

Need to Know

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Washing out cigarettes in the bathroom
Should probably only give my opinion when I'm asked to
I'm really good at telling the half truth but usually only when I have to
The money doesn't work, the chain doesn't work
Something broken in my brain, got me praying in the dirt
Got me stranded in my bed like I'm laying in the hearse
And the grass is always greener when you play on astroturf
Wonder why my generation poppin' pills and poppin' percs
And got some weed and got some purp
And got some bars and got some syurp
And got some Jordan's on my feet, I went and matched them with my shirt
And I just instagrammed them both to show you that I got them first
Got a Louis duffel bag, I got my girl a purse
I'm tryna find God through a purchase, I'm not tryna go to church
Amen, satan told me not to serve, I only think about myself, I only think about my work
I only think about my come-up, capitalism
Look at where we come from, we are what we run from
We are why we smoke some, so numb, so numb, so numb

I'm a tell you what you need to know
I'm a tell you what you need to hear
Cause the truth would be too much
Yeah the truth would be, yeah the truth would be
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I cry when she smile with her eyes closed
I'm already afraid to tight clothes
I want all her best friends to be white folks
I scratched out this line so many times, I can't forget it
It's fucked up, I almost say it every time that I edit
I swear rapping make it easy to lie
But secrets don't make it easy to write
I met the devil in Manhattan, quickly ended discussion
I don't need a thing, he warned of repercussions
But I know he come in all forms, that won't be his last visit
Time is moving fast and I'm running with a pair of scissors
Looking in the mirror like, "Damn that ain't my dad, is it?"
He handed the torch but he ain't hold my hand did it?
I spent a plenty penny on microphones, many midis
Any of those cities, I put the indie in Windy City
Indian giver, Black father, White liar
Right next to Yeezy like Mike Myers
Stare at the cue cards, take out the juke parts
Take out the God references, just leave the cool parts
I remember opening for Ben, wasn't no liquor at the show
And now the white girls call me nigga at my show
I wish that I could open twice, sit down at the open mic
Go back to the day before I became famous over night
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Yeah the truth would be, yeah the truth would be... okay