

Ten Thousand Hours

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Uh, I hope that God decides to talk to 'em
If the people decide to walk with them
Regardless of PitchFork, co-signs I've jumped
Make sure the sound man doesn't cock block the drums
Let the snare knock the air right outta your lungs
And those words be the oxygen, just breathe
Amen
Regardless I'mma say it
Felt like I got signed the day that I got an agent
About damn time that I got up outta my basement
About damn time that I got around the country and hit these stages
I was meant to slay them
Ten thousand hours I'm so damn close I can taste it
On some Malcolm Gladwell, David Bowie meets Kanye shit
This is dedication
A life lived for art is never a life wasted
Ten thousand
Ten thousand hours
Felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands
They carry me
Ten thousand hours
Felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands
They carry me
This is my world, this is my arena
The TV told me something different, I didn't believe it
I stand here in front of you today all because of an idea
I could be who I wanted if I could see my potential
And I know that one day I'mma be 'im
Put the gloves on, sparring with my ego
Everyone's greatest obstacle I beat 'em
Celebrate that achievement
Got some attachments and some baggage I'm actually working on leaving
See, I observed Escher
I loved Basquiat
I watched Keith Haring
You see, I study art
The greats weren't great because at birth they could paint
The greats were great because they paint a lot
I will not be a statistic, just let me be
No child left behind, that's the American scheme
I make my living off of words and do what I love for work
Got around 980 on my SAT's

Take that system
What did you expect
A generation of kids choosing love over a desk
You put those hours in, and look at what you get
Nothing you can hold, but everything that it is
Ten thousand
Ten thousand hours
Felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands
They carry me
Ten thousand hours
Felt like ten thousand hands
Ten thousand hands
They carry me
Same shit, different day, same struggle
Slow motion as time, slips through my knuckles
Nothing beautiful about it
No light at the tunnel
For the people who put their passion before 'em being comfortable
Raw unmedicated heart no substitute
Banging on tabletops, no substitute
I'm feeling better than ever, man, what is up with you?
Scraping my knuckles and battling with some drug abuse
I lost another friend
Got another call from a sister
And I speak for the people who share that struggle too
Like they got something bruised
My only rehabilitation was the sweat, tears and blood went up
in the booth
This the part of the show
Where it all fades away
Where the lights go to black
And the band leaves the stage
And you wanted an encore, but there's no encore today
Because the moment is now, can't get it back from the grave
This the part of the show
Where it all fades away
Where the lights go to black
And the band leaves the stage
And you wanted an encore, but there's no encore today
Because the moment is now, can't get it back from the grave
Welcome to The Heist...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>