

# MACKLEMORE, Letterhead Remix (feat. Illmaculato)

I've been obsessed with words ever since I was a little buck  
Then I grew bigger and figured drawing pads weren't big enough  
I wanted to use a wall, but in school was taught not to  
And that graffiti was the root of all evil  
It's just letters and making them unnatural shapes  
So clean caps, surgical masks is actually sayin' activate  
To coat our empire  
Liftin' mad cans of paint from Fred Meyer's  
Empty 'em out under bridges and walls of alleyways  
Giving the graff task force a sour taste  
The same flavor that makes haters salivate  
I was more gully as a minor, caught a felony, so nowadays  
I don't struggle to prove nothing to you  
I get a head full of letters, I'm cutting 'em loose  
Up in the booth, cousin, it ain't a gift, it's a habit  
Whether good or bad, I won't regret it when I'm looking back

'Cause I'm a letterhead  
I'm a letterhead  
So don't sweat the technique  
When I represent me; get 'em!

Lunch time, I was tryin' to bring that realness back  
Fuck the lunch line, 'cause I ain't have no skril or scratch  
I was on the way to Fred Meyer's just to fill my bags  
Steppin' in the home improvement section with my sticky hands  
That's why I got these baggy pants: to conceal the stash  
But undercover security can't conceal his badge  
I know every single camera that this building has  
And I racked so many cans that I'm almost feelin' bad  
That's exactly what a bad look ain't  
'Cause it's quite good, like the Backwood taste  
And I never stole a Snickers, but I have took paint  
So, hello, my name is pickers in the blackbook, thanks!  
Shit, I'd be admired if I was tryin' harder  
But I'm a riot starter, beef igniter  
Just a street writer, but I hope to die a martyr  
Freedom fighter, with a stolen Pilot marker

Why you got all that spray paint on your finger tips?  
'Cause I'm a letterhead  
I'm a letterhead  
So don't sweat the technique  
While I represent me

I was just a kid in Seattle, doin' kickflips in a flannel  
With some fat caps, I racked off midget enamels  
In Cali, they rhyme "Shelltoes" with "Melrose"  
My posse was on Broadway, scribin' on the metros  
Gettin' pound by the bus driver — "Hell nah!"  
I was a letterhead, my life was graffiti  
Letters I lived, I put pride in that mean street  
Adventures to your ribs, I'm not goin' to the precinct  
You can buff me, you can cuff me, you can't stop me  
I'm young, cocky, gettin' up with my sharpie  
Michelangelo with the concrete  
That little ball in the paint can  
Was the metronome to my heartbeat  
I put my freedom on the line for the letters on the walls  
Shubu, patriot, flat black up in my palm  
Cherry red in my blood, I bleed the ink through my arms  
It's like America: bombin' buildings and not gettin' caught

Nope, I'm not gettin' caught

'Cause I'm a letterhead  
Yes, I am, I've been tellin' you that  
Don't sweat the technique  
While I'm killin' these beats