## MACKLEMORE, I NEED

I need two bad bitches and a bag of good weed Need an 80 inch screen, that's a big TV I need Addies to stay up, I need Xannies to get sleep God, give me drugs, all the lean that I can drink

All my haters, suck a dick, rest in peace And to all the opposition you can come and get me When I finally do some good, I need everyone to see But please, I need you to pray for me Had two whips, put them on gold D's Saw Lil Baby's, I went and bought 3 Can't fly commercial, that shit ain't luxury I need duffles, duffles, Louis, Gucci, and Balency I need shoes, shoes, all 23 Fill the closet, buy them all and I don't even wear these I need a necklace, I need watches, I need bezels, I need wallets Need my diamonds to be flawless, matching no canaries I need more, more, I'll pay whatever fee Put me on a billboard, face on every magazine I want it all, run it up, what the fuck is wrong with me? 'Cause I got everything and I still ain't happy

I got everything I need So why am I falling to my knees? I got racks on me, money ain't a thing All I really want is to be free Look at me, I got everything I need

So why am I falling to my knees?
I got racks on me, money ain't a thing
All I really want is to be free
Look at me
Look at me

I need a new hairline, I need better abs My girl a Burkin bag, then BBL her ass All the homies jealous, I can't trust none of them So I cut my day ones off like fuck it, keep them coming I need all new friends, they gotta be famous Showing everybody that I really fucking made it I need a new girl, she gotta be a model Or a rapper, or a actor, or a fucking TikTok-er But we need to breakup, we need to make it public I'm going to call her a slut, make a track, "Fuck that dumb bitch" And I need to rent a yacht, need to go to Miami Move to Calabasas, get a private bowling alley And I don't even bowl, but I'ma make a statement Fuck you mean? I'm going to say it I need to be the favorite Saw the NBA players and I'm on Obama's playlist Fuck a top 5, fuck them all, yep, I'm the greatest I need love, love, I'm making history I need paparazzi popping pictures every place I be I want it all, want it all The American dream I got everything and I still ain't happy

I got everything I need So why am I falling to my knees? I got racks on me, money ain't a thing All I really want is to be free Look at me, I got everything I need

So why am I falling to my knees?

I got racks on me, money ain't a thing All I really want is to be free Look at me Look at me

I want to be seen, I want to be loved I want to be felt, don't want to be judged

I need some healing 'cause I cannot feel it, so pour up another double cup of mud

I do not know who the hell I am, done so many drugs I lost who I was

Every person I let in my circle is secretly lurking and out for blood

I got 40 thousand tucked under my mattress

And a ratchet in case anyone'll figure out the address

Security system in my attic, staring at it

I'm still flexing on the 'Gram just to show 'em that I have it

That's the fucking price of fame

Ain't never going backwards

But none of this is working, where's the purpose in this palace?

Pop a perc 30, girls twerking, just another purchase Spiritually sick, I didn't even know I was malnourished

Everything is desolate

Botox my forehead, they can't see how stressed I am

Everything I ever wanted, the trinity

Money, power, respect

In the end were the three things that lead me to death