

MACKLEMORE, GOD'S WILL

Never turn my back on my birthplace
Leave it to my city, making sure that the dirts straight
Leave my kids just enough 'cause I'll fail them the worst way
If I raised some rich spoiled white girls in the first place, yeah
Leave a legacy, one worth remembering
In my robe, looking out on Rome, on the Mezzanine, like
Why creators are the last ones with some equity?
Put myself in a position to pass it to my people

And that's why I'm not settling, more capital than Beverly
Before my grandma died, she saw me on Jeopardy
Still think PJs are too expensive
Still don't make music with people I ain't friends with
Still fuck the industry, and no, I don't mess with
People that my mama wouldn't want to have for breakfast
That's right
The suits, the streams, the snakes, the schemes, the steady

Pursuit of paper over truth and dreams
Loyal to my soil, never change the oil
Kept the motor running, kept my foot up on the gas
And push to start the button
Everything I thought I always wanted, everything it wasn't
Never know that God is everything until you lose sight of Him, yeah
Never know that God is everything until you lose sight of Him

Said it's written on my face, I can't play it off
I got so much on my plate, I can't shake it off
But I'm built for this, I'm built for this
I been staying in my lane, keep my head down
I was losing my faith, but I'm blessed now
God told me, "You built for this"
I know I'm built for this

You weren't supposed to die here
You were supposed to fly here
Look what you built off your imagination
Could've never imagined the places you would've been taken because your ideas
This is in your veins, like where the IV is
My mama's Dodge minivan became my own at 16
Before sixteen ever got you a phone
Maybe when I was 13, 12, 11, who knows

But I was in the back of that motherfucker writing my poems
On shrooms with the busted boombox
Thinking that this special brew and beater, I was Tupac, nah
If I could go back and give that motherfucker advice
I'd say it was already written, boy
Keep living your life
Put everything you got into your truth
That instrument you carry around, that is a tool

The most precious one you'll ever have
There's no shortcuts in the craft
Because the craft is actually just a path to discover you
It can get you pussy, respect, money, fame and
They love to call it, "the game," but please do not get it confused
'Cause that's just the temptation that God is going to put in front of your face
To see how bad you really want the jewel
And you don't run this shit, these are God's words

And when you catch the Holy Spirit, thank God first
Kill the ego, kill the need to keep on pleasing people
Self-centeredness and self-will isn't how God works

We only here for a blink and it's gone
So, what you going to do with the ink you use in your songs?
Regardless of your deal, or the label that you're on
When you die, the Universe already owns them all

That's God's will
It's all God's will