

Funeral

Mac Miller

I know what happens to you, me and everyone else when they supposedly die. I
t's this passage around the great loop

This music go with my funeral
Music go with my funeral

Shit, I was raised inside this pretty city
Riding through, you probably miss me
My bicycle fell, I hit the road, the mailman almost hit me
All this sins be more than shitty, I just pray the lord forgive me
Doing drugs is just a war with boredom but they sure to get me
My side-bitch is sorta pretty, but she got enormous titties
Know I'm worth a fortune, she just want a brand new Porsche or Bentley
Had a few abortions, unfortunately I forced them
Lord knows I turn a child to an orphan when I'm torn
I'm more than what I think of myself, I really have to be
Sit at home and drink, my thoughts harassing me
Actually, as a matter of fact, she ain't getting back to me
A shame that my tragedy, my masterpiece, yeah

Trapped inside these dreams of mine
Just trying to get some peace of mind
Yea, I've been trapped inside these dreams of mine
So you'll never get a piece of mind

It's the last day of my life
Party like it's the last day of your life
This the motherfucking last day of my life
Party like it's the last day of your life

See we swallowed in this web of lies, never try to exercise
You used to be a fantasy but now I guess it's televised
I heard the legends never died, Otis lonely hella mind [?]
There never was a better time to better myself
Forever I melt and float away like waves in the ocean
Staring inside of Heaven's eyes - the gates will never open
I'm smoking on these field of hope, waiting till this deal gets closed
I keep getting hotter, but all I seem to feel is cold
Twenty-two don't feel so old, but I think I'm 82
You mean to tell me God took 7 days and all he made was you?
I'm out here with the kangaroos, making danger, break the rules
Celebrate my date of birth with acid, get the days confused
Happiness I take from you, searching for the naked truth
I'm not awake, I'm in a lake, I'll swim away with you
Bitch, check out the butterfly
If you the truth then what the fuck am I?
Yea

So where are you going?
Where are you headed?
Where are you going?
Can I come? Can I come?