**"Ten Thousand Hours"**

**MACKLEMORE**

I hope that God decides to talk through him

That the people decide to walk with him

Regardless of pitchfork cosigns I've jumped

Make sure the soundman doesn't \*&^%block the drums

Let the snare knock the air right out of 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

Got an iTunes check, &\*^% man I'm paying rent

About damn time that I got out of my basement

About damn time I got around the country and I hit these stages

I was made to slay them

Ten thousand hours I'm so damn close I can taste it

On some Malcolm Gladwell, David Bowie meets Kanye \*&^%

This is dedication

A life lived for art is never a life wasted

Ten thousand

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands

Ten thousands hands, they carry me

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands

Ten thousands hands, they carry me

Now, now, now

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 him

Put the gloves on, sparring with my ego

Everyone's greatest obstacle, I beat 'em

Celebrate that achievement

Got some attachments, some baggage I'm actually working on leaving

See, I observed Escher

I love 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 cause 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

And got around 980 on my SATs

Take that system, what did you expect?

Generation of kids choosing love over a desk

Put those hours in and look at what you get

Nothing that you can hold, but everything that it is

Ten thousand

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands

Ten thousands hands, they carry me

Ten thousand hours felt like ten thousand hands

Ten thousands hands, they carry me

Same &\*^%, different day, same struggle

Slow motion as time slips through my knuckles

Nothing beautiful about it, no light at the tunnel

For the people that put the passion before them being comfortable

Raw, unmedicated heart no substitute

Banging on table tops, no substitute

I'm feeling better than ever man, what is up with you?

Scraping my knuckles, I'm battling with some drug abuse

I lost another friend, got another call from a sister

And I speak for the people that share that struggle too

Like they got something bruised

My only rehabilitation was the sweat, tears and blood when up in the booth...

It's the part of the show

Where it all fades away

When the lights go to black

And the band leaves the stage

And you wanted an encore

But there's no encore today

Cause the moment is now

Can't get it back from the grave

Part of the show

It all fades away

Lights go to black

Band leaves the stage

You wanted an encore

But there's no encore today

Cause the moment is now

Can't get it back from the grave

Welcome to the heist… x2