BomBom

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I put my life on the line
I roll them dice and I'm fine
Cause all I ever dreamt about was makin' it
They ain't giving it, I'm taking itI'm taking it, taking it, They ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, They ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, They ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shit(Steal myself a record deal.
Steal myself a record deal.
Steal myself a record deal.)
If I just went in and stole it the police would've noticed
Gotta be strategic, creeping, go in, leave with that motive
Hold up, my plan is forming, alright, case in this building
Watch these rappers that rappin' walk in and leave out with millions (millions)
Headed in and sway there, open that front door
Interscope printed out right by the entrance door closes
Not a metaphor, then I start towards
That front, that's right, where you check in
Dressed in an uniform, acting like a janitor
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?
Bloodthirsty for the money 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,
Paintin' Jimmy Iovine's office
Holding my breath 'bout to faint
I'm scared to death that he stops me
Heart beating so loud that you can hear the echo in that lobby
And see I'm breaking 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
His chair and I'm taking him hostage
I don't give a fuck, step into the elevator press three
Now I'm headed up (Heist!)
What they don't know is a gun in the paint can
And I'm ready and willing to bust 'em, I'm fucking desperate
Stuck in this recession now what you think
But if I could get signed my luck is destined
My future depends on ink

And secretary at the front of the entrance staring right at me
I walk up she whispers go ahead and then gives me a wink
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I'm taking it, taking it, They ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shitI made past security, the secretary, the cubicles
But it's weird, it's like this room I've walked into is unusual
Thought it would be shiny and beautiful
Thought it would be alive and like musical
But it feels like someone died, it's got the vibe of a funeral
There's numbers on a chalkboard
CDs boxed in cardboard
Artists that flopped, that got dropped and never got to be sophomoresGraphic designers are sitting around
Waiting for albums that never come out
Complainin' that they have nobody in house
Wonderin' what they make art for
I start thinking, am I in the right place?
Just walk forward, see plaques on the wall
Oh yea, in a second those will be all yoursFinally see an office with a mounted sign, heaven sent
Big block silver letters, read it out loud: President (nice!)
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and jet
Right then felt a cold hand grab on the back of my neckHe said: we've been watching you, so glad you could make it
Your music, it's so impressive in this whole brand you created
You're 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 famousNow 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 (mm-hm)
- So it's really like a loan.
- A loan? Come on, no!
We're a team, 360 degrees, we will reach your goals!
You'll get a third of the merch that you sell out on the road
Along with a third of the money you make when you're out doing your shows
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 (mm-hm)
I replied I appreciate the offer, thought that this is what I wanted
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting fucked
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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