

# MACKLEMORE, NXNW Remix

Now we live from the side of the last of the four corners  
Just short of the northern international border  
Was born a town upon the pond that all the people call The Sound  
It's time to call 'em out, you standin' up or fallin' down?  
Saba dug inside a crate and Jake responded, he was on it  
We interpreted the sample canceled  
The opportunist on the corner acting stupid  
We plotting to take it back  
The crying and dedication on Gentrification Ave  
No imitation of way back, preservationist rap  
We honor the past maybe to move it toward the future  
From fresh tracks to emerald street, it's foundation  
And Mr. Anthony Grey paved the way and now we chase him  
But they didn't have the patience to place it as a priority  
Herbs and haters never have served the greater majority  
Words will never capture the glory of our story  
Performing but never forgetting who came before me  
In the northwest, northwest, northwest, north west

I'm from the city where it rains at  
Where we bring the pain at  
Put you lame cats where the lames at  
We fly, we fresh, we hood  
And in the northwest, Seattle  
I'm good with that nonsense  
See I'm on everything constant  
So you better ask him who I'm is  
The lost city is the last one standing  
We came through the forks so the crown we demand it

The town is enhancing at the current date and time  
And in the state of refinement definitive way to climb  
When it's sink or swim  
You want to test us? Better think again  
Going hard 'til we reach the end  
One day at a time I just move faster, I just move forward, I just move past ya  
This is a new chapter from here on after  
206 north by northwest we...

I'm from the city of rain and we came to spit flame  
But come equipt with many mix that could solicit your dame  
I'm kind of sick with it mane  
I'm from the city where you probably find 'em twisted in chain  
I keep it natural that's the name  
I love my town so damn much I never change  
But I will speak to you through rhythms and over melodies  
Travel the Emerald City with visions that you'll never see  
And clowns that front ain't worth my energy  
So here's the remedy

Northwest, northwest, northwest, northwest

I was that kid on 23rd and Alder  
With the ghetto blast that got jacked, ran and told my mama  
Came back, quarterback, playing Steve Largent  
With lines and stay on your mind like Brian Bosworth  
Aw heck no, this the best coast  
Since Vita was ridin' rays on the metro  
One radio station they're really not playing it  
We need Kube like we need to build another stadium  
From Chop to Showbox to the spots that we playin' at  
We rock it like this rock, rock turn it hella quickly  
There really isn't anything that you could tell my city  
The crowds gonna be like "Oh wow that was hella filthy" (That was hella filthy though)

I brought my shelltoes with me long-ass march, but the clientele's listening  
Now while I'm at it I'll throw in a backpack  
Put the northwest on the map, then go out and sell fifty

Anybody contest, North by Northwest  
And it's still no rest 'cause we're not finished yet  
We're broke, but not broken  
Cold, but not frozen  
Lost but not forgotten, we're kickin' the doors open

Anybody contest, North by Northwest  
And it's still no rest 'cause we're not finished yet  
We're broke, but not broken  
Cold, but not frozen  
Movin' in slow motion, it's that Northwest classic