

Macklemore

"B-Boy"

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(Intro)

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

(Verse 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.

[not finished]

