

# MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Downtown

I went to the moped store with shoppers  
Salesman like "What up, what's your budget?"  
And I'm like "Honestly, I don't know nothing about mopeds"  
He said "I got the one for you, follow me"  
Oh it's too real  
Chromed out mirror, I don't need a windshield  
But on a seat, how can it be on two wheels  
Eight hundred cash, that's a hell of a deal  
I'm headed Downtown, cruising through the alley  
Tip-toeing in the street like Dally  
Pulled up, moped to the valley  
Whitewalls on the wheels like (mayonnaise)  
Dope, my crew is ill, and all we need is two good wheels  
Got gas in the tank, cash in the bank  
And a bad little mama with her ass in my face  
I'mma lick that, stick that, break her off, (Kit-Kat)  
Snuck her in backstage, you don't need a wristband  
Dope

Killing the game 'bout to catch a body  
Passed the Harley, Dukie own a Ducati  
Timbaland, Khaled, Scott Storch, Birdman  
God damn man, everybody got Bugattis  
But I'mma keep it hella 1987  
Head into the dealership and drop a stack and cop a Kawasaki  
I'm stunting on everybody, hella raw, pass the wasabi  
I'm so low that my cajones almost dragging on the concrete  
My seat is leather, alright, I'm lying, it's pleather  
But girl, we could still ride together  
You don't need an Uber, you don't need a cab  
Forget a bus pass, you got a moped man  
She got 1988 Mariah Carey hair  
Very rare, mom jeans on her derriere  
Throwing up the West Side as we tear in the air  
Stopping by pipe place, throwing fish to a player

Downtown, downtown (Downtown)  
Downtown, downtown (Downtown)  
She has her arms around your waist  
With a balance that could keep us safe  
(Downtown)  
Have you ever felt the warm embrace  
(Downtown)  
Of the leather seat between your legs  
(Hey-ey-ey-ey, hey-ey-ey-ey)  
(Hey-ey-ey-ey, hey-ey-ey-ey)  
You don't want no beef, boy  
Know I run the streets, boy  
Better follow me towards  
(Downtown)  
What you see is what you get girl  
Don't ever forget girl  
Ain't seen nothing yet until you're  
Downtown

Dope  
Cut the bull  
Get off my mullet  
Stone washed, so raw  
Moped like a bullet  
It can't catch me  
A po-po can't reprimand me  
I'm in a B-Boy stance, I'm not dancing  
I got your girl in the back doing tandem

Because I'm too damn quick, I'm too damn slick  
Whole downtown yelling out "who that is?"

It's me, the M the A-C the K  
Stunting like a French pimp from back in the day  
I take her to (Pend Oreille) and I watch her skate  
I mean, water ski, ollie ollie oxen free  
I'm perusing down fourth and they watching me  
I do a handstand, an eagle lands on my seat  
Well hello, but baby, the kickstand ain't free  
Now do you or do you not wanna ride with me  
I got one girl, I got two wheels  
She a big girl but ain't a big deal  
I like a big girl, I like 'em sassy  
Going down the backstreet listening to Blackstreet  
Running around the whole town  
Neighbors yelling at me like, "you need to slow down"  
Going thirty-eight, damn, chill yourself out  
Mow your damn lawn and sit the hell down  
If I only had one helmet I would give it to you, give it to you  
Cruising down Broadway, girl, what a wonderful view, wonderful view  
There's layers to this ish player, Tiramisu, Tiramisu  
Let my coat-tail drag but I ain't tearing my suit, tearing my suit

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