

# MACKLEMORE, Need To Know (feat. Chance Th

Washing out cigarettes in the bathroom  
Should probably only give my opinion when I'm asked to  
I'm really good at telling the half-truth  
But usually only when I have to  
The money doesn't work, the chain doesn't work  
Something broken in my brain, got me praying in the dirt  
Got me stranded in my bed, like I'm laying in the hearse  
And the grass is always greener when you play on AstroTurf  
Wonder why my generation poppin' pills and poppin' Percs  
And got some weed and got some purp  
And got some bars and got some syrup  
And got some Jordan's on my feet  
I went and matched them with my shirt  
And I just Instagrammed them both  
To show you that I got them first  
Got a Louis duffel bag, I got my girl a purse  
I'm tryna find God through a purchase  
I'm not tryna go to church  
Amen, Satan told me not to serve  
I only think about myself  
I only think about my work  
I only think about my come-up: capitalism  
Look at where we come from  
We are what we run from  
We are why we smoke some  
So numb, so numb, so numb

I'ma tell you what you need to know  
I'ma tell you what you need to hear  
'Cause the truth would be too much  
Yeah, the truth would be, yeah, the truth would be  
I'ma tell you what you need to know  
I'ma tell you what you need to hear  
'Cause the truth would be too much  
Yeah, the truth would be, yeah, the truth would be

I cry when she smile with her eyes closed  
I'm already afraid of tight clothes  
Want all her best friends to be white folks  
I scratched out this line so many times, I can't forget it  
It's fucked up, I almost say it every time that I edit  
I swear rapping make it easy to lie  
But secrets don't make it easy to write  
I met the Devil in Manhattan, quickly ended discussion  
I don't need a thing, he warned of repercussions  
But I know he come in all forms, that won't be his last visit  
Time is moving fast and I'm running with a pair of scissors  
Looking in the mirror like, "Damn, that ain't my dad, is it?"  
He handed the torch but he ain't hold my hand in it  
I spent a pretty penny on microphones, mini-midis  
In-ears and CDs, I put the indie in Windy City  
Indian giver, black father, white liar  
Right next to Yeezy like Mike Myers  
Stare at the cue cards, take out the juke parts  
Take out the God references, just leave the cool parts  
I remember opening for Ben, wasn't no liquor at the show  
And now the white girls call me nigga at my show

I wish I could open twice, sit down at the open mic  
Go back to the day before I became famous overnight  
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I'ma tell you what you need to know  
I'ma tell you what you need to hear  
'Cause the truth would be too much  
Yeah, the truth would be, yeah, the truth would be, okay