

# MACKLEMORE, CHANT FEATURING TONES AND

They told me that I vanished  
They told me that I had it  
They told me that I'm gone  
I told them, "Don't panic"  
When you've done it this long  
And you've seen magic  
And you know it won't kill you  
Even when the whole world doubts it  
This is my moment  
They can't take my talent  
They can't take my stripes  
They can't erase my hours  
I'm from the underground, anything above ground is a mountain  
I'm done tryna impress anybody but the heavens where I'm headed  
You don't get to hold on me your flowers  
I am in my zone, eyes on the throne  
20k deep, better pull out your phones  
Turnin' the arena to believers every time I hit the ceiling  
Ain't nobody ever touchin' my show  
Look at where we started, look at where we got to  
Almost OD'd that night in the hospital  
Wasn't gonna die, more life in the arsenal  
Got another shot to pull off the impossible

There's no need to cry for me  
I'm a fighter, fighter  
You can't take my voice from me  
I will rise up, rise up  
So what are you waiting for?  
I ain't ready to die yet  
The pain is where faith is born  
Are you alive yet?  
Are you alive yet?  
Are you alive?

On my grave, what quote will be etched in?  
Never played the game to be a contestant  
Never joined the league to ride benches  
The wins hit different when they don't expect it  
Yeah, and they they ain't gotta like me  
Got my own Nikes, no Nike ID  
And I ain't tryin' to stunt, man  
But my logo went over the Jumpman  
I remember all I had was a bus pass  
Sellin' CDs to make a couple of bucks back  
And now I'm up in meetings, and you better believe me  
Now that we got the arena, the sonics makin' a come back  
I'm not a businessman, I got children, man  
I treat my city like it is my fam  
'Til the residency gets a buildin' man  
Think I'm playin' 'bout mayor, but that is my plan  
You know what fifty thousand feels like  
When you question, "Is this real life?"  
The money doesn't buy happiness, that's facts  
'Til you take what you made and decide to give it back like that

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I was supposed to be a one hit ringer  
Now I got too many rings and not enough fingers  
Keep doing my thing, they keep chasin' the wave  
Thinking that they're gonna be the one to outpace age  
I must got Mick Jagger DNA  
Rolling Stone bags, pre-check, no TSA  
I'll be seventy-eight, SM58 in my face  
Like, "Who wants to go next?"  
Nobody's touching my stage  
Their heads trippin' like a B-Boy head spinnin'  
I bench press the industry and I deadlift it  
It's been written, I've been runnin', it's been a minute  
Been done it, I bet you a hundred that I've been winnin'  
The Benz's tinted, it's been vintage, yeah, Ben did it  
The crib I live in is like Ben Stiller's  
An evening at my house, a night at the museum  
Trophies, plaques all over and the view's decent  
At the end of the day it's like, "Who needs it?"  
Player on, player, I gotta keep competin'  
Keep dreamin', won't settle for shit  
It isn't sport, it's my life, run the championship, I'm gone

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