

# MACKLEMORE, NO BAD DAYS (feat. Collett)

No bad days, yeah

I think that I'm lucky, I don't got it made  
Everything I got could fit inside a suitcase, yeah  
They could try to make me quit, yeah  
Stay in your lane, you ain't on my road trip and  
It's kind of funny, people throwing shade  
I'm just doing me, I don't got no bad days, yeah  
They could try to make me quit, yeah  
Stay in your lane, yeah, we off that bullshit

Top back, '85, that's the way we like to drive  
Doing donuts all the neighbors know us, yeah, we outside  
Look alive, the freaks of the city, they come out at night  
Fuck a line, Fab Five Freddy, 1989

Time to show off  
I'm so Warhol  
So sophisticated  
Life is bitching, baby  
Velvet rope, I'm ducking  
Looking regal when I come in  
And the peacoat, it's so London  
I'll be leaving with a duchess, ah  
New city, fuck it up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Here for one night, stay a month (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Spent my whole life on a bus (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Show time, run it up

Nobody want to say "Goodbye"  
We just want to stay up, that's right  
Don't got to say "Goodnight"  
If you never wake up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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Truck stop, gas station, always up to something  
Highway 99 and we getting money  
Desk job, cubical, nah, it wasn't for me  
Rather crash and burn, go hella hard and live to tell my story  
Bon fires  
Running around the woods, you know we pulling all nighters  
And I'm a dreamer with my people, bunch of songwriters  
Oh yeah, we up now, sun down  
Karaoke singing oldies out at some lounge

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Wee ohh  
Wee ohh  
Wee ohh  
Wee ohh