

Chant

Macklemore feat. Tones and I (2022)

They told me that I vanished. They told me that I had it.
They told me that I'm gone. I told them, "Don't panic."
When you've done it this long, and you've seen magic,
And you know it won't kill you, even when the whole world doubts it.

This is my moment. They can't take my talent. They can't take my stripes. They can't erase my hours.

I'm from the underground, anything above ground is a mountain. I'm done tryna impress anybody
but the heavens where I'm headed, you don't get to hold onto your flowers.
I am in my zone, eyes on the throne, 20K deep, better pull out your phones.
Turnin' the arena to believers every time I hit the ceiling, ain't nobody ever touchin' my show.

Look at where we started, look at where we got to. Almost OD'd that night in the hospital.
Wasn't gonna die, more life in the arsenal. Got another shot to pull off the impossible.

There's no need to cry for me. I'm a fighter, fighter.
You can't take my voice from me, I will rise up, rise up.
So what are you waiting for? I ain't ready to die yet.
The pain is where faith is born. Are you alive yet? Are you alive yet? Are you alive?

On my grave, what quote will be etched in? Never played the game to be a contestant.
Never joined the league to ride benches. The wins hit different when they don't expect it.
Yeah, and they they ain't gotta like me, got my own Nikes, no Nike ID.
And I ain't tryin' to stunt, man, but my logo went over the jump, man.

I remember all I had was a bus pass, sellin' CDs to make a couple of bucks back.
And now I'm up in meetings, and you better believe me, now that we got the arena, the sonics makin' a comeback.

I'm not a businessman, I got children, man. I treat my city like it is my fam.
'Til the residency gets a buildin' man. Think I'm playin' 'bout mayor, but that is my plan.

You know what fifty thousand feels like when you question, "Is this real life?"
The money doesn't buy happiness, that's facts,
'Til you take what you made and decide to give it back like that.

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I was supposed to be a one hit ringer, now I got too many rings and not enough fingers.
Keep doing my thing, they keep chasin' the wave, thinking that they're gonna be the one to outpace age.

I must got Mick Jagger DNA, Rolling Stone bags, pre-check, no TSA.
I'll be seventy-eight, SM58 in my face, like, "Who wants to go next?" Nobody's touching my stage.

Their heads trippin' like a B-Boy head spinnin'. I bench press the industry and I deadlift it.
It's been written, I've been runnin', it's been a minute. Been done it, I bet you a hundred that I've been winnin'.

The Benz tinted, it's been vintage, yeah, Ben did it. The crib I live in is like Ben Stiller's.
An evening at my house, a night at the museum. Trophies, plaques all over and the view's decent.

At the end of the day it's like, "Who needs it?" Play on, player, I gotta keep competin'.
Keep dreamin', won't settle for shit. It isn't sport, it's my life, run the championship, I'm gone.

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Are you alive? Are you alive? Are you alive?