

Crew Cuts

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

If it ain't fresh then you ain't gettin' play in my tape deck
Way back, I used to rock the hat with the suede strap at ABC's
Bought my food from the Arabs
Played craps on corners where the OG's slang at
Cross colors I'm the boss of the playground
I hit you on the nuts 'cause I know how to play house
The 8-ounce baby from '84 to grow up
Cleaner than my Easter suit was with my shoes buffed
Don't step on my new ones
These Reeboks beat blocks, you give 'em a few pumps
Baby while you're at it too boo boo
She came from a new school and all I wanna do is my zoom zoom
My uncle stayed faded like crew cuts
But I was just too young to know the what's-what and the who's-who
'Round here, they could give a fuck if you got props
You get clowned for rockin' British Nine to the sock hop

The BK stood for "black kids, " the hood was crackin'
And Poison was on everybody's tracklist
Spandex was in fashion, back then
And bad chicks had tracks in that lasted

Before CD's, and internet the kings was in effect
You fiends wasn't gettin' respect
Before MP3s and CD-J's we pop in a tape cassette
Chain on my chest, I'm fresh

Let's take it back, b-b-b-back to the days of AC/DC Back in Black
Gimme a mullet, a 1984 Chevrolet
Alright I'm lyin' I was listenin' to rap

OshKosh B'Gosh, stone wash, so hard
Overalls hung, one strap on, one off
Eatin' on my cold lunch, grabbin' on both nuts
Mom I want a jerry curl; fuck this bowl cut
Ice cube's got one
Quick in my walkman
Blowin' on the cartridge
Hypercolor: "awesome!"
Cube's in my pocket and I'm outta here
I'm bouncin' and Sam Goody's not gettin' shit from my allowance

Day dreamin' in class, know I'm zonin' out and
Rosie Perez's titties are right where my mouth is
Who says that white men can't jump? They were hella wrong!
A'ight they were right, but I was really good at tetherball

Before the days of gettin' drunk at kegs
We were bumpin' some jodicie and dry-humpin' legs
That's right: I was born in the '80s
Pimpin', adventure shined upon my babysitter

House party? crackin.
Humpty dance? crackin.
Never find the baby: David Bowie, Labyrinth.
Why don't you reminisce and bring it back, rap shit
Dodge caravan, humpin' in the back: classic.

Before CDs and internet the kings was in effect
You fiends wasn't gettin' respect
Before MP3s and CD-Js, we pop in a tape cassette
Chain on my chest, I'm fresh