

Apparition

Mac Miller

I've been rappin' since the apparition
[?] was gonna kill me and I'm glad he didn't
Might have made a bad decision
He just left me with an ocean and a bad religion
While Mary Magdalene laughin', smokin' a pack of Winstons
Up on a church hill, acid trippin' with older men
As they tell her stories, she's seducin' them
But she's only usin' them
My studio is filled with spirits
And every single lyric dedicated to my dearest friends
Yeah, and lord knows that we hate the questions
So back and forth, exchange faces over why I'm playin' table tennis at dinner
I end up so bitter when I lose
Defeat hurts, I got scissors in my shoes

And I'm dancin'
Never got the steps right
Loose, I never slept tight
But I'ma keep dancin'

I did a cannonball off the deep end, my boat was comin' to America
Pouch of fairy dust and a little poodle terrier
A silver Derringer, a smile for the camera
Split your line up like James Farrior
I've always been a cowboy, they need me like the cancer cure
Weed loud as crowd noise, we just let the amber burn
Wiffle Balls, child's toys, ain't fuckin' with amateurs
I'm Ken Griffey on the Mariners
Okay I'm way beyond the boundaries, outside of parameters
The rap chancellor, jacket made of camel fur
And Clockwork got every single answer 'cept time
I've experienced every feelin' except fine
I'm line dancin' again