

# Buckshot

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I used to work at Subway  
Seven bucks an hour wasn't much money  
But I be rapping and kicking it on my lunch break  
Like "I'mma make it out this motherf\*\*ker one day"  
I was in the back, back seat of the bus before a bluetooth  
Got the boombox and a blunt, bootlegger deuce-deuce  
H on my crew, we get drunk, a little coo-coo  
Type of dudes who square up and knock a tooth loose  
Quick to the basement, the, the, the basement  
That is the window I'm planning to vacate with  
Pops put on bars just in case somebody breaks in  
That's not gonna stop me from getting to the pavement  
Shh, meeting Jerome at the bus stop  
I got the bigger roll, paranoid buck cops  
And all my city's known for grunge, flannel, puck rock  
And a bunch of Sub Pop, I was on that Buckshot

Window to window and wall to wall  
Can I cry along and we out to ball?  
(Buckshot)  
Four in the morning I'm with the squad  
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go  
Window to window and wall to wall  
Can I cry along and we out to ball?  
Four in the morning I'm with the squad  
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go

Just copped that new Boot Camp tape  
The neighbors keep complaining 'bout too much bass  
Bang, bang, let me do my thing  
Give me two cans and you gon' know my name  
You don't want to get involved  
You know I be on these overpasses burning bridges, dog  
You know I be dippin' through these alleys tryna diss the law  
Sixteen with Adidas on  
I'm too speedy for police I'm chiefin' through these streets, I'm gone  
I got game, don't need to talk anymore  
Boppity-bo, tippity-toppity, I pop me some more  
I was underground where he came from and he pop out a hole  
Cracked the top back on the flat black aerosol  
I woke up in the morning and I had a vision  
These suit and ties got the nerve to call it vandalism  
They hella mad, say my art is really bad for business  
But I'mma paint a better world until the cans are empty  
Now let it drip, let it drip  
If they catch me doing dirt I'll plead the fifth  
I pop a top, I brought my Glock  
Speakers bumpin', I was on that Buckshot

Window to window and wall to wall  
Can I cry along and we out to ball?  
(Buckshot)  
Four in the morning I'm with the squad  
There we go, there we go, there we go, there we go

Chill-chill-chilin' with the crew  
Just writing my name in graffiti on the wall

Who-who-who is he?  
(Yeah, knowledge reigns supreme)  
Got the world following the...

Turn up the CD or turn up the TV  
Turn up your T-A-P-E, turn your phone up, crank up the PC  
See, my boys are really PC if you're talking graffiti  
See, we call it aerosol art when we splatter the city  
I got twenty five cans in my napsack  
Crossing out the whick-whack  
TIOS's ain't even get that  
Fat tips and black books, yo, we rep that  
149th street bench is where we slept at  
Clep-clap, clep-clap, clep-clap, clep-clap  
Those are not my words, the spray can said that  
Where them reds at, or them green turquoise?  
Where my real graf writers? Make some noise

Chill-chill-chilin' with the crew  
Just writing my name in graffiti on the wall  
Who-who-who is he?  
(Macklemore)  
Got the world following the...  
(Buckshot, shot, shot, shot)