Firebreather (feat. Reignwolf)

Macklemore

[Intro: Macklemore]
Got a Guns N' Roses T-shirt, and never listened to the band
Just being honest, I just thought that shit looked cool
Hold up, do you know who I am?[Verse 1: Macklemore]
Turn the block to Woodstock
Retire? Don't think that I could stop
Jet-ski the way I ride the beat
And fuck your wave, I'ma die knowing that I did me
I got some words and I cannot let them die in me
This is arena status
Our bones end up in the ground, does it even matter?
Make some good music, get what you put in
Get out and go and leave the planet
Now what the hell did you think this is?
We're born, we're dying, in-between we live
Love, prosper, hands to the sky, catch a gospel
Roll the dice, nah, I ain't betting on tomorrow
Chain looking like Orion's Belt
Jacket looking something like a lion pelt
Had to take a break and find myself
They put me in a box by myself
The same writers criticizing my rhymes
Are the same writers that I gentrify in Bed-Stuy
I can't even see the hate, I should probably check my eyes
I got 50,000 phones pointed at me in the sky
[Pre-Chorus: Reignwolf]
Between a rock and a hard place
Cold blunted with a stone face
Firebreather, firebreather
Born under a blood moon
But the sun is coming up soon
Firebreather, firebreather[Chorus: Reignwolf]
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire
Firebreather, firebreather
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire
Firebreather, yeah, firebreather
[Verse 2: Macklemore]
What the fuck you think I'm doing it for?
Hungry like it's my rookie year, and I'm new to the sport

The game is tied up, they looking at you in the fourth
Do you take the shot or pass it, this is ten-thousand hours
And I'm working on my Master's, liabilities, and assets
And I'm showing up to practice, shooting early, getting baskets
There's no father to my style, I'm just a freckle-faced bastard
An animal in the jungle, running, hunting with a habit (woo)
Abracadabra that motherfucker is magic
It's '81 and Madonna is on me dancing
I'm sorry momma, I got it, I know I should mind my manners
I'd probably go double-platinum if I could think of an ad-lib
I'm jazz Prince, I rap a lot
I grew up on Scarface, now Brad's my dawg (woo)
Irish goodbye, sayonara and we mobbin'
Put the nail in the coffin, motherfucker, I'm on one[Pre-Chorus: Reignwolf]
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