

MACKLEMORE, Vipassana

Yesterday?

Forget it

Tomorrow is?

Nada

The present is right here, through the breath, watch it

Atheist Jesus piece, hangin' on a cross

We sit and discuss God on lawn chairs

About how we got here

What it is, what it isn't, shit

Fate versus faith, scrimmaging with coincidence

Leave out the marketing, hold up on the business end

Focus on the genuine, and everything else, you can shed the skin

I was a couple moves away from being dead

In that ER overdosing, eyes bleeding red

I fell in love, made an album, got a buzz

Lost it all, sobered up, and guess what?

Now we meet again

And now I'm back, finally just laughin'

Expectations are resentments waiting to happen

Studying the dharma, karma, vipassana practice

Bahá'u'lláh, Buddha, God, to the mountaintop and I'm traveling

Learning, yes, reflecting on what matters

People, impermanence, lack of attachments

It's space and time, a couple man-made distractions

The measure of a spirit that no human can ever capture

Church, this booth is my Vatican

I don't control life, but I can control how I react to it

Student of the breath, brick beats and balancin'

Desire versus truth until I finally find happiness

Passing through space and time

Passing through space and time, oh

Passing through space and time

Space and time

Space and time

I was put here to do something before I'm lying in that casket

I'd be lying on the beat if I said I didn't know what that is

The world's a stage and we play a character, I found him

It took me twenty-something years and a bunch of shitty sound checks

I'm not gonna be content, until I find gratitude

Regardless of my sales or the record deals they're handing you

If the next generation takes our legacy and samples you

We'll have a bunch of mp3s and misled kids to pass 'em to

I use my veins to create the color I paint from

Delve into self 'til my heart becomes my paint brush

I told my mama I'm not stoppin' 'til my name's up

Thinking those comments on that blog is gonna save us

Searchin' for everything but God to validate you

Get insecure and then we start blaming the haters

Used to look to women to fill a part of me that was vacant

Truth, the only thing that I ever used in moderation

So I stare into this paper instead of sitting at a cubicle

Take all the ugly shit inside and try to make it beautiful

Use the cement from rock bottom and make it musical

So the people can relate to where I've been

Where I'm going, what I've seen, what I've heard

From the guts, fuck the glory

Just a person on a porch putting it all into recording

Many in my past and many that came before me

I just keep walkin' my path and blessed to share my story

Passing through space and time

Passing through space and time, oh

Passing through space and time
Space and time
Space and time