

Mac Miller

"Suplexes Inside Of Complexes And Duplexes"

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[Intro: Mac Miller]

Might as well introduce

This is madness!

This is an outrage (echo)

As a matter of fact, this is outrageous

[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

Yeah, young sire, slap the fuck out Jon Cryer

Rough rider, raw bust inside a vagina

Like I want kids, my head continues to be haunted

I burn a city down while I'm unconscious, baby go on

Take some quaaludes, conversate with Jesus

Batting practice with the motherfucking ghost of Babe

Ruth

Do as a saint do, turn painful to graceful

Devil on my trails, I'm trying to find the Holy Grail

(Coughs repeatedly)

Right there

And if Mars is the farthest that man has set his target

Then I don't know why I even started

I'm sick of being too nice to people who don't do shit
but consume light

Told myself, "Fuck the world kid, just do what you
like"

Go and have a food fight, start yourself a new life

You're too bright to be inside a bunch of mediocrity

But all those big words ain't gonna get you paid

And those abstract ideas for sure won't get you laid

You got it made in that mad house

What the fuck you got to be sad about? Go ahead a rap
now

Do what you do best, I mean

That's what you do best, matter fact motherfucker

You suit vest, you need to buy a new dress

I heard you and your girl live in a duplex

I'm a put her ass in a Suplex, the sun east, the moon
west

You got a clue, what does a clue get?

Nothing

[Verse 2: Jay Electronica]

My milk & honey, my Cherie-Cherie Amour
My Cinderella in her carriage by the doorway
Her ruby slipper made the wizard send the scarecrow
And the lion through the forest
To the wicked witch's fortress where she scorched
them in the foreplay
Remember that? He said he'd fight the box to see the
wizard
When he was visited by Dorothy who came here on a
blizzard
Now the whole world's in color, still,
And Auntie Em was next to Kim and not her mother
Real, her face was care-worn
I suspected she migrated to Kansas up from Dearborn
And had beef with Mrs. Gulch from the very beginning
of Year One
Mr. Candyman, the parables parabolic
The poetry's like the poems and songs of
Ecclesiastes
Lightning should strike the stone and then Moses
should make a tablet
The Judge will bang the wood up in parliament with the
mallet
And yell "Hear, Hear", finally some order to this rap
shit
Finally some sort of water to soil these cracked lips
I keep my shit crispy and elegant,
So miss me with the irrelevant, the god body is heaven-
sent
The hard-body is reverence, since the son of Byford
Brother of Fal, every rhyme's halal
Every line is kosher, livin' la vida loca
Shout out to Tony Toca, we livin how we suppose to...

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