

Bolo Tie

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I never won the spelling bee
I could read people's energy
Listen to what have been said to me
Heard the voices in elementary
That I wouldn't amount to anything
Oh girl, she used to beg to me
Like, if we just had a nice house and a mortgage
And a front lawn, and a fucking wedding ring
I danced in Paris, [?]
I swam in oceans, felt the scales
Put my CD in Starbucks, it did not sell
Get the CD out the car, turned it into myself
These piano keys hold some weight
In a bolo tie I escort my date
She ordered shrimp scampi on a porcelain plate
The accordion played, I put my fork in a steak
Afternoons need a coffee boost
Attitude needs a confidence boost
Yeah, I'm sort of the dude
But where's the self-esteem when the costumes removed?
Thanks for the invite, can't make it
I could blame it on a flight to Vegas
But, truth be told, rather not socialize
And go and waste my time with an acquaintance
These relationships need maintenance
Everybody got expectations
Text back, so impatient
Where were you when I was in in-patient?

Motherfucker, you ain't my accountant
You don't know what I'm doing
Focusing on what I'm giving back
Man, make better music
Fuck preaching on top of the mountain
People can see through it
Keeping my name in your mouth, just don't bite
Your tongue while you chew it

Exactly, I got the man of the year
Source magazine was like our Vanity Fair
In a mansion, picking out a chandelier
But got a bone to pick with the man in the mirror
Questioning the purchase while I'm standing there
Questioning the purpose of my rap career
Thinking "Man, what the hell happened here?"
Feels like yesterday in a van packing gear
What am I gonna go and give back this year?
There's a whole lot of struggling rappers here
Want a co-sign and a whole track this year
If you know motherfuckers start acting weird
Lot of backstabbers and some actors here
Lot of has-beens and over-reactors here
I remember laughing and cracking beers
Now I climbed the ladder and you're mad I'm here

Motherfucker, you ain't my accountant
You don't know what I'm doing

Focusing on what I'm giving back
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Keeping my name in your mouth, just don't bite
Your tongue while you chew it
(400)
Motherfucker, I'm gone

Judging me off of my past
You don't see what I'm doing
When I got shot that was headline news
You used me for views, I ain't stupid
Cause what about all the good?
The non-profit for the kids in the hood
That ain't got no option in them shelter homes plotting
Shit, I'm just doing what I should
They must want no one to know
Cause they don't put that on the news bro
They entertained by the culture, they vultures
They suck us like leaches 'til we broke
But I know the game so I play it like chess
Act like a square but really be the threat
The next time my name in the press
Talk about how YG gave them kids Christmas

Motherfucker, you ain't my accountant
You don't know what I'm doing
Focused on what I'm giving back
Man, make good music
Preaching on top of the mountain
People can see through it
Keeping my name in your mouth, just don't bite
Your tongue while you chew it, motherfucker, I'm gone

Fuck, hey, woo
Motherfucker, I'm gone
(Four, four, four...)
Hey where'd he go though?
(400)
Motherfucker, I'm gone
(I am the victim not the motherfuckin' suspect)
And he's gone, gone