

I Said Hey

Macklemore

Yo, the first time I heard Digital Underground I was in the first grade
My homie Lace brought it over and he dubbed it on a mixtape
I would do the Humpty Hump and perform to his verses
Twelve years later I learned that Shock-G and him were the same person
I loved Hammer, I can't front he taught me how to dance
Along with Bel Biv Devoe I had Jay Ohs and a pair of zebra pants
But this was the foundation of what would come to be
A life long passion journey and drive; an emcee
Some people ask me what it means, I don't know where to start
It's the deepest connection between my soul and my heart
When I first stepped into a cipher and a jam in the park
I got served, no for real I got served
But see I learned something
Observed others and watched
An urged hunger burst, earned a turn at that park.
I don't care who you are, where you're from or what you believe in
But if you love hip hop I bet it's more or less for the same reason
This is it when you spit you exist in that moment
And if you're sick with that gift then you rip it when you perform it
Then all the shit that you live begins to lift up your shoulders
And the audience well they get to experience where your soul is
The most amazing feeling, rocking the crowd to your anthem
From the front to the back with their motha fuckin' hands up
'Cause I'm an emcee, won't be the first won't be the last
Just another b-boy and I'm a die in my stance
If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down
If you got a record and can crab lay a scratch down
If you got a marker and a can bomb your art now
If you got a floor and you're fast kick that I'll style
If you got a pen and a pad put your heart down
If you got a record and can crab lay a scratch down
If you got a marker and a can bomb the whole damn town
But if you live for hip hop don't ever put your hands down
Don't put your hands down, keep that shit up
We're goin' to rock it like this, do this with me
It goes front, back
Front, back
Front, back
Front, come on
It goes front, back
Front, back
I said front, back
To my people you know it
Now I don't know if it's the clothes, the hoes, or the cars

That makes people rap like they're trapped inside of these bars
This shit ain't complicated man just be who you are
To busy searching for the light and missing the fact that you're a star
Now who's got passion now stand the hell up
'Cause I want to hear somebody rapping who's got it inside their cuts
Or you can get intricate displaying your fancy cadences
But if you're not speaking the truth you might as well not be saying shit
I said who's going to teach the kids?
You'd rather blow up and get famous so you can get some new rims
All the money in the world can help you look like a star
But money can't buy you the heart to go and put inside your bars
And I like nice shit too
Believe me, I got a closet full of Nikes and a whole bunch of Lenore suits
They'll give you the white tees and the icy earring like the whole youth,
Population of hip hop but look beyond it when I record through,
These beats 'cause if I don't speak me
What's the difference between my lyrics and what you hearin' on MTV
People fear that if they're steering away from the mainstream
Then their album won't sell
Well I could give a fuck
I'm just goin' to freestyle and spit what's in my gut
And if you want to you can go and label me conscious
But remember there's a kid at a bus stop beat boxin'
Who's life will be effected by what's inside of his Walkman
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