

MACKLEMORE, Buckshot

I used to work at Subway
Seven bucks an hour wasn't much money
But I be rapping and kicking it on my lunch break
Like "I'ma make it out this motherfucker one day"
I was in the back, back seat of the bus before a Bluetooth
Got the boombox and a blunt, bootlegger deuce-deuce
H on my crew, we get drunk, a little cuckoo
Type of dudes who square up and knock a tooth loose
Quick to the basement, the, the, the basement
That is the window I'm planning to vacate with
Pops put on bars just in case somebody breaks in
That's not gonna stop me from getting to the pavement
Shh, meeting Jerome at the bus stop
I got the bigger roll, paranoid buck cops
And all my city's known for grunge, flannel, butt rock
And a bunch of Sub Pop, I was on that Buckshot

Window to window and wall to wall
Can of Krylon, and we out to bomb
(Buckshot)
Four in the morning I'm with the squad
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go
Window to window and wall to wall
Can of Krylon, and we out to bomb
Four in the morning I'm with the squad
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go

Just copped that new Boot Camp tape
The neighbors keep complaining 'bout too much bass
Bang, bang, let me do my thing
Give me two cans and you gon' know my name
You don't wanna get involved
You know I be on these overpasses burning bridges, dog
You know I be dippin' through these alleys tryna diss the law
Sixteen with Adidas on
I'm too speedy for police I'm chiefin' through these streets, I'm gone
I got game, don't need to talk anymore
Boppity-bo, tippity-toppity, I pop me some more
I was underground where he come from and he pop out a hole
Cracked the top back on the flat black aerosol
I woke up in the morning and I had a vision
These suit and ties got the nerve to call it vandalism
They hella mad, say my art is really bad for business
But I'mma paint a better world until the cans are empty
Now let it drip, let it drip
If they catch me doing dirt I'll plead the fifth
I pop a top, I bomb the block
Speakers bumpin', I was on that Buckshot

Window to window and wall to wall
Can of Krylon, and we out to bomb
(Buckshot)
Four in the morning I'm with the squad
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go

Chill-chill-chilin' with the crew
Just writing my name in graffiti on the wall
Who-who-who is he?
(Yeah, knowledge reigns supreme)
Got the world following the

Turn up the CD or turn up the TV
Turn up your T-A-P-E, turn your phone up, crank up the PC
See, my boys are really beastie if you're talking graffiti

See, we call it aerosol art when we splatter the city
I got twenty-five cans in my napsack
Crossing out the whick-whack
T-O-Y-S's ain't even get that
Fat tips and black books, yo, we rep that
149th street bench is where we slept at
Clep-clap, clep-clap, clep-clap, clep-clap
Those are not my words, the spray can said that
Where them reds at, or them green turquoise?
Where my real graf writers? Make some noise

Chill-chill-chilin' with the crew
Just writing my name in graffiti on the wall
Who-who-who is he?
(Macklemore)
Got the world following the
Blow blow blow blow blow
(Buckshot, shot, shot, shot)