

MACKLEMORE, Letterhead Remix (feat. Illmaculatus)

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 skrilla 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