

# MACKLEMORE, Bolo Tie

I never won the spelling bee  
I could read people's energy  
Listen to what have been said to me  
Heard the voices in elementary  
That I wouldn't amount to anything  
O' girl, she used to beg to me  
Like, if we just had a nice house and a mortgage  
And a front lawn, and a fucking wedding ring  
I danced in Paris, shed my shell  
Swam in oceans, felt the scales  
Put my CD in Starbucks, it did not sell  
Get the CD out the car trunk and did it myself  
These piano keys hold some weight  
In a bolo tie, I escort my date  
She ordered shrimp scampi on a porcelain plate  
The accordion played, I put my fork in a steak  
Afternoons need a coffee boost  
Attitude needs a confidence boost  
Yeah, I'm sort of the dude  
But where's the self-esteem when the costumes removed?  
Thanks for the invite, can't make it  
I could blame it on a flight to Vegas  
But, truth be told, rather not socialize  
And go and waste my time with an acquaintance  
These relationships need maintenance  
Everybody got expectations  
Text back, so impatient  
Where were you when I was an in-patient?

Motherfucker, you ain't my account  
You don't know what I'm doing  
Focusing on what I'm giving back  
Man, make better music  
Fuck preaching on top of the mountain  
People can see through it  
Keeping my name in your mouth  
Just don't bite your tongue while you chew it

Exactly, I got the man of the year  
Source Magazine was like our Vanity Fair  
In a mansion, picking out a chandelier  
But got a bone to pick with the man in the mirror  
Questioning the purchase while I'm standing there  
Questioning the purpose of my rap career  
Thinking "Man, what the hell happened here?"  
Feels like yesterday in a van packing gear  
What am I gonna go and give back this year?  
There's a whole lot of struggling rappers here  
Want a co-sign and a whole track this year  
If you know motherfuckers start acting weird  
Lot of backstabbers and some actors here  
Lot of has-beens and over-reactors here  
I remember laughing and cracking beers  
Now I climbed the ladder and you're mad I'm here

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(400)

Motherfucker, I'm gone

Judging me off of my past  
You don't see what I'm doing  
When I got shot that was headline news  
Y'all used me for views, I ain't stupid  
'Cause what about all the good?  
The non-profit for the kids in the hood  
That ain't got no option in them shelter homes plotting  
Shit, I'm just doing what I should  
They must want no one to know  
'Cause they don't put that on the news, bro  
They entertained by the culture, they vultures  
They suck us like leeches 'til we broke  
But I know the game, so I play it like chess  
Act like a square, but really be the threat  
The next time my name in the press  
Talk about how YG gave them kids Christmas

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Motherfucker, I'm gone

Fuck, hey, woo  
Motherfucker, I'm gone  
(Four, four, four...)  
Hey where'd he go though?  
(400)  
Motherfucker, I'm gone  
(I am the victim not the motherfuckin' suspect)  
And he's gone, gone