

# MACKLEMORE, Stay At Home Dad

Alright baby girl, let me sing it to you

You're getting your degree, you're going to college  
I'm making music hoping that Kanye puts me on  
But if I don't make it baby, would you be mad at me  
If I just chilled at home as your stay-home daddy?

Come on, I'll make you coffee (coffee), and a bagel (bagel)  
And another bagel (2 bagels)  
Keep on reading that paper, then it's off you go  
Hun you're gonna be late, don't forget your briefcase, drive safe, (peace babe)  
Wake up the kids, toast the toast, put the Raisin Bran up in the bowl  
The toast... did I forget the toast? The toast is toast, damnit I burnt the toast  
Start crying, the kid's like, "Dad what's wrong?" Oh, it's not you, kids  
It's me. I'm just alone... Papa's a little bit stressed out, fuck!  
Feeling so sensitive, I'm going for a latte, see what's popping at pilates  
Hit up my friends like, "Yo what up man, you tryna have a spa day?"  
The fuck? You're a stay-at-home dad... that's not gay!

Ay, ay, ay, ay, you go to work, I'll mow the lawn  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, you make the cheese I'll bring the guac (Nacho Sauce, Spanish)  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, you buy the clothes, I'll take them off JNCOS! FUBU!  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, I'm a stay-at-home dad, this is my job

You go girl, get that promotion  
I'll be on the sofa, collecting unemployment  
Yelling at the TV, watching Maury Povich  
Quit groping that girl, Maury Povich

Who's this Shelly Jones bitch?  
Shit it's 4 o'clock time for Oprah (Oprah)  
The gospel of the Lord, for dads who stay-at-home  
Even though we can't get boners  
We still watch Rachel Ray and Emeril cook lasagna  
Swoopin up the kids from soccer practice (soccer practice)  
Then time for gymnastics, rice crispy treats and wax baggies  
I'm with my kids in the mini-van, listening to NPR  
With the windows down, through the cul-de-sac

Then it's homework, dinner time, set the placemats  
Cook, clean, tuck the rugrats in blankets  
Then I lay you down, pop two Cialis, put on Sting  
And go and quench my palette  
Is that douche, or does your cooch just smell like flowers?  
Your feet are calloused, peppermint towlette  
Jasmine pedicure? Scented oil, homeopathic backrub?  
I am Aladdin, your carpet's magic, your wish has been granted (freaky-deeky)  
I would just like to ride your carpet outside of the palace  
Now keep bringing home the "green" baby, and I'll keep on tossin' the salad

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Ladies and gentlemen, we have been, conditioned to believe  
That we must fit in a role? Brainwashed by Babylon  
Into thinking our role must match our genitalia, hell to the no  
It's men who go to work, and women raise the children, but I know  
The hardest job is maintaining the household  
So I am doing a back-to-back, no tradebacks, with this briefcase  
For 2010, I am staying at home