

# 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  
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 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.

