

# MACKLEMORE, GRIME

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 Protocols  
Still remind pops, "Awe, man, yeah, I told you"

Ooh-wee

