

MACKLEMORE, B-Boy (feat. Budo)

Ladies and gentlemen

This an ode to the B-boys, B-girls

The people out there who do it for the love

And believe me I'm not dissin' anybody out there who's trying to get paid

I'm trying to get paid too!

But I got one question

Whatever happened to the heart?

That pumped the passion into the art?

The entity that gave you the energy to wanna start?

Breakdancing, I'm battling, doing it at the park

Where the mission was expression, not only to top charts

I don't know what happened, wanting to blow rap

You lose soul and passion for the flows and the tracks

Radio's lacking, controlled by fascists, assholes doing damage

But we're gonna take it back

Before beats to a hundred G's a pop

All you needed was a tabletop and a beatbox

Hip-hop without the B-boy is like shelltoes only having two stripes

Hip-hop, we're freedom-fighting, graffiti-writing, party types

That recite and organize and revitalize our rhyming

'Til the group of the moneymakers systems

Knows that the industry can eventually get served

Breakers of my verses spinning up a revolution throughout our words

If you really want it, come on get it, 'cause I've got it

I'm honestly paying homage to forgotten pioneers of this culture that are giving them props and lea

If you wanna earn your stripes

You gotta be able to rock this mic and set cyphers alike

The feeling to put in everything you got in the circle

Will never be documented in the Coke commercial

We be the baddest

Now B-boys, B-girls

Bring it back to the block

Lemme see you get ill, for real, pop and lock!

If you record without thought then stop

Because I'll serve your whole album with the goddamn beatbox

Without thought it just happens

If you gotta think to feel, that's not rapping, that's acting

I'm from a land of backpacks and fat cats

MCs with sick raps who serve those that are wack

It's a way of life

I put all my energy into the melody

On the mp3s until the death of me

Record exceptionally, especially

Whenever I be monumentally, grammatically, killing the mic

I tell my DJs, cranking that music, keeping 'em moving when the beat plays

Staying into it, breaking and grooving, and MCs they

Thinking that you should always pursue in what their dreams make

Taking from lucid to really do it

All the people gotta make their money

And the way to make money is to get inside of the industry

Take it on the radio, flow

So you can go blow, we get a car

And a crib up on MTV

But in the end what's classic?

Radio bubblegum? Or a voice filled with passion?

To my real hip-hop heads, please stand up

'Cause the only people that can preserve this art is us