

Vertigo

Mac Miller

He must be off his rocker, got the chopper in his locker
Cock it, let it go {POW} turn these fruits into some vegetables
Ex and oh, semi-loaded up, bitch I'm surgical
Your head explodes, your chest get opened up, like convertibles
(Woah...)
You now experiencing vertigo
This that in the dungeon, hermit flow
Now it's gettin personal
Sharpen swords soldiers like I'm Percival
Chill with Richard Branson, smoking blunts inside the terminal
Virgin Air, phone ain't getting service there
Murk um if a person speak a word or stare
Nobody move, leave these bitches bloody bruised
Here to murder me, you, your momma, and your cousin too
It's nothing new, simply we don't fuck with you
This the stroke of a genius
Light the smoke then go float with a Phoenix
I'm walking by humbly, looking pretty troubling
It's all good they don't notice I'm Jesus