  
We leave this world into eternal life  
Other kids of different religion wonder which person's  
right  
Worry bout your fate, no separation of church and state  
You be good, never break the law, you'll see the pearly  
gates  
Fuck feeling soft, back to the diabolical  
Binocular couldn't see my skills, I'm way too I'll for that

I feel my raps will be underrated and underappreciated  
Until I pow, blow my brains out  
I need to stop paying attention to opinion shit  
I rather be the pen that come and sign your death  
certificate  
Kill your career if you give me a year  
The x factor, whip my dick out, give Britney the spear  
Got some shit for your ears, it's something to be  
excited about  
Here to give you industry critics some shit to write  
about  
Me or you, who got the nicer house  
You got a daughter of age, might have to pipe her now  
If sean price is mike Tyson now  
I might as well turn my life around  
And check these fools like nike town  
But what would have happen if mike would never bite  
em out  
I was blind, but I'm seeing like a psychic now  
I know the future like Atlanta  
I knock it out the park like my name was joey randa  
Ball like Miguel cabrerra or Garcia paris  
Saw the French Riviera in my camera panorama  
This radiation, sample the gamma  
I look like money whillie whips looks like a panda  
Word, sinister, administer bits of comic life  
You bullshit homie, go and get your economics right

How many emcees wanna come and test me  
My technique, weaving through this traffic on my jet ski  
I know that looks can be deceiving and my raps are  
so friendly, ah they're so nice  
Yeah my raps are so friendly, so polite  
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