

# MACKLEMORE, At The Party

I walked in with a pimp strut  
... "What up?"  
Door man's like, "You on the list?"  
I'm like, "Shiiii  
I should be there... like after the Ls"  
He said it's too early to tell  
"Fuck it, go ahead."  
Afrika Bambaataa  
Kool Herc was looping the break beat  
Rocksteady was breakin'  
That's what's up  
Gave Scott La Rock dap  
Proceeded up to the bar one Taki 183 and flat black was tight on the wall  
Eddie Pint was with Dante  
And went to bomb Broadway  
Sugarhill, Run-D.M.C. were kickin' raps  
Busta and the Beasties came in, drinking brass monkeys  
Bumrushed the show, hopped on stage then  
A whole bunch of white dudes opened the door and came in  
After Ed Lover, Dr. Dre then Big Daddy Kane  
Said there ain't no half steppin', walk this way  
Went to the next room had the 90s on it, "Hell yeah"  
Ayo it smell like chronic  
Hell of juice and gin  
I grab my cup, try to fill it to the brim  
Somebody said, "Ayo, you ain't chipped in? I'm playing, nephew, go ahead."  
Ice Cube was choppin' it up  
With MC Ren and Quik was playing the cuts  
I saw Eazy, Spice 1, and King Tee  
Bloods and Crips talking shit and straight schemin'  
Olde English, Starter caps, and gold daytons  
Gold-plated, hearing Bones, Jheri curl activator  
And the party started cracking  
And this dude in the background who looked familiar started dancing  
But I don't know he seemed dope  
The whole party was like he hadn't rapped in the east coast

Lyrical, physical, very artistic  
Give the party people something funky to listen to  
Step up if you wanna get hurt  
Step, step up if you wanna get hurt  
All you MCs are some riders  
All you need is a line  
'Til you change and rearrange  
And then what happened this time  
I checkmate, terminate, never late, contemplate  
Mind state is never fake, hesitate you lose

There was this group in the cypher called Das FX  
And a Tribe Called Quest  
Q-Tip was searchin' for his wallet sayin' somebody got him  
10 dollars sayin' it was someone from Compton  
LL was on the side of the kangol, talkin' about his Momma  
Sayin' that if anyone stepped  
They'd get knocked out. He promised  
Watching Butter-Pecan Ricans licking their ice cream  
Ghostface did lines, and Bees that were lime green  
[?], licorice and a dutch  
I hit that shit once and then passed out off the blunt  
I woke up in struggle for breath by Nas  
He said sleep was the cousin of death, my God  
Door busted down and I thought it was the cops  
It was 2Pac saying that he had just gotten shot  
Stood up out the wheel chair said, "Fuck this city."

Grabbed a Cristal bottle, pointed it at Biggie  
Puff jumped up was like "Take that, one"  
The whole party stopped and said  
2Pac left the party with Suge in the 'lac  
Nobody ever thought that 'Pac would never come back  
An hour later Big and Puff left  
Big said he was ready to die, but there'd be life after his death  
Craziest shit I've ever been to, the wildest venue  
But it wasn't over yet, the party must continue  
Yeah, yeah I said continue  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Pink gators, my Detroit players  
Timbs for my hooligans in Brooklyn  
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick  
You know and I know, I flow some old funky shit  
Crucial, lyrical style ain't what it used to  
Microphone check one two

For some, this is where the party began  
Some say it's where the party was crashed  
There was a new room, a new dude named Shady in the Aftermath  
"Hi, my name is, what..." it was that everybody started to want to rap  
Rock fans from the other parties put down their guitar straps  
And started writing their bars on a pad  
The 'burbs were already in the building  
And the media been feeling if another party was on smash  
Pepsi endorsements, Spike, Coca-cola  
Was tellin' the whole world where the party was at  
The line to get in, it wasn't just around the building  
It was around New Zealand and the underground was making chat  
Saying it was wack; remember the art the heart, they taking it back  
But it was too late for that, they started making, scratch the line  
Complaining about the game, was saying it's wack  
Hold up, half the people that were dissing it  
Were half the reason that the party was so big  
And everyone in line was out there trying to get respect  
And then the party got put on the Internet  
Shit  
They bum-rushed the door  
You couldn't move anymore  
There wasn't room on the floor  
And out came the neighbors  
Getting on TV and complaining about the noise  
Bill O'Reilly and Oprah came down and they started hating  
The venue wasn't making money 'cause no one was paying  
Unless you had Lil' Wayne or T-Pain in the room  
Nas came down and said the party was dead  
Somebody lit a match all you heard was a