

MACKLEMORE, NO BAD DAYS (feat. Collett)

No bad days, yeah

I think that I'm lucky, I don't got it made
Everything I got could fit inside a suitcase, yeah
They could try to make me quit, yeah
Stay in your lane, you ain't on my road trip and
It's kind of funny, people throwing shade
I'm just doing me, I don't got no bad days, yeah
They could try to make me quit, yeah
Stay in your lane, yeah, we off that bullshit

Top back, '85, that's the way we like to drive
Doing donuts all the neighbors know us, yeah, we outside
Look alive, the freaks of the city, they come out at night
Fuck a line, Fab Five Freddy, 1989

Time to show off
I'm so Warhol
So sophisticated
Life is bitching, baby
Velvet rope, I'm ducking
Looking regal when I come in
And the peacoat, it's so London
I'll be leaving with a duchess, ah
New city, fuck it up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Here for one night, stay a month (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Spent my whole life on a bus (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Show time, run it up

Nobody want to say "Goodbye"
We just want to stay up, that's right
Don't got to say "Goodnight"
If you never wake up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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Truck stop, gas station, always up to something
Highway 99 and we getting money
Desk job, cubical, nah, it wasn't for me
Rather crash and burn, go hella hard and live to tell my story
Bon fires
Running around the woods, you know we pulling all nighters
And I'm a dreamer with my people, bunch of songwriters
Oh yeah, we up now, sun down
Karaoke singing oldies out at some lounge

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If you never wake up (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

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Wee ohh
Wee ohh
Wee ohh
Wee ohh