

# Firebreather (feat. Reignwolf)

## Macklemore

Got a Guns N Roses t-shirt, and never listened to the band  
Just being honest, I just thought that shit looked cool  
Hold up, do you know who I am? Turn the block to Woodstock  
Retire? Don't think that I could stop  
Jet-ski the way I ride the beat  
And fuck your wave, I'ma die knowing that I did me  
I got some words and I cannot let them die in me  
This is arena status  
Our bones end up in the ground, does it even matter?  
Make some good music, get what you put in  
Get out and go and leave the planet  
Now what the hell did you think this is?  
We born worth dying, in-between we live  
Love, prosper, hands to the sky, catch a gospel  
Roll the dice, nah, I ain't betting on tomorrow  
Chain looking like Orion's belt  
Jacket looking something like a lion pelt  
Had to take a break and find myself  
They put me in a box by myself  
The same writers criticizing my rhymes  
Are the same writers that I gentrify in Bed-Stuy  
I can't even see the hate, I should probably check my eyes  
I got 50,000 phones pointed at me in the sky  
Between a rock and a hard place  
Cold blunted with a stone face  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Born under a blood moon  
But the sun is coming up soon  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire  
Firebreather, yeah, firebreather  
What the fuck you think I'm doing it for?  
Hungry like it's my rookie year, and I'm new to the sport  
The game is tied up, they looking at you in the fourth  
Do you take the shot or pass it, this is ten-thousand hours  
And I'm working on my Master's, liabilities, and assets  
And I'm showing up to practice, shooting early, getting baskets  
There's no father to my style, I'm just a freckle-faced bastard  
The animal in the jungle, running, hunting with a habit (woo)  
Abracadabra that motherfucker is magic

They say he'd want it, Madonna is on me dancing  
I'm sorry mama, I got it, I know I should mind my manners  
I'd probably go double-platinum if I could think of an ad-lib  
I'm jazz Prince, I rap a lot  
I grew up on Scarface, now Brad's my dog (woo)  
Irish goodbye, sayonara and we mobbing  
Put the nail in the coffin, motherfucker, I'm on one  
Between a rock and a hard place  
Cold blunted with a stone face  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Born under a blood moon  
But the sun is coming up soon  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire  
Firebreather, firebreather  
Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire  
Firebreather, yeah, firebreather

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>