

MACKLEMORE, CHANT FEATURING TONES A

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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