

B-Boy

Macklemore

Ladies and Gentlemans
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 rhymin 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.

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