Angel Dust

Mac Miller

Yeah, yeah
Umm... uh...
Ladies and gentleman
Yeah, whew, that drip
Yeah, okay

Writing on writer's block, haven't slept in days
They wanna put me in the psycho watch
Everyone's afraid of what I do inside my studio
Worried I'mma lose control
They ruffling my feathers and they shuffling the Yu-Gi-Oh
Execution flow, at your neck like new cologne
Uno, dos, bitch I'm in your head like Freddy Krueger though
(My brain fried, always chasing the same high
I'm so fucked up to function, do nothing but waste time)
Woke up annihilated, lying on the pavement
Covered in items I regurgitated under a fire escape
And I know that it's Friday, cause every Friday they have a parade
In-front of city hall, hear them celebrate, they having a ball
My pupils dilated, highly dehydrated
I'm lost inside a giant matrix
Isolate myself from eyes I find contagious
Jump above the come down
I'm strung out and not in ops inside the dugout

Don't be scared just come with me
It feels so good to be this free
What are you afraid of? Tell me what you're made of!
What are you afraid of? It's just a little angel dust!
Just a little Angel dust!
It's just a little angel dust!

I'm playing hot potato on a Winnebago
The chips are stale, they taste okay though when they dipped in queso
And what's an angel with a missing halo
She will drop out of school to take a trip to day glow
Found a twenty laying by the sewer rats
You know little Stewart hasn't been in any movies lately
He's spent his paychecks on cocaine and latex
His agent working hard to book him a commercial
What I do should not concern you
Do this till I turn blue
Not Eric Sermon, I'm more Merlin
Curses, turn 'em into bird food
Hurried to make the first move
I'm walking like Herschel
Now we at the end of verse two
Uh!

Don't fuck with the angel dust
Don't fuck with the angel dust
Please don't fuck with the angel dust
Oh! Please don't fuck with the angel dust!

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