

MACKLEMORE, At The Party

I walked in with a pimp strut
... "What up?"
Door man's like, "You on the list?"
I'm like, "Shiiii
I should be there... like after the Ls"
He said it's too early to tell
"Fuck it, go ahead."
Afrika Bambaataa
Kool Herc was looping the break beat
Rocksteady was breakin'
That's what's up
Gave Scott La Rock dap
Proceeded up to the bar one Taki 183 and flat black was tight on the wall
Eddie Pint was with Dante
And went to bomb Broadway
Sugarhill, Run-D.M.C. were kickin' raps
Busta and the Beasties came in, drinking brass monkeys
Bumrushed the show, hopped on stage then
A whole bunch of white dudes opened the door and came in
After Ed Lover, Dr. Dre then Big Daddy Kane
Said there ain't no half steppin', walk this way
Went to the next room had the 90s on it, "Hell yeah"
Ayo it smell like chronic
Hell of juice and gin
I grab my cup, try to fill it to the brim
Somebody said, "Ayo, you ain't chipped in? I'm playing, nephew, go ahead."
Ice Cube was choppin' it up
With MC Ren and Quik was playing the cuts
I saw Eazy, Spice 1, and King Tee
Bloods and Crips talking shit and straight schemin'
Olde English, Starter caps, and gold daytons
Gold-plated, hearing Bones, Jheri curl activator
And the party started cracking
And this dude in the background who looked familiar started dancing
But I don't know he seemed dope
The whole party was like he hadn't rapped in the east coast

Lyrical, physical, very artistic
Give the party people something funky to listen to
Step up if you wanna get hurt
Step, step up if you wanna get hurt
All you MCs are some riders
All you need is a line
'Til you change and rearrange
And then what happened this time
I checkmate, terminate, never late, contemplate
Mind state is never fake, hesitate you lose

There was this group in the cypher called Das FX
And a Tribe Called Quest
Q-Tip was searchin' for his wallet sayin' somebody got him
10 dollars sayin' it was someone from Compton
LL was on the side of the kangol, talkin' about his Momma
Sayin' that if anyone stepped
They'd get knocked out. He promised
Watching Butter-Pecan Ricans licking their ice cream
Ghostface did lines, and Bees that were lime green
[?], licorice and a dutch
I hit that shit once and then passed out off the blunt
I woke up in struggle for breath by Nas
He said sleep was the cousin of death, my God
Door busted down and I thought it was the cops
It was 2Pac saying that he had just gotten shot
Stood up out the wheel chair said, "Fuck this city."

Grabbed a Cristal bottle, pointed it at Biggie
Puff jumped up was like "Take that, one"
The whole party stopped and said
2Pac left the party with Suge in the 'lac
Nobody ever thought that 'Pac would never come back
An hour later Big and Puff left
Big said he was ready to die, but there'd be life after his death
Craziest shit I've ever been to, the wildest venue
But it wasn't over yet, the party must continue
Yeah, yeah I said continue
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Pink gators, my Detroit players
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick
You know and I know, I flow some old funky shit
Crucial, lyrical style ain't what it used to
Microphone check one two

For some, this is where the party began
Some say it's where the party was crashed
There was a new room, a new dude named Shady in the Aftermath
"Hi, my name is, what..." it was that everybody started to want to rap
Rock fans from the other parties put down their guitar straps
And started writing their bars on a pad
The 'burbs were already in the building
And the media been feeling if another party was on smash
Pepsi endorsements, Spike, Coca-cola
Was tellin' the whole world where the party was at
The line to get in, it wasn't just around the building
It was around New Zealand and the underground was making chat
Saying it was wack; remember the art the heart, they taking it back
But it was too late for that, they started making, scratch the line
Complaining about the game, was saying it's wack
Hold up, half the people that were dissing it
Were half the reason that the party was so big
And everyone in line was out there trying to get respect
And then the party got put on the Internet
Shit
They bum-rushed the door
You couldn't move anymore
There wasn't room on the floor
And out came the neighbors
Getting on TV and complaining about the noise
Bill O'Reilly and Oprah came down and they started hating
The venue wasn't making money 'cause no one was paying
Unless you had Lil' Wayne or T-Pain in the room
Nas came down and said the party was dead
Somebody lit a match all you heard was a