

# MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Otherside

He rolled up, asked him what he was sipping on  
He said lean, you want to hit it, dawg  
That's the same stuff Weezy's sipping huh  
And tons of other rappers that be spitting hard  
Yup, yup five a bone  
When he passed him that Styrofoam  
The Easter pink, heard it in a rhyme before  
Finally got to see what all the hype was on  
And then he took a sip, sitting in the Lincoln  
Thinking he was pimping as he listened to the system  
Little did he know that it was just as addictive as bass  
Not the kind of hit from the kick drum  
Hot box, let the bass bump  
Take it to the face, gulp  
Months later the use went up  
Every blunt was accompanied by the pink stuff  
But Goddamn he loved that feeling  
Purple rain coated in the throat  
Just so healing  
Medicine alleviate the sickness  
Liquid affix and it comes with a cost  
Wake up, cold sweat, scratching, itching  
Trying to escape the skin that barely fit him  
Gone, get another bottle just to get a couple swallows  
Headed towards the bottom couldn't get off it  
Didn't even think he had a problem  
Though he couldn't sleep without getting nauseous  
Room spinning  
Thinking he might of sipped just a little bit too much of that cough syrup  
His eyelids closed shut  
Sat back in the chair clutching that cup  
Girlfriend came and a couple hours later  
Said his name, shook him but he never got up

He never got up, he never got up  
We live on the cusp of death thinking that it won't be us  
It won't be us, it won't be us, it won't be us  
Nah, it won't be us

Now he just wanted to act like them  
He just wanted to rap like him  
Us as rappers underestimate the power and the effects that we have on these kids  
Blunt passed, ash in a tin  
Pack being pushed, harassed by the Feds  
The fact of it is most people that rap like this talking about some shit they haven't lived  
Surprise, you know the drill  
Trapped in a box to climb record sales  
Follow the formula: violence, drugs, and sex sells  
So we try to sound like someone else  
This is not Californication  
There's no way to glorify this pavement  
Syrup, percocet, and an eighth a day will leave you broke, depressed, and emotionally vacant  
Despite how Lil' Wayne lives  
It's not conducive to being creative  
And I know cause he's my favorite  
And I know cause I was off that same mix  
Rationalize the shit that I'd try after I listen to "Dedication"  
But he's an alien  
I'd sip that shit  
Pass out or play PlayStation  
Months later I'm in the same place  
No music made, feeling like a failure  
And trust me it's not dope to be 25 and move back to your parent's basement  
I've seen my people's dreams die

I've seen what they can be denied  
And weeds not a drug - that's denial  
Groundhog Day, life repeat each time  
I've seen oxycontin take three lives  
I grew up with them  
We used to chief dimes  
I've seen cocaine bring out the demons inside  
Cheating and lying  
Friendship cease, no peace in the mind  
Stealing and taking anything to fix the pieces inside  
Broken, hopeless, headed nowhere  
Only motivation for what the dealer's supplying  
That rush, that drug, that dope  
Those pills, that crumb, that roach  
Thinking I would never do that, not that drug  
And growing up nobody ever does  
Until you're stuck  
Looking in the mirror like I can't believe what I've become  
Swore I was going to be someone  
And growing up everyone always does  
We sell our dreams and our potential  
To escape through that buzz  
Just keep me up, keep me up  
Hollywood here we come