## MACKLEMORE, MARMALADE (FEAT LIL YACH

[Verse 1: Macklemore] Can't nobody get up in my car today Back seat feeling like a charter plane Bumping Silkk Da Shocker Charge It To The Game Paint dripping like I'm whipping marmalade (whoa) Look at the way that I'm shining I don't be checking the mileage She said how much is that Rolie? I said don't worry I'm timeless Watching Toy Story 3 that's a great fucking movie City of Jimi, Kurt, Quincy City of me, Eddie, and Bruce Lee (whoa) King of the road I drive slow like whoa And I just switched over to Geico like whoa Celebrating these life goals But you ain't getting no ride home

[Chorus] I be riding through the town My music loud Windows down yeah you can hear me now I turn it up, I need that bass And my chain so bright can't see my face I be riding through the town, town, town I be riding through the town

[Verse 2: Macklemore] All eyes on me now I be riding through Seatown Taking pics when I eat out Girls ask me to freestyle Neighbors hate it when I speed out I ain't turning these beats down GPS and I reroute Chuck the deuce and I peace out Sun roof tinted, don't need your opinions I be on my business, and you be on Tinder And if I was single, I'd be right there with ya But I'm committed, keep my dick in my britches The women are moving their bodies Sunset through numerous palm trees Followed by the paparazzi But they don't get into our party Tell the bell hop that I'm sorry We 40 deep in the lobby Travel the world with a posse But soon I'll be home So call up my momma and tell her to pick up the phone Cause I need that homemade lasagna that's fresh out the stove Grabbing the keys and I'm fresh out the door King of my city whose next on the throne

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[Verse 3: Lil Yachty] When you hear that speaker sound, ound, ound You know who it is, Lil Boat in your town Whoa this beat so happy I will never frown And my hair so nappy it's gonna be a problem braiding it down Oh no, oh no, we been grinding from the go Jump start, I just bought a new whip, push start Push the coup down the highway like a go kart All my niggas keep that toaster with them like a Pop Tart Make her moan and she sound just like Mozart Pure art I think they mad because I broke into the game with a crowbar Top the charts, Hip Hop ain't the same we the new stars Rock stars, look at all my chains call them ice pops Ring pops, let the rain drop on the wrist watch Fuck the cops, and fuck Donald Trump, bitch it's Macklemore and Lil Boat Anything else you need to know

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