

## BOO! (Interlude)

Mac Miller

Well it's the maniac with zany raps, made millions off of baby  
Mac  
My brain, it ain't attached, you love me? It's a little late fo  
r that  
They gave my crazy ass a label, everything is rated X  
I'm far beyond divorced middle aged men who pay for sex  
I work like I ain't made it yet, deserve this motherfuckin' pap  
er  
Get a Kit-Kat, break it in half, save one for later  
Death to any traitor that's a Benedict Arnold  
I be wildin', goin' broke at international car shows  
I'm a lawn mower, mad face get redder than a dog boner  
Thank God I got sober, pot smoker, top roller, thought holder  
Was a little kid until I got older  
Wild since a child, pulled my file out of God's folder  
Now let me talk slower, you can understand me now  
We the originators, your style hand-me-down  
They got me turnin' up, the amp is loud  
The apocalypse is comin', so we campin' out at Grannies house  
Dancin' with a bitch and pull her panties down, it's bush leagu  
e  
I love a little nature, addin' flavor to the pussy  
People tend to overlook me and my agent overbooked me  
I'mma get it while the gettin' good, feel better than forever  
I'm National Treasure like Nicolas Cage  
I'm a shelter for these animals, got bitches for days  
She be feedin' on my semen and it's cinnamon glaze  
I tell her keep it or delete it, it's the digital age  
Now I'm muscle buildin' just so I can juggle children daily  
I'm fucked up in the head a bit, I'm Rumpelstilskin crazy  
These bitches gettin' wet when I pull up in a Mercedes  
Bitch I be with Mr. T, I'm simply the fuckin' A-Team  
Make dreams reality  
Say hi when you see me, my hello is a formality  
I'm comin' with a cavalry  
Of motherfuckers trained from watching Braveheart battle scenes  
Waste of space and we paint our faces like it's Hallowe'en

Boo! [Repeat]