

# B-Boy

## Macklemore

Ladies and Gentlemen  
This an ode to the b-boy, b-girls,  
the people out there who do it for the love  
and believe me i'm not dissin' anybody out there who's trying to get paid,  
i'm trying to get paid too  
but I got one question(I)  
whatever happened to the heart  
that pumped the passion into the art  
the entity that gave you the energy to wanna start  
break dancin', imma battling doing it at the park  
where the mission was expression not only to top charts  
i dont know what happened wanting to blow rap  
you lose soul and passion for the flows and the tracks  
Radio's lackin', controlled by Fascists assholes doin' damage  
But we're gunna take it back  
before beats to a hundred g's a pop  
All you needed was a table top and a beat box  
Hip-hop with out the b-boy is like shelltoes only havin' two stripes  
Hip-hop we're freedom-fighting graffiti-writing party types,  
that recite and organize and revitalize our rhyming till the group of the money makers systems  
knows the industry can eventually get served.  
breakers of my verses spinning up a revolutions throughout our words  
if you really want it come on get it coz i've got it  
coz im honestly paying homage to forgotten pioneers of this culture that are giving them props  
and learn.If you wanna earn your stripes  
You gotta be able to rock this mic and set cyphers alike  
The feeling to put in everything you got in the circle  
Will never be documented in the Coke commercial We be the baddest  
Now B-boys, B-girls  
Bring it back to the block  
Lemme see you get ill, for real, pop and lock!  
If you record without thought then stop  
Because I'll serve your whole album with the goddamn beatbox  
Without thought it just happens  
If you gotta think to feel, that's not rapping, that's acting  
I'm from a land of backpacks and fat cats  
MCs with sick raps who serve those that are wack  
It's a way of life  
I put all my energy into the melody  
On the mp3s until the death of me  
Record exceptionally, especially  
Whenever I be monumentally, grammatically, killing the mic

I tell my DJs, cranking that music, keeping 'em moving when the beat plays  
    Staying into it, breaking and grooving, and MCs they  
Thinking that you should always pursue in what their dreams make  
    Taking from lucid  
    All the people gotta make their money  
And the way to make money is to get inside of the industry  
    Take it on the radio, flow  
    So you can go blow, we get a car  
    And a crib up on MTV  
    But in the end what's classic?  
Radio bubblegum? or a voice filled with passion?  
    To my real hip-hop heads, please stand up  
Cause the only people that can preserve this art is us.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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