

Vipassana

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Yesterday, forget it
Tomorrow is, nada
The present is, right here, through the breath, watch it
Atheist Jesus piece, hangin' on a cross
We sit and discuss God on lawn chairs
About how we got here,
What it is, what it isn't, shit
Fate versus faith, scimmagin' with coincidence
Leave out the market and hold up on the business end
Focus on the genuine, with everything else, you can shed the skin
I was a couple moves away from being dead
In that ER overdosin', eyes bleedin' red
I fell in love, made an album, got a buzz
Lost it all, sobered up and guess what?
Now we meet again
And I'm back, finally just laughin'
Expectations are resentments waiting to happen
Studying the Dharma, Karma of a pastor and his practice
Bahá'u'lláh Buddha, God, to the mountaintop and I'm traveling
Learnin', yes, reflectin' on what matters
People, permanence, lack of attachments
It's space and time, a couple man-made distractions
The measure of a spirit that no human can ever capture
Church, this booth is my Vatican
I don't control life, but I can control how I react to it
Student of the breath, brick beats and balancin'
Desire versus truth until I finally find happiness

I was put here to do something before I'm lyin' in that casket
I'd be lyin' on the beat if I said I didn't know what that is
The world's a stage and we play a character, I found him
It took me 20 something years and a bunch of shitty sound checks
I'm not gonna be content, until I find gratitude
Regardless of my sales or the record deals they're handin' you
If the next generation takes our legacy and samples you
We'll have a bunch of mp3's and misled kids to pass 'em to
I use my veins to create the color I paint from
Delve into something 'til my heart becomes my paint brush
I told my mama I'm not stoppin' 'til my name's up
Thinkin' those comments on that blog is gonna save us
Searchin' for everything but Gods and validation
Get insecure and then we start blamin' the haters
Used to look to women to fill a part of me that was vacant
Truth, the only thing that I ever used in moderation
So I stare into this paper instead of sitting at a cubicle
Take all ugly shit inside and try to make it beautiful
Use the cement from rock bottom and make it musical
So the people can relate to where I've been,
Where I'm going, what I've seen, what I've heard
From the guts, fuck the glory
Just a person on a porch putting it all into recording
Many in my past and many that came before me
I just keep walkin' my path and blessed to share my story