MACKLEMORE, Need To Know (feat. Chance The C

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 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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