

MACKLEMORE, I Said Hey

The first time I heard Digital Underground I was in the first grade
My homie, Lace, brought it over and he dubbed it on a mixtape
I would do the Humpty Hump and perform to his verses
12 years later, I learned that Shock G and him were the same person
I loved Hammer I can't front he taught me how to dance
Along with Bell Biv DeVoe I had Jay-O's and a pair of zebra pants
But this was the foundation
What would come to be a life long passion, journey and drive an MC
Some people ask me what it means
I don't know where to start
It's the deepest connection between my soul and my heart
When I first stepped to do a cypher in a jam at the park
I got served no for real I got served
But see I learned something observed others
And watched an urge hungered
Verse studier earned a turn on that block
I don't care who you are or where you're from or what you believe in
But if you love hip-hop I bet
It's more or less for the same reason
This is it when you spit you exist in that moment
And if you're sick with that gift you then rip it when you perform it
Then all the shit that you live begins to lift off your shoulders
And the audience well they get to experience where your soul is
The most amazing feeling rocking a crowd to your anthem
To the front to the back with their motherfucking hands up
'Cause I'm an MC won't be the first won't be the last
Just another B-Boy and I'ma die in my stance

If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down
If you got a record and can crab lay your scratch down
If you got a marker and a can bomb your art now
If you got a floor and you're fast kick that ill style
If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down
If you got a record and can crab lay your scratch down
If you got a marker and a can bomb whole damn town
But if you live for hip-hop don't ever put your hands down

Don't put your hands down keep that shit up
We're gonna rock it like this
It goes front back front back front back front come on
It goes front back front back I said front back
To my people you know it
It goes front back front back it goes front back
Okay, bring it down

Now I don't know if it's the clothes, the hoes or the cars
That make people rap like they're trapped inside these bars
This shit ain't complicated, man, just be who you are
Too busy searching for the light, missing the fact that you're a star
Now who's got passion? Stand the hell up
'Cause I wanna hear somebody rapping who's got it inside their cuts
Now you can get intricate, displaying your fancy cadences
But if you're not speaking the truth you might as well not be saying shit
I said "Who's going to teach the kids?"
You wanna blow up and get famous so you can get some new rims
All the money in the world can help you look like a star
But money can't buy you the heart to go and put inside your bars
And I like nice shit too
Believe me, I got a closet full of Nikes and whole bunch of Velour suits
Fitted white Tees and an Icy earrings like the whole youth population of hip-hop
But look beyond it when I record to these beats
But if I don't speak me
What's the difference between my lyrics and what you hearin' on MTV
People fear that if they're steering away from the mainstream

Then their album won't sell, well, I could give a fuck
I'm just gonna freestyle and spit what's inside my gut
And if you want to you can go and label me conscious
But just remember there's a kid at a bus stop beatboxing
Whose life's will be affected by what's inside of his Walkman

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