

Otherside

Macklemore

He rolled up, asked him what he was sippin' on
He said lean, You want to hit it, dawg?
That's the same stuff
Weezy's sippin' huh?
And tons of other rappers that be spittin' hard
Yup yup five a bone
When he passed him that styrofoam the easter pink,
heard it in a rhyme before
Finally got to see what all the hype was on
And then he took a sip, sittin' in the Lincoln thinkin' he was pimpin' as he listen to the system
Little did he know that it was just as addictive as base
Not the kind of hit from the kick drum
Hot box, let the base bump
Take it to the face, gulp
Months later the use went up
Every blunt was accompanied by the pink stuff
But Goddamn he loved that feelin'
Purple rain coated in the throat
Just so healin'
Medicine alleviate the sickness
Liquid affix and it comes with a cost
Wake up, cold sweat, scratchin', itchin'
Trying to escape the skin that barely fit him
Gone, get another bottle just to get a couple swallows
Headed towards the bottom couldn't get off it
Didn't even think he had a problem
Though he couldn't sleep without gettin' nauseous
Room spinnin', thinkin' he might of sipped
just a little bit too much of that cough syrup
His eyelids closed shut
Sat back in the chair clutchin' that cup
Girlfriend came and a couple hours later said his name shook him but he never got up
He never got up, he never got up
We live on the cusp of death thinkin' that it won't be us
It won't be us, it won't be us, it won't be us
Nah, it won't be us
Now he just wanted to act like them
He just wanted to rap like him

Us as rappers underestimate the power and the effects that we have on these kids

Blunt passed, ash in a tin, pack being pushed, harassed by the feds
The fact of it is most people that rap like this talkin' about some shit they haven't lived

Surprise, you know the drill

Trapped in a box, declined record sales

Follow the formula violence, drugs, and, sex sells

So we try to sound like someone else

This is not Californication

There's no way to glorify this pavement

Syrup, Percocet, and an eighth a day will leave you broke, depressed, and emotionally vacant

Despite how Lil Wayne lives

It's not conducive to being creative

And I know 'cause he's my favorite

And I know 'cause I was off that same mix

Rationalize the shit that I'd try after I listen to dedication

But he's an alien, I'd sip that shit, pass out or play Playstation

Months later I'm in the same place

No music made, feeling like a failure

And trust me it's not dope to be 25 and move back to your parent's basement

I've seen my people's dreams die

I've seen what they can be denied

And "weeds not a drug" - that's denial

Groundhog Day life repeat each time

I've seen Oxycontin take three lives

I grew up with them, we used to chief dimes

I've seen cocaine bring out the demons inside

Cheatin' and lyin'

Friendship cease, no peace in the mind

Stealin' and takin' anything to fix the pieces inside

Broken, hopeless, headed nowhere

Only motivation for what the dealer's supplying

That rush, that drug, that dope

Those pills, that crumb, that roach

Thinkin' I would never do that, not that drug

And growing up nobody ever does

Until your stuck, lookin' in the mirror like I can't believe what I've become

Swore I was goin' to be someone

And growing up everyone always does

We sell our dreams and our potential

To escape through that buzz

Just keep me up, keep me up

Hollywood here we come

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