

GRIME

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Ah, nah-nah
Ah, nah-nah

Well, I'm an alleycat, some say, "A dirty rat"
On my side, is my gat, but I'm lyin' 'bout that
Still bumpin' Buckshot
Trench coat, all in matte black
Hat with the curls bangin' right out the back
Facts, I dive in
Open eyelids, fuck a silence
Big pharma, rest in piss, and get the Heisman
Look in my iris, see the trips where I been
Anti pill bottle, pro psilocybin
Still buyin' bootleg Gucci from China
Donate most but still throw it on consignment
Red carpet, Jeff Goldblum's behind us
And they ain't got a clue that these ain't real diamonds

Don't turn me back to the old me
Backpack, rappin' and battlin' back in Oly
I was studyin' the Carter one right after '03
Marinara, brick oven on the terrace, with the goat cheese
You flatbread from Panera, don't approach me
Coasting
David Blaine on that beat, floating
OGs, don't make a mothafucker OD
That outfit, that's a "No" for me
If you gonna to do drugs, I can suggest some
But I wouldn't spend that much of your money on Codeine
I ain't judgin', enjoy your life
But that shit is killin' people and it's overpriced
Hit the club, get the bag
Man, I know that's right
But let me teach you youngbloods how to hold the mic, I'm older, right?
Never had a poltergeist and still slap a rapper like a white Dolemite, ah

I black out, stage dive right into the crowd
I never tap out, and I ain't workin' for a fucking suit, so don't ask now
That's why I always speak my mind and never back down
Since Pac was behind Shock, up in the background
Shh, shh, shh, watch the cops
Started to rap because I cannot pop and lock
Went from sellin' Nicks in a knot in my sock
To sellin' out arenas where the Knicks throw up shots

Goddamn, that's a hell of a come up
European festival money, that's a hell of a summer
I remember they were sayin' I'd be a one-hit wonder
Forty platinum later, boy, they were wrong 'bout the number, nah-nah
I'm so focused, the pen is so potent
The beachfront look like I own the whole ocean
Pull up in that, skrrt skrrt, the door opens
The mink coat, draggin' on the floor, I ain't even notice
These rappers so emotive
Grown men emoji
Face cryin' all on their socials
And I ain't hatin', I guess I'm just old school

We suppress feelings and scrapped right after homeroom
Old gold, OJ, and some cold shrooms
20 ounce of Faygo to go with the soul food
Look what I made off of Protools
Still remind pops, "Awe, man, yeah, I told you"

Ooh-wee