

MACKLEMORE, The Magic

Ay

Ay, we turn that shit off, man
That shit is giving me a headache, man
C'mon, Budo, that beat is distorting them, please
That's kinda tight
See you should keep that part right there
And then you should, uhm
You should smoothe it out though, y'know
Make it like chill

And then I remembered the magic
Forgot that you can't plan it
It's always there in front of us
Just trust and it happens
And the star dust from the universe of this planet
I just get stressed when I try to understand it

And I remember the magic
Forgot that you can't plan it
It's always there in front of us
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Now, I don't know why this world is a trip
See, I just float by hoping that I can live
With a pen I'm so high, using this medicine
I got a little bit of it to give
Come on hear me now
My momma says the trip inside of you gon' hear it child
We all got it, if you want it gotta get it out
I know you know what I'm talking about
See it's the music from the magic, got me on top of these clouds, come on
Keep it poppin' with my favorite song
There's no feeling like the city walking with my Walkman on
It gets to me, giving me goosebumps and I'm gone
And when I die just make sure that I got my pen and headphones on

In good times and upsets
Rain, hail, beats, sand, heat, land, and a lot of damn sunsets
They say that you can never capture the moment
Photograph or record it, but I swear I can when I bump them
As I bear witness to existence setting in the distance
For a sheer instance I become one with it
Dismant up to ten when I listen like I was set on this mission
Places I've been when I with them
I'm feeling the most high when I got my pen and I'm scriptin'
No engines speaking as I enter religion
No crosses, pews, prayers, or repentance for sinning
Just the RCA jack, a sentence and a vision

Inside of the gut, time with the cut, right from the plug
That feeling that goes right into us
Instead of bump live, but with eyes wide shut
You got some fire and a lighter, I'mma fire it up
Depending on the month, sometimes I feel high with just pen and my pad
Gif the gab, the light's within us
I can apply my touch on the mic stand and bust
To the whole planet, and my headphones on

And to the magic
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Have you ever done hallucinogenics?
Children don't get it twisted, I'm not recommending
But it's not fried brains and hippies and kids jumpin' off buildings
It can be spiritual epiphanies and medicine
Now I first tried shrooms when I was 16
And the universe became more interesting
I began to contemplate my place in this landscape
And reflect on what it meant to be a human being
What I went through felt as though I dreamt it
Through my experience, became aware of my breath, then
Began to cultivate my art with the intention of the heart
Started to use my sentences as reflections
And what I saw was God was in all of us and we all come to be interconnected
It's all that was depended on all of us
And had effects like a domino when you let it
Go with the flow, that the universe holds
Understand that there's more than you expected
I don't do shrooms anymore 'cause I don't need to explore
All that I was looking for was was the present

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Music is, to me, proof of the existence of God
It is so extraordinary, full of magic
And, and, in tough times in my life
I can listen to music, and it makes such a difference