

Jimmy Iovine

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

(CHORUS)

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 aint givin it i'm takin it,i'm takin it, (takin it)they aint givin it i'm takin it (takin it)x4i need all that shit

.....
(steal myself a record dealx4)If i just went in and stole it, the police woulda noticed,gotta be strategic, creep in, go and leave with that motive,hold-up, my plan is formin, alright, casin' this buildin,watch these rappers that rap and walk in and leave out with millions,(Millions) headin in sweatin, open that front door,interscope printed out

right by the entrance,door closes, not a metaphor, then i start towards that front desk right when you check in,dressed in a uniform, actin like a janitor, all blue jumpsuit (rush you)blood-thirs-ty for the money like a bull, lookin in the eyes of a matador FUCK YOU,carryin two cans a paint, security looks at me akward,i said third floor i'm late, paintin jimmy iovine's office,holdin my breath bout to faint,i'm scared to death that he stops me,heart beatin so loud that you can hear the echo in that lobby, and see i'm breakin down, if i don't make it out,then i'm leavin town with that contract, and now i'm spazzin out, grabbin the A&R out his chair and i'm takin him hostage,i don't give a fuck,step into the elevator press three now i'm headed up (heist)what they down

know, there's a gun in the paint can and i'm ready and i'm willin to bust,i'm fuckin desprate, stuck in this recession not what you think,if i could sign, my luck is destined, my future depends on ink,(Ink)secretary at the front of the entrance starin right at me,i walk up she whispers go ahead and then gives me a wink,

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.....went in past security, the secretary, the cubicles, but it's weird it's like this room i've walked into is unusual,thought it'd be shiny and beautiful,thought it'd be alive and like

musical, but it feels like someone died it's got the vibe of a funeral,(funeral) there's numbers on a chalkboard,cd's boxed in cardboard,artists that flopped, and got dropped and never got to be sophomores,record

designers are sitting around,waiting for albums that never come out,complaining that they have nobody in house,wonderin what they make ART for,i start thinkin, am i in the right place, just walk foward,see plaques on the wall, awwwwwwwww yeaahhhhhh, in a second those'll be all yours,finally see an office with the mounted

sign, heaven sent,big, block, silver letters, read it out loud PRES-I-DENT,this was my chance to grab that contract and turn and jet,right then, felt a cold hand, grab on the back of my neck,he said, "we've been watchin you, so glad you could make it,your music it's so impressive, and this whole band you've 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 famous,now 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 100,000\$,after your album comes out we'll need back that money that you borrowed" (mhm)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" (mhmm)i replied "I appreciate the offer, thought that this is what i wanted,rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting fucked.."

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