

Jimmy Iovine (feat. Ab-Soul)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

I put my life on the line
I roll the dice and I'm fine
Cuz all I ever dreamt about was making it
They ain't giving it, I'm taking it I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shit Steal myself a record deal
Steal myself a record deal
Steal myself a record deal
Steal myself a record deal
If i just went in this slowly
The police would've noticed
Gotta be strategic, I'm creepin'
Go and leave with that motive
Hold up, my plan is forming
All right, casin' this building
Watch these rappers step back
And walk in and leave that with millions (millions)
Heading in sweating, open that front door
"Interscope" printed out by the entrance door closes
Not a metaphor, then I start towards
That front desk, that's right, where you check in
Dressed in an uniform, looking like a janitor
All blue, jumpsuit, why shoot?
Bloodthirsty and I'm eatin' like a bull
Looking in the eyes of the matador (fuck you!)
Carrying 2 cans of paint
Security looks at me awkward
I say, "Third floor, I'm late; paintin' Jimmy Iovine's office."
Holding my breath, 'bout to faint
I'm scared to death that he stops me
Heart beating so loud you can hear the echo in that lobby
And see I break it down if I don't make it out
Then I'm leaving town with that contract
And I'm spazzing out, grabbing the A&R out
This chair and I'm taking him hostage
I don't give a fuck, step into the elevator, press "3"
Now I'm headed up (Heist)
What they don't know: there's a gun in the paint can
And I'm ready and willing to bust 'em, I'm fucking desperate
Stuck in this recession not what you think
If I could get signed my life is destined

Might be good, depends on ink
And secretary at the front of the entrance staring right at me
I walk out, she whispers go ahead and then gives me a wink
I put my life on the line
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Cuz all I ever dreamt about was making it
They ain't giving it, I'm taking it I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, they ain't giving it
I'm taking it, taking it, I need all that shit If I pass security, the secretary, the cubicals
But it's weird, it's like this room I've walked into is unusual
Thought it would be shiny and beautiful
Thought it would be alive and like musical
But it feels like someone died, it's got the vibe of a funeral
These numbers on the chalkboard
CDs boxed in cardboard
Artists that flopped, that got dropped and never got to be sophomores Graphic designers are
sitting around
Waiting for albums that never come out
Complainin' the day have nobody in the house
Wonderin' within if they make art for
I start thinkin', am I in the right place?
Just walk forward, see plaques on the wall
Oh yea, in a second those will be all yours
Finally see an office with a mounted sign, heaven sent
Big block silver letters, read it out loud: President
This was my chance to grab that contract and turn and jet
Right then felt a cold hand grabbin' the back of my neck He said, "We've been watching you, so
glad you could make it
Your music, get's so impressive and this whole brand you created.
You're one hell of a band; we here think you're destined for greatness,
And with that right song, we all know that you're next to be famous." Now I'm sorry, I've had a
long day; remind me, now what your name is?
That's right, Macklemore, of course, today has been crazy.
Anyway, you ready? We'll give you a hundred thousand dollars.
After your album comes out we'll need back that money that you borrowed." "So it's really like
a loan?" "A loan? Come on, no!
We're a team, 360 degrees; we will reach your goals!
You'll get a third of the merch that you sell out on the road,
Along with a third of the money you make when you're out doing your shows.
Manager gets 20, booking agent gets 10, so shit,
After taxes, you and Ryan have 7% to split.
That's not bad; I've seen a lot worse.
No one will give you a better offer than us."
I replied, "I appreciate the offer; thought that this is what I wanted.
Rather be a starving artist than succeed at getting fucked."
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

