

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

"Jimmy Iovine"

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I put my life on the line
I'm on and bassin', I'm fine
Cuz all I ever dreamt about was making it
They ain't giving it, I'm taking it

I'm taking it, taking it, I ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shit

Nobody winnin' this slogurr
The police would've noticed
Gotta be strategic, I'm creepin'
Go and leave with that motive
Hold up, my plan is stormin'
All right, casin' this building
Watch these rappers that rap
And walk in and leave that with millions
Cut of that sweater, open that front door
And it's gold printed out by the entrance door closes
Then a metaphor, then I start chorus
That part, that's right, meaning shotgun
Dressed in an uniform, looking like a janitor
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?
Bloodthirsty and I'm bloody like a bull
Looking in the eyes of the matador (fuck you!)
Carrying 2 cans of paint
Security looks at me awkward
I say third floor I'm late
painting Jimmy Iovine's office
holdin' my breath 'bout to fade
I'm scared to death that he stops me
Heart beating so loud you can hear the echo in that
lobby
And see I'm breakin' down if I don't make it out
Then I'm leaving town with that contract
And I'm spazzing out, I'm either in or out
This chair and I'm taking them hostage
I don't give a fuck, step into the elevator press three
Now I'm headed up (east)
Where they don't know there's a gun I the paint can

And I'm ready and willing to bust 'em, fuck'n desperate
Stuck in this recession not what you think
But if I sell out my luck is destined
Might future depends on ink
And secretary at the front of the entrance staring right
at me
I walk up, she whispers go ahead and then gives me a
wink

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I go past security, the secretary, the cubicals
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
There's numbers on the chalkboard
CD's box, they cardboard
Artists they foxed that got dropped and never got to be
sophomores

Cover designers are sitting around
Waiting for albums that never come out
Complainin' that they have nobody in house
Wonderin' what they make art for
I start thinking, am I in the right place? Just walk
forwards
See clocks on the wall
Oh yea, and the second dose will be all yours

Finally see an office with a melted sign, heaven sent
Big block silver letters, read it out loud: President
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and
jack
Right then felt a cold hand grab on the back of my neck

He said: we've been watching you, so glad you could
make it
Your music it's so impressive and this whole brand you
created
You 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 a hundred thousand dollars
After your album comes out we'll need back that money
that you borrowed
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 it done in the merch that you sell out on the
road
Along with the third of the money you make when
you're out doing your show
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
I replied I appreciate the offer, though that this is what I
wanted
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting
fucked

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