

# The Parlour

Mac Lethal

Blood in my lungs  
Shotgun in my own mouth  
Ballin' so hard I got money I don't count  
Stacks in my pocket, stacks cause I'm indie  
Even though the fuckin odds were just stacked up against me  
Hold up, I took a shot of whiskey now I'm fine  
Ain't a single one of you gon' say this city isn't mine  
Even though these record labels told me that I need to act realer  
They said they'll sign me if I act like I'm Mac Miller  
Some even said they wouldn't sign me cause I'm balding  
Even though my flow is straight scalding  
Now I'm losin confidence I feel like quittin music  
Even though my flow is so abusive  
I'm just scared to let my balls swing  
So fuck ya'll, I ain't somebody's pet dog  
I pull a gun on all these record labels get robbed  
I gotta make you bang your head until your neck throb  
No one in their right mind deserves to work a desk job

I'm gonna catch this dream before I die bitch  
I'm gonna catch this dream before I die bitch

I don't even need a cheesy pop single or a chorus  
Ya'll bout to watch me shift the whole entire global orbit  
I'm on my own dick it's so big, it's so enormous  
I think I'll swallow myself like I'm the Ouroboros  
Morbid, black poisonus orchids  
Torture anybody on that music business whore shit  
"How much does a feature cost?"  
Bitch you can't afford it  
Ten billion unmarked bills on a forklift  
I smack the paparazzi bitch I'm on that Bjork shit  
Drinkin Beaujolais and a plate of seared swordfish  
Either that or Farmhouse Ale with some pork tips  
I quilt words together it's so gorgeous  
I never quit it would be bad news to my fans  
I'm committed I put tattoos on my hands  
I'll never get a real job  
So I'm just stuck makin music  
For the goodnatured people that just feel odd

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Listen, I ain't dissin anybody  
Tryin to work a 9-5 so they can get a little money  
But if you feel like you got a passion that you gotta chase  
Quit your job and hock a loogy in your boss's face  
Cause I spent too long showin up to work formal  
How can I do normal work?  
My brain don't even work normal  
I'd rather spray paint the stars til their black  
Therapeutic gangster rap  
There's a market for that, What up  
Look, if I was Gucci Mane Pitchfork would say  
I'm the greatest fuckin writer of my day  
I'm sick of music publications giddy in their press for thugs

Ya'll are named Pitchfork why you obsessed with Bloods?  
Just because I'm white and used to mess with drugs  
Does not mean Eminem's the reason that I rap  
I know real gangsters and people in the trap  
It's a fantasy for ya'll and we're just leavin it at that  
Bitch

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