

MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Ten Thousand

Uh

I hope that God decides to talk through 'em
That the people decide to walk with 'em
Regardless of Pitchfork cosigns I've jumped
Make sure the soundman doesn't cock-block the drums
Let the snare knock the air right out of your lungs
And those words be the oxygen
Just breathe
Amen, regardless I'mma say it
Felt like I got signed the day that I got an agent
Got an iTunes check, shit man I'm paying rent
'Bout damn time that I got out of my basement
'Bout damn time I got around the country and I hit these stages
I was made to slay them
Ten thousand hours I'm so damn close I can taste it
On some Malcolm Gladwell, David-Bowie-meets-Kanye shit
This is dedication
A life lived for art is never a life wasted
Ten thousand

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands, they carry me
Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands, they carry me

Now, now, now

This is my world, this is my arena
The TV told me something different I didn't believe it
I stand here in front of you today all because of an idea
I could be who I wanted if I could see my potential
And I know that one day I'mma be him
Put the gloves on, sparring with my ego
Everyone's greatest obstacle, I beat 'em
Celebrate that achievement
Got some attachments, some baggage I'm actually working on leaving
See, I observed Escher
I love Basquiat
I watched Keith Haring
You see I study art
The greats weren't great because at birth they could paint
The greats were great because they'd paint a lot
I will not be a statistic
Just let me be
"No Child Left Behind". That's the American scheme
I make my living off of words
And do what I love for work
And got around 980 on my SATs
Take that system. What you expect?
Generation of kids choosing love over a desk
Put those hours in and look at what you get
Nothing that you can hold, but everything that it is
Ten thousand

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands, they carry me
Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands, they carry me

Same shit, different day, same struggle
Slow motion as time slips through my knuckles
Nothing beautiful about it, no light at the tunnel
For the people that put the passion before them being comfortable
Raw, unmedicated heart no substitute
Banging on table tops, no subs to toot

I'm feeling better than ever man, what is up with you?
Scraping my knuckles, I'm battling with some drug abuse
I lost another friend, got another call from a sister
And I speak for the people that share that struggle too
Like they got something bruised
My only rehabilitation was the sweat, tears and blood when up in the booth

It's the part of the show
Where it all fades away
When the lights go to black
And the band leaves the stage
And you wanted an encore
But there's no encore today
'Cause the moment is now
Can't get it back from the grave

Part of the show
It all fades away
Lights go to black
Band leaves the stage
You wanted an encore
But there's no encore today
'Cause the moment is now
Can't get it back from the grave

Welcome to the heist
Welcome to the heist
Welcome to the heist
Welcome to the heist
Welcome to the heist