

MACKLEMORE, I NEED

I need two bad bitches and a bag of good weed
Need an 80 inch screen, that's a big TV
I need Addies to stay up, I need Xannies to get sleep
God, give me drugs, all the lean that I can drink

All my haters, suck a dick, rest in peace
And to all the opposition you can come and get me
When I finally do some good, I need everyone to see
But please, I need you to pray for me
Had two whips, put them on gold D's
Saw Lil Baby's, I went and bought 3
Can't fly commercial, that shit ain't luxury
I need duffles, duffles, Louis, Gucci, and Balency
I need shoes, shoes, all 23
Fill the closet, buy them all and I don't even wear these
I need a necklace, I need watches, I need bezels, I need wallets
Need my diamonds to be flawless, matching no canaries
I need more, more, I'll pay whatever fee
Put me on a billboard, face on every magazine
I want it all, run it up, what the fuck is wrong with me?
'Cause I got everything and I still ain't happy

I got everything I need
So why am I falling to my knees?
I got racks on me, money ain't a thing
All I really want is to be free
Look at me, I got everything I need

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Look at me
Look at me

I need a new hairline, I need better abs
My girl a Burkin bag, then BBL her ass
All the homies jealous, I can't trust none of them
So I cut my day ones off like fuck it, keep them coming
I need all new friends, they gotta be famous
Showing everybody that I really fucking made it
I need a new girl, she gotta be a model
Or a rapper, or an actor, or a fucking TikTok-er
But we need to breakup, we need to make it public
I'm going to call her a slut, make a track, "Fuck that dumb bitch"
And I need to rent a yacht, need to go to Miami
Move to Calabasas, get a private bowling alley
And I don't even bowl, but I'ma make a statement
Fuck you mean? I'm going to say it
I need to be the favorite
Saw the NBA players and I'm on Obama's playlist
Fuck a top 5, fuck them all, yep, I'm the greatest
I need love, love, I'm making history
I need paparazzi popping pictures every place I be
I want it all, want it all
The American dream
I got everything and I still ain't happy

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I want to be seen, I want to be loved
I want to be felt, don't want to be judged
I need some healing 'cause I cannot feel it, so pour up another double cup of mud
I do not know who the hell I am, done so many drugs I lost who I was
Every person I let in my circle is secretly lurking and out for blood
I got 40 thousand tucked under my mattress
And a ratchet in case anyone'll figure out the address
Security system in my attic, staring at it
I'm still flexing on the 'Gram just to show 'em that I have it
That's the fucking price of fame
Ain't never going backwards
But none of this is working, where's the purpose in this palace?
Pop a perc 30, girls twerking, just another purchase
Spiritually sick, I didn't even know I was malnourished
Everything is desolate
Botox my forehead, they can't see how stressed I am
Everything I ever wanted, the trinity
Money, power, respect
In the end were the three things that lead me to death