

## Macklemore

# "Stay At Home Dad"

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[Intro]

"Alright baby girl, lets sing to it."

[Pre-Verse 1]

You're getting your degree, you're going to college  
I'm making music and hoping that Kanye puts me on  
But if I don't make it baby, would you be mad at me?  
If I just chilled at home as your stay-home-daddy?

[Verse 1]

Come on, I'll make you coffee (coffee), and a bagel (bagel)  
And another bagel (two bagels)  
Keep on reading that paper, then it's off you go  
"Hun, you're gonna be late,  
Don't forget your briefcase, drive safe" ("Peace, babe")  
Wake up the kids, toast the toast, put the Raisin Bran up in the bowl  
The toast.. did I forget the toast?  
The toast is toast, dammit, I burnt the toast  
Start crying, the kid's like, "Dad, what's wrong?"  
"Oh, it's not you, kids, it's just me, I'm alone  
Papa's a little bit stressed out -- oh, fuck!"  
Feeling so sensitive, I'm going for a latte  
See what's popping at pilates  
Hit up my friends like, "Yo, what up man, you trying to have a spa date?  
The fuck? You're a stay at home dad, that's not gay!"

[Hook]

Ay, ay, ay, ay, you go to work, I mow the lawn  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, you make the cheese, I'll bring the guac (nacho sauce, Spanish)  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, you buy the clothes, I'll take them off ("JNCOS! FUBU!")  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, I'm a stay at home dad, this is my job

[Pre-Verse 2]

You go girl, get that promotion  
I'll be on the sofa, collecting unemployment

Yelling at the T.V., watching Maury Povich  
Quit groping that girl, Maury Povich

[Verse 2]

Who is this Jenny Jones bitch?  
Shit, it's four o'clock, time for Oprah (Oprah!)  
The gospel of the Lord, for dads who stay at home  
Even though we can't get boners  
We still watch Rachael Ray and Emeril cook lasagna  
Swooping up the kids from soccer practice (soccer practice)  
Then time for gymnastics, Rice Crispy treats and wax baggies  
I'm with my kids in the minivan, listening to NPR  
With the windows down, through the cul de sac

Then it's homework time, dinner time, set the placemats  
Cook, clean, tuck the rugrats in blankets  
Then I lay you down, pop two Cialis, put on Sting  
And then go quench my palette  
Is that douche, or does your cooch just smell like flowers?  
Your feet are calloused, peppermint towlette  
Jasmine pedicure? Scented oil, homeopathic backrub?  
I am Alladin, your carpet is magic, your wish has been granted  
I would just love to ride your carpet out of the palace  
Now keep on bringing the green, baby, and I'll keep on tossing salad

[Hook]

[Outro]

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have been conditioned to believe we must fit in a role, brainwashed by Babylon. Depicting our role must match our genitalia, hell to the no. It's men who go to work, and women raise the children, but I know the hardest job is maintaining the household, so I am doing a back-to-back, no tradebacks, with this briefcase. For 2010, I am staying at home."

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