

# MACKLEMORE, I Said Hey

The first time I heard Digital Underground I was in the first grade  
My homie, Lace, brought it over and he dubbed it on a mixtape  
I would do the Humpty Hump and perform to his verses  
12 years later, I learned that Shock G and him were the same person  
I loved Hammer I can't front he taught me how to dance  
Along with Bell Biv DeVoe I had Jay-O's and a pair of zebra pants  
But this was the foundation  
What would come to be a life long passion, journey and drive an MC  
Some people ask me what it means  
I don't know where to start  
It's the deepest connection between my soul and my heart  
When I first stepped to do a cypher in a jam at the park  
I got served no for real I got served  
But see I learned something observed others  
And watched an urge hungered  
Verse studier earned a turn on that block  
I don't care who you are or where you're from or what you believe in  
But if you love hip-hop I bet  
It's more or less for the same reason  
This is it when you spit you exist in that moment  
And if you're sick with that gift you then rip it when you perform it  
Then all the shit that you live begins to lift off your shoulders  
And the audience well they get to experience where your soul is  
The most amazing feeling rocking a crowd to your anthem  
To the front to the back with their motherfucking hands up  
'Cause I'm an MC won't be the first won't be the last  
Just another B-Boy and I'ma die in my stance

If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down  
If you got a record and can crab lay your scratch down  
If you got a marker and a can bomb your art now  
If you got a floor and you're fast kick that ill style  
If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down  
If you got a record and can crab lay your scratch down  
If you got a marker and a can bomb whole damn town  
But if you live for hip-hop don't ever put your hands down

Don't put your hands down keep that shit up  
We're gonna rock it like this  
It goes front back front back front back front come on  
It goes front back front back I said front back  
To my people you know it  
It goes front back front back it goes front back  
Okay, bring it down

Now I don't know if it's the clothes, the hoes or the cars  
That make people rap like they're trapped inside these bars  
This shit ain't complicated, man, just be who you are  
Too busy searching for the light, missing the fact that you're a star  
Now who's got passion? Stand the hell up  
'Cause I wanna hear somebody rapping who's got it inside their cuts  
Now you can get intricate, displaying your fancy cadences  
But if you're not speaking the truth you might as well not be saying shit  
I said "Who's going to teach the kids?"  
You wanna blow up and get famous so you can get some new rims  
All the money in the world can help you look like a star  
But money can't buy you the heart to go and put inside your bars  
And I like nice shit too  
Believe me, I got a closet full of Nikes and whole bunch of Velour suits  
Fitted white Tees and an Icy earrings like the whole youth population of hip-hop  
But look beyond it when I record to these beats  
But if I don't speak me  
What's the difference between my lyrics and what you hearin' on MTV  
People fear that if they're steering away from the mainstream

Then their album won't sell, well, I could give a fuck  
I'm just gonna freestyle and spit what's inside my gut  
And if you want to you can go and label me conscious  
But just remember there's a kid at a bus stop beatboxing  
Whose life's will be affected by what's inside of his Walkman

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