

# MACKLEMORE, GOD'S WILL

Never turn my back on my birthplace  
Leave it to my city, making sure that the dirt's straight  
Leave my kids just enough 'cause I'll fail them the worst way  
If I raised some rich spoiled white girls in the first place, yeah  
Leave a legacy, one worth remembering  
In my robe, looking out on Rome, on the Mezzanine, like  
Why creators are the last ones with some equity?  
Put myself in a position to pass it to my people

And that's why I'm not settling, more capital than Beverly  
Before my grandma died, she saw me on Jeopardy  
Still think PJs are too expensive  
Still don't make music with people I ain't friends with  
Still fuck the industry, and no, I don't mess with  
People that my mama wouldn't want to have for breakfast  
That's right  
The suits, the streams, the snakes, the schemes, the steady

Pursuit of paper over truth and dreams  
Loyal to my soil, never change the oil  
Kept the motor running, kept my foot up on the gas  
And push to start the button  
Everything I thought I always wanted, everything it wasn't  
Never know that God is everything until you lose sight of Him, yeah  
Never know that God is everything until you lose sight of Him

Said it's written on my face, I can't play it off  
I got so much on my plate, I can't shake it off  
But I'm built for this, I'm built for this  
I been staying in my lane, keep my head down  
I was losing my faith, but I'm blessed now  
God told me, "You built for this"  
I know I'm built for this

You weren't supposed to die here  
You were supposed to fly here  
Look what you built off your imagination  
Could've never imagined the places you would've been taken because your ideas  
This is in your veins, like where the IV is  
My mama's Dodge minivan became my own at 16  
Before sixteen ever got you a phone  
Maybe when I was 13, 12, 11, who knows

But I was in the back of that motherfucker writing my poems  
On shrooms with the busted boombox  
Thinking that this special brew and beater, I was Tupac, nah  
If I could go back and give that motherfucker advice  
I'd say it was already written, boy  
Keep living your life  
Put everything you got into your truth  
That instrument you carry around, that is a tool

The most precious one you'll ever have  
There's no shortcuts in the craft  
Because the craft is actually just a path to discover you  
It can get you pussy, respect, money, fame and  
They love to call it, "the game," but please do not get it confused  
'Cause that's just the temptation that God is going to put in front of your face  
To see how bad you really want the jewel  
And you don't run this shit, these are God's words

And when you catch the Holy Spirit, thank God first  
Kill the ego, kill the need to keep on pleasing people  
Self-centeredness and self-will isn't how God works

We only here for a blink and it's gone  
So, what you going to do with the ink you use in your songs?  
Regardless of your deal, or the label that you're on  
When you die, the Universe already owns them all

That's God's will  
It's all God's will