

Inertia

Mac Miller

I been a god way before synagogue
Liquor drops used to hit the spot like a cinderblock
This is not what you wanted but this is what you got
You live with what you got
Elixir that I'm mixing like I'm in the kitchen whipping rock
I'm in the spot like the middle of a prison box
And you ain't nothing to the planet but a little dot
Suddenly hit the water like the line that's on a fishing rod
Simple thoughts got me itching like the chicken pox
Knitted socks, with fingers tryna scratch a lotto ticket off
When I made it I was getting all the bitches off
See I was faded, now I'm counting up the minutes lost
I throw 'em back like opponents hit a homer
My mind, it holds explosion like a pose that's on a poster
I'm out the holster with it
I overdid it like the way the rollercoaster spinning
Homie, that's inertia
I'm the moon to the sun how I birthed ya
Turn ya, back to ya old ways, reverse ya
Curse ya, witchcraft
You get nothing but a whole lot of nothing
With your mothafuckin' bitch ass
You simple as a whistle, never pick a side
Shit, you always in the middle, never down to ride
I was high like I'm born to fly
I never die, I'm immortalized
Here before ya eyes
Lord of the flyest, I is your highness
And no diamond when it shine ultraviolet
You on your bullshit, I'm on assignment
And I be on it like a stylus on a PalmPilot
I'm God's finest work, this way beyond timeless
Copped the new presidential Rollie, keep the watch silent
'Cause everybody ticking me off
I got the world with her legs open, licking the box, shit
She home wet, sweatin' me for phone sex
Don't stress, daddy'll be home soon
And assume I'm down low with the post moves
I come through and hit the hole like Jones Drew, yeah
My old chick is old news
But add fuel to fire, what I won't do
So, I just kick it with the homies like I'm supposed to
And we go back like old hoops
Well, this the cold cold feeling
Bone chillin', borderline dope dealing
I'm going up with no ceiling, shit
Out of body, got my soul swimming
And no different, good head keep my toes twitching
You know Larry been fishing since he in the womb
This the scoop up the Big Dipper, you the little spoon
Went from invisible to minuscule
To invincible, dancing with the business moves
I made a million and it killed me
My second million got me mothafucking filthy
You ain't nothing till you die and come back to life iller
They haven't made a mothafucker realer, Mr. Miller, yeah