

Ready, Set, Start

Mac Miller

Uh

Uhh

Yeah

Oh shit, here come the best part
Weapons from the Death Star
Puttin' metals through your Kevlar
Methods unorthodox
Due to the endorphins lost
I'm morphin' to some sort of corpse
Don't snort the devils nectar
It's hard drugs and memoirs
Don't fuck with shit except ours
The rest is lightweight
For Christ's sake, I'm knockin' heads off
Depressed off the meds I acquired for my depressed pops
Cause, I like the rush more
I'm Herman Blume – don't get crossed
Amongst the privileged pissin' on groups of little kids
Litterin' mobbin' ignorant flickin' off all the fed cars
It's young Reptar, duelin' with the Templar
Where the wicked and the sins are
Gettin' head with the Benz parked
My repertoire of records broken, every single check large
Once you gettin' M's you start to question who your friends are
Yeah, from out the dark the million men march
Ready, set, start (Ready, set, start)

Yeah, yeah

Okay, said

The music secular, I'm givin' bitches dental work
Let the homies get a turn, man them hoes just never learn
Some meth to burn and the connect is bout to get some sherm
Tryna get so faded I forget that I was ever born (yeah)
You new rappers is all the lil homies
I need a bitch that sip 40's and keep the pistol for me
I'm finna O.D. I know it, I need to slow down my dosage
The money hittin' my phone but I don't answer unloaded
See I give a bitch the stale face
Good dick and a band-aid
That ass got an address, I come early like a tailgate
Painkillers before the liquor at snail's pace
I treat the world like it's jail bait (fuck it)
Yeah
And I am not your enemy
But I bring the devil that's temptin' me
I do not fear your ignorance, the open mind is infinite
I escape this prison, fit in better where the sinners live
I'm dealin' with urges emergin' from dark places
I try to hide 'em though
Lies I hide behind keep remindin' me I'mma die alone
Higher than I can handle, my mind is scrambled
I'm tweakin', what do I believe in?
All my dreams turn into demons and they thirsty
It's seven thirty, try my best to hurry
Victims don't get the mercy, nuttier than Eddy Murphy

Tarty to the party, now it's common knowledge
I'm a fuckin' problem
Yeah
I chew this shit, God bless me
You will respect me
Is all good I got the Based God to protect me
Been smokin' less weed, meet my new friend Speed
I'mma fuck the world up till they forget me