

# Suplexes Inside of Complexes and Duplexes

Mac Miller

Might as well duce  
This is madness!  
This is an outrage  
As a matter of fact, this is outrageous Yeah, young sire, slap the fuck out Jon Cryer  
Rough rider, raw bust inside a vagina  
Like I want kids, my head continues to be haunted  
I burn a city down while I'm unconscious, baby go on  
Take some quaaludes, conversate with Jesus  
Batting practice with the motherfucking ghost of Babe Ruth  
Do as a saint do, turn painful to graceful  
Devil on my trails, I'm trying to find the Holy Grail  
Right there  
And if Mars is the farthest that man has set his target  
Then I don't know why I even started  
I'm sick of being too nice to people who don't do shit but consume light  
Told myself, "Fuck the world kid, just do what you like"  
Go and have a food fight, start yourself a new life  
You're too bright to be inside a bunch of mediocrity  
But all those big words ain't gonna get you paid  
And those abstract ideas for sure won't get you laid  
You got it made in that mad house  
What the fuck you got to be sad about? Go ahead and rap now  
Do what you do best, I mean  
That's what you do best, matter fact motherfucker  
You suit vest, you need to buy a new dress  
I heard you and your girl live in a duplex  
I'ma put her ass in a Suplex, the sun east, the moon west  
You got a clue, what does a clue get?  
Nothing  
My milk and honey, my chérie-chérie amore  
My Cinderella in her carriage by the doorway  
Her ruby slipper made the wizard send the scarecrow  
And the lion through the forest  
To the wicked witch's fortress where she scorched them in the foreplay  
Remember that? He said he'd fight the box to see the wizard  
When he was visited by Dorothy who came here on a blizzard  
Now the whole world's in color, still,  
How Auntie Em was next of kin and not her mother  
Real, her face was care-worn  
I suspected she migrated to Kansas up from Dearborn  
And had beef with Mrs. Gulch since the very beginning of Year One  
Mr. Candyman, the parables parabolic

The poetry's like the poems and songs of Ecclesiastes  
Lightning should strike the stone and then Moses should make a tablet  
The Judge will bang the wood up in parliament with the mallet  
And yell "Hear, hear", finally some order to this rap shit  
Finally some sort of water to soil these cracked lips  
I keep my shit crispy and elegant,  
So miss me with the irrelevant, the god body is heaven-sent  
The hard-body is reverence, since the son of Byford  
Brother of Fal, every rhyme's halal  
Every line is kosher, livin' la vida loca  
Shout out to Tony Toca, we livin' how we supposed to  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>