

# I Said Hey

## Macklemore

Yo, the first time I heard digital underground I was in the first grade  
My homie, Lace brought it over and he dubbed it on a mix tape  
I would do the humpty hump and performed to his verses  
Twelve years later I learned that Shock G and him were the same person  
I loved him, I can't front, he taught me how to dance  
Along the bell with the bow, I had J-O's and a pair of zebra pants

This was the foundation, what would come to be  
I like law and passion, journey and drive and M.C  
Some people asked me what it means,  
I don't know where to start, it's the deepest connection between my soul and my heart  
When I first stepped into a cipher and jam in the park, I got served, nah for real, I got served  
See I learned something, observed others, and watched,  
and urged hunger and watched burn on that clock

And I don't care who you are, where you're from, or what you believe in,  
But if you love hip-hop, I bet it's more or less for the same reason  
This is it, cuz when you spit, you exist in that moment  
And if you're sick with that gift, then you rip it when you perform it  
Then all the shit you've been to live begins to lift up your shoulders  
And the audience will then get to experience where your soul is  
The most amazing feeling, rocking the crowd to your anthem  
From the front to the back, with their mother fuckin hands up  
Cuz imma M.C, won't be the first, won't be the last, just another B.Boy and imma die in my stance

If you got a pen and a pad, put your heart down,  
If you got a record, and can grab, lay a scratch down,  
If you got a marker and a can, bomb your art now,  
If you got a floor and you're fast, kill that ill style  
If you got a pen and a pad, put your heart down,  
If you got a record, and can grab, lay a scratch down,  
If you got a marker and a can, bomb the whole damn town,  
But if you live for hip-hop, don't ever put your hands down

Now, I don't know if the clothes, the hoes or the cars that make people rap like their trapped inside of these bars  
This shit ain't complicated man, just be who you are  
Too busy, searching for the light, missing the fact that you're a star  
Now, whose got passion, stand the hell up  
Cuz I wanna hear somebody rapping that's got it inside their cuts  
Now you can get intricate that's playin your fancy games

But if you're not speaking the truth, then you might as well not be sayin shit  
I said, whose gonna teach the kids?  
You'd rather blow up and get famous n get some new rims  
All the money in the world can help you look like a star  
But money can't buy you the heart to put inside your bars  
And I like nice shit too and believe me,  
I gotta closet full of Nike's and a whole bunch of Valor suits  
If it wasn't for the white T's, and the icy earrings, like the old you  
Population of hip-hop but look beyond it when I record too  
These beats, cuz if I don't speak me then what's the difference between my lyrics,  
And what you hearin' on MTV?

People fearin' that if they're steerin' away from the main stream, then their album won't sell, well I could give  
a fuck

I'm jus gonna free style, n spit what's in my gut,  
And if you want to, you can go n label me conscious,  
But remember, there's a kid at a bus stop, beat boxin'  
Whose life will be affected by what's inside of his walk-man

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