

# MACKLEMORE, I NEED

I need two bad bitches and a bag of good weed  
Need an 80 inch screen, that's a big TV  
I need Addies to stay up, I need Xannies to get sleep  
God, give me drugs, all the lean that I can drink

All my haters, suck a dick, rest in peace  
And to all the opposition you can come and get me  
When I finally do some good, I need everyone to see  
But please, I need you to pray for me  
Had two whips, put them on gold D's  
Saw Lil Baby's, I went and bought 3  
Can't fly commercial, that shit ain't luxury  
I need duffles, duffles, Louis, Gucci, and Balency  
I need shoes, shoes, all 23  
Fill the closet, buy them all and I don't even wear these  
I need a necklace, I need watches, I need bezels, I need wallets  
Need my diamonds to be flawless, matching no canaries  
I need more, more, I'll pay whatever fee  
Put me on a billboard, face on every magazine  
I want it all, run it up, what the fuck is wrong with me?  
'Cause I got everything and I still ain't happy

I got everything I need  
So why am I falling to my knees?  
I got racks on me, money ain't a thing  
All I really want is to be free  
Look at me, I got everything I need

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Look at me  
Look at me

I need a new hairline, I need better abs  
My girl a Burkin bag, then BBL her ass  
All the homies jealous, I can't trust none of them  
So I cut my day ones off like fuck it, keep them coming  
I need all new friends, they gotta be famous  
Showing everybody that I really fucking made it  
I need a new girl, she gotta be a model  
Or a rapper, or an actor, or a fucking TikTok-er  
But we need to breakup, we need to make it public  
I'm going to call her a slut, make a track, "Fuck that dumb bitch"  
And I need to rent a yacht, need to go to Miami  
Move to Calabasas, get a private bowling alley  
And I don't even bowl, but I'ma make a statement  
Fuck you mean? I'm going to say it  
I need to be the favorite  
Saw the NBA players and I'm on Obama's playlist  
Fuck a top 5, fuck them all, yep, I'm the greatest  
I need love, love, I'm making history  
I need paparazzi popping pictures every place I be  
I want it all, want it all  
The American dream  
I got everything and I still ain't happy

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I want to be seen, I want to be loved  
I want to be felt, don't want to be judged  
I need some healing 'cause I cannot feel it, so pour up another double cup of mud  
I do not know who the hell I am, done so many drugs I lost who I was  
Every person I let in my circle is secretly lurking and out for blood  
I got 40 thousand tucked under my mattress  
And a ratchet in case anyone'll figure out the address  
Security system in my attic, staring at it  
I'm still flexing on the 'Gram just to show 'em that I have it  
That's the fucking price of fame  
Ain't never going backwards  
But none of this is working, where's the purpose in this palace?  
Pop a perc 30, girls twerking, just another purchase  
Spiritually sick, I didn't even know I was malnourished  
Everything is desolate  
Botox my forehead, they can't see how stressed I am  
Everything I ever wanted, the trinity  
Money, power, respect  
In the end were the three things that lead me to death