

Mac Miller

"The Star Room"

Visit "[The Star Room](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hallelujah, thank God I have a future
Praying I don't waste it getting faded
'Cause I'm smoking till I'm coughing up tar
Through the surge, energy curve like a lumbar
I don't act hard, I still read Babar

Tripping' out, looking at a bunch of Google map stars,
shit
They got a app for that

But me, I'm still trapped inside my head, I kinda feel
like it's a purgatory
So polite and white, but I got family who would murder
for me
Think I'm living paradise, what would I have to worry
'bout?
Dealing with these demons, feel the pressure, find the
perfect style
Making sure my mom and dad are still somewhat in
love
All these backfires of my experiments with drugs
And I experience the touch of my epiphany in color
form
The difference between love and war inform me I'm
above the norm
Give me anybody, though, I'll gladly chew his face off,
them bath salts
Rhyming like it's summertime on asphalt, hot
Haven't picked a major label, think I'm black balled
I still don't got the heart to pick my phone up when my
dad calls
Will he recognize his son when he hears my voice?
I put this music against my life, I think I fear the choice
And I don't know what I'm running from, but I'm running
still
I conversate with acquaintances, but it's nothing real
I'm from a city that you hear and think a bunch of steel
So a hundred mills wouldn't make me sign a fucking
deal
Money kills, that's the truth, it's called the root of evil
But I want that Rolls Royce that the homie Lennon drove

So, if you don't talk about some money I'mma send you home

Unconventional, special but unprofessional

Adolescent expression that's letting me meet these centerfolds

As troubles fill my mind capacity, I let them go

If I was Johnny Depp in Blow, I would let it snow

That's just me all whiling out and being extra, though

And, if God was a human it'd be yours truly

Watching horror movies with some foreign groupies,
thinking this decor suits me

I do drugs to get more loopy, I'm in tune to ancient
jujitsu spirituals, it's blissful

Looking out as far as eyes can see

I'm glad that me and this elevation could finally meet
I think I'm JFK's final speech

They try assassinating all of my beliefs

But I'm asleep so whisper to me for the peace of mind
And he be high some weed to grind on top a Jesus
shrine

Twenty thousand on my watch 'cause I needed time
If y'all would leave me the fuck alone, that'd be divine
Can't decide if you like all the fame

Three years ago to now it's just not the same

I'm looking out my window, ashing on the pane

Wonder if I lost my way

Don't you ever wanna hide away

Side and triumph in the eyes of rain

Won't give a fuck about tomorrow if I die today

I'll greet the devil with a smiling face

Shit, that God fell on me, reside in space

As, time's a wasting I'm freebasing with freemasons

My girl's switching the locks, the keys keep changing

Dreaming of places my own personal creations

If death a party in heaven, I plan to leave wasted

Retracing my steps way back to biblical times

We all gonna end up meeting at the finishing line

Visit [Mac Miller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.