

MAC MILLER, Salamander

Funkmaster Flex night, yeah, yo
Put your hands up if you feel like
You a salamander (Me, me, me, me), you ain't no human
You a salamander (I'm a salamander)
Put your hands up if you feel like
I'm all Red Bull and coffee right now, so I'm finna spaz
(Feel like) You a motherfucking form of energy
Hargh
You ain't even, these
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
Electrons, these bones just keeping it all together
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
But you full of spirits, look, uh

American born, welcome to my stomping grounds (What's good)
In point breeze, where I used to walk around my father's house (Oh)
Older brother used to always say I was adopted
Convinced I'm a Russian foster child my family forgot about (Damn)
Curious toddler, such imagination (Imagination)
Didn't have the patience to be top of the class at my graduation (Fuck that shit)
Little pervert infatuated with masturbation
Couldn't wait to bust a nut, watching porn, in love with sluts (Titties)
Rusty trumpets and such, disgusting sleezy shit
12-year-old sexual deviant, got my penis licked
In seventh grade (Uh-huh,) thought I was a man now (Uh-huh)
Couldn't understand how my parents still thought I was a little kid (Okay)
I had the mind of a 109-year-old elder man
The passion of the Christ and the memory of an elephant (Whoa)
Used to wonder all 'bout heaven and hell
Witnessed death at a young age, I said to myself
We all mortals (Whoa,) we leave this world into eternal life
Other kids of different religions wonder which person's right (You never know)
Worry 'bout your fate, no separation of church and state
You be good, never break the law, you'll see the pearly gates (Huaaah)
Fuck philosophical, back to the diabolical
Binoculars couldn't see my skills, I'm way too ill for that (I'm way to ill for that)
I feel my raps will be underrated and under-appreciated
Until I (*Click-clack) pow, blow my brains out (*Gunshot*)
I need to stop paying attention to opinion shit
I rather be the pen that come and sign your death certificate (Certificate)
Kill your career if you give me a year (Yep)
The X Factor, whip my dick out, give Britney the spear (Haha)
Got some shit for your ears, it's something to be excited 'bout
Here to give you industry critics some shit to write about (Yeah)
Me or you, who got the nicer house? (Hmm)
You got a daughter of age? Might have to pipe her now (Uh)
If Sean Price is Mike Tyson now (Bitch)
I might as well turn my life around and check these fools like Nike town (Yep)
What would have happened if Lance had never biked a mile?
I was blind, but I'm seeing like a psychic now (Uh-huh)
I know the future like Atlanta (Lanta!)
I knock it out the park like my name was Joey Randa (How?)
Ball like (What?) Miguel Cabrera (Okay) or Garciparra (Okay)
Sail the French Riviera and my camera panorama (Woo)
This radiation, sample the gamma (Gamma)
I look like money, Willy Whips looks like a panda, word (Tahaha)
Sinister, administer bits of comic life
You bullshittin', homie, go and get your economics right (Money)

How many MCs wanna come and test me and my technique?
Weaving through this traffic on my jet ski (Don't be mad, I'm way better)
Looks can be deceiving and my raps are so friendly (Ah, they're so nice)
Oh, yes, my raps are so friendly (So polite)
How many MCs who wanna come and test me and my technique

Weaving through this traffic on a jet ski (Hey, you suck my dick)
I know that looks can be deceiving and my raps are so friendly
(Very nice!) So you MCs commend me

Please tell me I'm good, makes me feel better
Witcha little make pretend-steetz
Yeah, you ain't real
You bend the knees and then deez
Nuts are in your mouth bitch (Oh shit)
Fucking on your couch bitch (Oh shit)
Bustin' on your mothers comber button blouse bitch (Woo, damn)
Trying to get rid of me? This ain't Auschwitz
Wow, wow, wow, that's a little...
I pound bitches in their ass 'til I got brown dick (Ou, ass fucking, ass fucking)
You surrounded (Oh, you surrounded)
Do you know of satan and denounce his
Doings? (Do you?) Ruined, I'm out this (Do you?)
You don't count my vote, you better count this
Biatch