

Macklemore

"Jimmy Iovine"

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[Hook]

I put my life on the line
I roll them dice and I'm fine
Cause all I ever dreamt about was makin' it
They ain't giving it, I'm taking it

I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that sh*t

[Verse 1]

If I just went in this slowly the police wouldn't notice
Gotta be strategic, creepin', go in, leave with that
motive
Hold up, my plan is forming, alright, casing this
building
Watch these rappers that rappin' walk in and leave out
with millions
Cut in and sway there, open that front door
And it's gold printed out right by the entrance door
closes
Then a metaphor, then I start towards
That front, that's right, where you check in
Dressed in an uniform, acting like a janitor
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?
Bloodthirsty for the money like a bull
Looking in the eyes of the matador (f*ck you!)
Carrying 2 cans of paint, security looks at me awkward
I say third floor I'm late, paintin' Jimmy Iovine's office
Holding my breath 'bout to faint
I'm scared to death of that he stops me
Heart beating so loud that you can hear the echo in that
lobby
And see I'm breaking down if I don't make it out
Then I'm leaving town with that contract
And I'm spazzing out, cover the in or out
Loose chair and I'm taking him hostage
I don't give a f*ck, step into the elevator press three
Now I'm headed up (Heist!)
What they don't know is there's a gun in a paint can

And I'm ready and I'm willing to bust 'em, I'm f*cking
desperate
Stuck in this recession not what you think
But if I could get signed my life is destined
My 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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[Verse 2]

If I get past security, the secretary, the cubicals
But it's weird, it's like this room I've walked into is
unusual
Thought it would be shiny and beautiful
Thought it would be alive and like musical
But it feels like someone died, it's got the vibe of a
funeral
There's numbers on a chalkboard, CDs boxed in
cardboard
Artists that flopped, that got dropped and never got to
be sophomores

Graphic 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 forward, see plaques on the wall
Oh yea, in a second those will be all yours

Finally see an office with a mounted sign, heaven sent
Big block silver letters, read it out loud: President
(nice!)
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and
jet
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 gets so impressive in this whole brand you

created
You're 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 a third of the merch that you sell out on the
road
Along with a third of the money you make when you're
out doing your shows
Manager gets 20, booking agent gets 10
So sh*t, 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 (mm-hm)
I replied I appreciate the offer, thought that this is what
I wanted
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting
f*cked

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