

## Crew Cuts

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

If it ain't fresh then you ain't gettin' play in my tape deck  
Way back, I used to rock the hat with the suede strap at ABC's  
Bought my food from the Arabs  
Played craps on corners where the OG's slang at  
Cross colors I'm the boss of the playground  
I hit you on the nuts 'cause I know how to play house  
The 8-ounce baby from '84 to grow up  
Cleaner than my Easter suit was with my shoes buffed  
Don't step on my new ones  
These Reeboks beat blocks, you give 'em a few pumps  
Baby while you're at it too boo boo  
She came from a new school and all I wanna do is my zoom zoom  
My uncle stayed faded like crew cuts  
But I was just too young to know the what's-what and the who's-who  
'Round here, they could give a fuck if you got props  
You get clowned for rockin' British Nine to the sock hop

The BK stood for "black kids, " the hood was crackin'  
And Poison was on everybody's tracklist  
Spandex was in fashion, back then  
And bad chicks had tracks in that lasted

Before CD's, and internet the kings was in effect  
You fiends wasn't gettin' respect  
Before MP3s and CD-J's we pop in a tape cassette  
Chain on my chest, I'm fresh

Let's take it back, b-b-b-back to the days of AC/DC Back in Black  
Gimme a mullet, a 1984 Chevrolet  
Alright I'm lyin' I was listenin' to rap

OshKosh B'Gosh, stone wash, so hard  
Overalls hung, one strap on, one off  
Eatin' on my cold lunch, grabbin' on both nuts  
Mom I want a jerry curl; fuck this bowl cut  
Ice cube's got one  
Quick in my walkman  
Blowin' on the cartridge  
Hypercolor: "awesome!"  
Cube's in my pocket and I'm outta here  
I'm bouncin' and Sam Goody's not gettin' shit from my allowance

Day dreamin' in class, know I'm zonin' out and  
Rosie Perez's titties are right where my mouth is  
Who says that white men can't jump? They were hella wrong!  
A'ight they were right, but I was really good at tetherball

Before the days of gettin' drunk at kegs  
We were bumpin' some jodicie and dry-humpin' legs  
That's right: I was born in the '80s  
Pimpin', adventure shined upon my babysitter

House party? crackin.  
Humpty dance? crackin.  
Never find the baby: David Bowie, Labyrinth.  
Why don't you reminisce and bring it back, rap shit  
Dodge caravan, humpin' in the back: classic.

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