

Buttons

Mac Miller

Yeah, there's no answer and you call twice
Nobody be at my house
I was at the studio all night
Last night I slept on the couch
I might, wake up, do it all again
There's a world gone crazy outside
But let's pretend that it's alright
We keep pretending that it's alright

Yeah alright days get mixed up
Schedules get switched up
Can't be in two places at once
So, I take a hit of the spliff that I lit up
And forget I had to be anywhere at all
God damn how the mighty will fall
They wanna see me gone
But I'm here in spite of it all
I never play along
You can keep the fear and self pity
I'd rather tell you who I am, really, yeah
This is not a wakeup call
I'm not the hotel operator
I don't owe nobody favors
I don't know how the fuck I've been around so long
Busy as an escalator in a crowded mall, uh huh
It's like, every year I realize my house too small
Get paid, upgrade, two cribs, new maids, more flights, flew planes
Live out my suitcase
Lose days like loose change
I swear my life is on Blu-ray
Welcome to doomsday
The world needs a hero and I am your Bruce Wayne
Kind of like Luke Cage
You keep on running, we keep on pushing your buttons

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I run around with open scissors
They taking pictures
I could lose my head, they grow instead
Gets only bigger
I put on foot in front of the other
I never settle, waste your time
Don't waste your time with water and wine
I'm turning liquid to metals
Still the same dude that used to never be sure
When I was way more insecure, and I'd feel better before
No umbrellas never could weather the storm
No sympathy for the devil, too busy building a temple
I am looking beyond, leaving them looking

Hottest to grill, I'm putting them on when I be cooking
I keep on running if I have to
Medusa never turned me to a statue, no
I keep it moving, but keep it low
You can do your thing, shit, to each their own
But you better do something
We keep on pushing your buttons

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