

Thrift Shop (Bart Baker Electro Swing Remix)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Hey Macklemore can we go thrift shopping What what what what (x2) Bada, badada, badada, bada... [x9][Hook:]

I'm gonna pop some tags

Only got twenty dollars in my pocket

I - I - I'm hunting, looking for a come-up

This is fucking awesome[Verse 1:]

Nah, Walk up to the club like, "What up, I got a soda pop

I'm so pumped about some shit from the thrift shop

Ice on the fringe, it's so damn frosty

That people like, "Damn! That's a cold ass honkey."

Rollin' in, hella deep, headin' to the mezzanine,

Dressed in all pink, 'cept my gator shoes, those are green

Draped in a leopard mink, girls standin' next to me

Probably shoulda washed this, smells like R. Kelly's sheets

(Piiisssss)

But shit, it was ninety-nine cents! (Bag it)

Coppin' it, washin' it, 'bout to go and get some compliments

Passin' up on those moccasins someone else's been walkin' in

But me and grungy fuckin it man

I am stuntin' and flossin' and

Savin' my money and I'm hella happy that's a bargain, bitch

I'ma take your grandpa's style, I'ma take your grandpa's style,

No for real - ask your grandpa - can I have his hand-me-downs? (Thank you)

Velour jumpsuit and some house slippers

Dookie brown leather jacket that I found diggin'

They had a broken keyboard, I bought a broken keyboard

I bought a skeet blanket, then I bought a kneeboard

Hello, hello, my ace man, my Mello

John Wayne ain't got nothing on my fringe game, hell no

I could take some Pro Wings, make them cool, sell those

The sneaker heads would be like "Aw, he got the Velcros"[Hook x2][Verse 2:]

What you know about rockin' a wolf on your noggin?

What you knowin' about wearin' a fur fox skin?

I'm digging, I'm digging, I'm searching right through that luggage

One man's trash, that's another man's come-up

Thank your granddad for donating that plaid button-up shirt

'Cause right now I'm up in her stuntin'

I'm at the Goodwill, you can find me in the (Uptons)

I'm not, I'm not sick of searchin' in that section (Uptons)

Your grammy, your aunty, your momma, your mammy

I'll take those flannel zebra jammies, second-hand, I rock that motherfucker
The built-in onesie with the socks on that motherfucker
I hit the party and they stop in that motherfucker
They be like, "Oh, that Gucci - that's hella tight."
I'm like, "Yo - that's fifty dollars for a T-shirt."
Limited edition, let's do some simple addition
Fifty dollars for a T-shirt - that's just some ignorant bitch (shit)
I call that getting swindled and pimped (shit)
I call that getting tricked by a business
That shirt's hella dough
And having the same one as six other people in this club is a hella don't
Peep game, come take a look through my telescope
Tryna get girls from a brand? Man you hella won't
Man you hella won't(Goodwill... poppin' tags... yeah!)[Hook][Bridge:]
I wear your granddad's clothes
I look incredible
I'm in this bigg ass
coat
From that thrift shop down the road
I wear your granddad's clothes (Damn right)
I look incredible (now come on man)
I'm in this big ass coat (big ass coat)
From that thrift shop down the road (let's go)[Hook](Little Girl: is that your Grandma's coat hahaha ?)

Songwriters

BEN HAGGERTY, RYAN S LEWISPublished by

Lyrics Â© KOBALT MUSIC PUBLISHING LIMITED, Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>