

MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Victory Lap

Now they say, "Don't forget where you come from
Don't die holding on to your words
'Cause you know, that you got a whole world to change
But understand who you gotta change first"

And I was like "Fuck that", humility bust back
I remember the days with nothing but a bus pass
I was just a little shorty just hoping that I could find a bum to buy a 40 for me
And have enough for a bud sack
Yeah, and I dance on that instrumental
Unorthodox like Basquiat with the pencil
Gimme a microphone and a beat box I could vent to
Music the only medium that I could find myself through
Recluse, sipping on some lean I would let loose
Looking in the mirror, watching myself lose
Cleaned up in '08, got a job making barely minimum wage
To get into that page
Hit the road with RL, performing in front of 8 people
And that shit will check your ego
About around that time I'm watching that EP go
From nothing to getting us booked around the country
I know no limits, life can change in an instant
8 people turn into sold-out shows in a minute
Now watching my pops in the back row grinning
With his glass up to my mom, toasting his Guinness

And we on (we on)
Good music, it lies in the ambiance
One day we'll leave here
But these words live on
'Til then, we keep on making the songs

So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
Put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)

I remember that Freshman edition
Last year thinking to myself like
Yeah, nah, I won't win it yet, I probably won't get it, but
I'ma give it everything, play my position
The next 11 months I gave it all everything I had in me
Left blood, sweat, tears in every goddamn city
No label, no deal, no publicist, indie
Just music that connected and fans that rode with me
Throw me a gold mine, and a co-sign
While you're riding a couple dope rides
2 women, both dimes
Not gonna lie, that shit sounds so nice
But I got creative control and my soul's mine
I wouldn't trade it, maybe I'm crazy
I put on for my city
Seattle that raised me
Rule four-thousand-and-eighty, it's really not changing
Now a days make good music, the people are your label

So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
Put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)
So put 'em up, up up, up up (so high)

Oh my God, feels like a victory lap
Can I have that moment
Can I talk my shit

And they say, "Don't forget where you come from
Don't die holding on to your words
'Cause you know that you got a whole world to change
But understand who you gotta change first"

Put 'em up, up up, up up
Up, up up, up up
Put 'em up, up up, up up

Macklemore, Ryan Lewis, we're out

Put 'em up, up up, up up
Up, up up, up up
Up, up up, up up (so high)