

# MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Jimmy Iovine (f

I put my life on the line  
I roll them dice and I'm fine  
'Cause all I ever dreamt about was makin' it  
They ain't giving it, I'm taking it

I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it  
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it  
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it  
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shit

Steal myself a record deal  
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If I just went in and stole it the police would've noticed  
Gotta be strategic, creep it, go in, leave without motive  
Hold up, my plan is forming, alright, casing this building  
Watch these rappers that rap and walk in and leave out with millions (millions)  
Headed in sweating, open that front door  
"Interscope" printed out right by the entrance door closes  
Not a metaphor, then I start towards  
That front desk right where you check in  
Dressed in a uniform, acting like a janitor  
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?  
Bloodthirsty for the money like a bull  
Looking in the eyes of the matador (fuck you!)  
Carrying 2 cans of paint  
Security looks at me awkward  
I say, "Third floor. I'm late"  
Paintin' Jimmy Iovine's office  
Holding my breath 'bout to faint  
I'm scared to death that he stops me  
Heart beating so loud that you can hear the echo in that lobby  
And see I'm breaking down if I don't make it out  
Then I'm leaving town with that contract  
And I'm spazzing out, grabbing an A and R out  
His chair and I'm taking him hostage  
I don't give a fuck, step into the elevator press three  
Now I'm headed up (heist!)  
What they don't know there's a gun in the paint can  
And I'm ready and willing to bust 'em, I'm fucking desperate  
Stuck in this recession now what you think  
If I could get signed my life is destined  
My future depends on ink  
And secretary at the front of the entrance staring right at me  
I walk up she whispers "Go ahead", and then gives me a wink

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Made it past security, the secretary, the cubicles  
But it's weird, it's like this room I've walked into is unusual  
Thought it'd be shiny and beautiful  
Thought it'd be alive and like musical  
But it feels like someone died, it's got the vibe of a funeral  
There's numbers on a chalkboard  
CDs boxed in cardboard

Artists that flopped, that got dropped and never got to be sophomores

Graphic designers are sitting around  
Waiting for albums that never come out  
Complainin' that they have nobody in house  
Wonderin' what they make art for  
I start thinking, am I in the right place?  
Just walk forward, see plaques on the wall  
Oh, yeah, in a second those will be all yours

Finally see an office with a mounted sign, heaven-sent  
Big block silver letters, read it out loud, "President" (heist!)  
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and jet  
Right then felt a cold hand grab on the back of my neck

He said, "We've been watching you. So glad you could make it  
Your music, it's so impressive, and this whole brand you created  
You're one hell of a band, we here think you're destined for greatness  
And with that right song we all know that you're next to be famous

Now I'm sorry. I've had a long day. Remind me now what your name is?  
That's right, Macklemore, of course, today has been crazy  
Anyway, you ready? We'll give you a hundred thousand dollars  
After your album comes out we'll need back that money that you borrowed"  
– Mm-hm. So it's really like a loan  
– A loan? Come on, no  
"We're a team, 360 degrees, we will reach your goals  
We'll get a third of the merch that you sell out on the road  
Along with a third of the money you make when you're out doing your shows  
Manager gets 20, booking agent gets 10  
So shit, after taxes you and Ryan have 7% to split  
That's not bad, I've seen a lot worse  
No one will give you a better offer than us"  
"Mm-hm," I replied, "I appreciate the offer, thought that this is what I wanted  
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting fucked"