Jimmy Iovine

Macklemore

I put my life on the line
I roll that dice and I'm fine
Cuz all I ever dreamt about was making it
They ain?t giving it, I?m taking it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I need all that shit
If I just went in and stole it
The police would?ve noticed
Gotta be strategic, I?m creepin?
Go and leave with that motive
Hold up, my plan is stormin?
All right, casin? this building
Watch these rappers step back
And walk in and leave that with millions
Cut of that sweater, open that front door
"Interscope" printed out by the entrance door closes
Not metaphor, then I start chorus
That part, that?s right, meaning shotgun
Dressed in an uniform, looking like a janitor
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?
Bloodthirsty and I?m eatin? 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
Painting Jimmy Iovine's office
And my breath ?bout to faint
I?m scared to death that he stops me
Heart beating so loud you can hear the echo in that lobby
And see I break it down if I don?t make it out
Then I?m leaving town with that contract
And I?m spazzing out, cover the in or out
This chair and I?m picking them hostages
I don?t give a fuck, step into the elevator press three
Now I?m headed up (nice!)
Where 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 not what you think
But if I get out my luck is destined
My future, depends on ink
And secretary at the front of the entrance staring right at me
I walk out, she whispers go ahead and then gives me a wink
I put my life on the line
I roll the dice and I?m fine
Cuz all I ever dreamt about was making it

They ain?t giving it, I?m taking it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I ain?t giving it
I?m taking it, taking it, I need all that shit
If I pass security, the secretary, the cubicals
But it?s weird, it?s like this room I?ve walked into is unusual
Better be styli and beautiful
Better be alive and like musical
But it feels like someone died, it?s got the vibe of a funeral
These numbers on the chalkboard
CDs boxed in cardboard
All these the blocks 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 the house
Wonderin? what they make art for
I start thinking, am I in the right place? Just walk towards
See plaques on the wall
Oh yea, in a second those will be all yours
Finally see an office with a melted sign, heaven sent
Big block silver letters, read it out loud: President
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and jack
I can feel 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 in this whole band you created
You 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

So it?s really like a loan?
Alone? 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 the third of the money you make when you?re out doing your show
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
I replied I appreciate the offer, though that this is what I wanted
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting fucked

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/