

B-Boy

Macklemore

(Intro)

Ladies and Gentlemen

This an ode to the b-boy, b-girls,
the people out there who do it for the love
and believe me i'm not dissin' anybody out there who's trying to get paid,

i'm trying to get paid too

but I got one question(Verse I)

whatever happened to the heart

that pumped the passion into the art

the entity that gave you the energy to wanna start

break dancin', imma battling doing it at the park

where the mission was expression not only to top charts

i dont know what happened wanting to blow rap

you lose soul and passion for the flows and the tracks

Radio's lackin', controlled by Fascists assholes doin' damage

But we're gunna take it back

before beats to a hundred g's a pop

All you needed was a table top and a beat box

Hip-hop with out the b-boy is like shelltoes only havin' two stripes Hip-hop we're freedom-fighting graffiti-
writing party types,

that recite and organize and revitalize our rhymin till the group of the money makers systems knows the
industry can eventually get served.

breakers of my verses spinning up a revolutions throughout our words

if you really want it come on get it coz i've got it

coz im honestly paying homage to forgotten pioneers of this culture that are giving them props and learn.[not
finished]

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