

# Victory Lap

## Hostage Calm

And they say, "Don't forget where you come from  
Don't die holding on to your words  
Cause you know you got a whole world to change  
But understand who you got to 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 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  
Give me 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  
And I'm watching my pops in the back row grinning  
With his glass up to my mom, toasting this Guinness And we on (we on)  
Good music, it lies in the ambiance  
When we leave here  
Will these words live on  
Till 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  
Yah, nah, I won't win it yet  
Probably won't get it, but I'm gonna give it everything  
Play my position  
The next 11 months I gave it all everything I had left in me  
Left blood, sweat, tears in every god damn 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 souls mine  
I wouldn't trade it, maybe I'm crazy  
I put on for my city  
Seattle that raised me  
Rule 4080, 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)  
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 you got a whole world to change  
But understand who you got to change first"  
Put 'em up, up up, up up  
Up, up up, up up  
Up, up up, up up  
Macklemore, Ryan Lewis, Seattle  
Put 'em up, up up, up up  
Up, up up, up up (so high)

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