

Kevin

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Okay, okay
Yeah
And we live tonight
Check it, now

I seen pain, I felt the losses
Attended funerals and seen coffins
21 years old, an angel was lost here
Wings clipped by the grip of 80 milligram sniffs of Oxycontin
Everyday through the nostrils
Never went away, never does it stop there
Death a line or two away and a couple tall cans
'Cause you never know when God is gonna call, man
Precious, what we all share
I said peace at five thirt, the next time that I saw him was in the hands of the pallbearer
What if I would've never gone and dropped him off there?
Blaming myself, in hysterics, screaming "It's not fair!"
21 years old with a book of rhymes he was gonna recite to the globe
Only thing to numb the pain besides that shit in his nose
He was gonna quit tomorrow, we're all gonna quit tomorrow
Just get us through the weekend, and then Monday follows
Then it's Wednesday, then it's fuck it, I'm already feeling hollow
Might as well go crack a seal and might as well go chug a bottle
Might as well go pop a pill and go and band-aid that problem
And escape this world, vacate this world
'Cause I hate myself
No praying's gonna cure this pain

Doctor, please, give me a dose of the American Dream
Put down the pen and look in my eyes
We're in the waiting room and something ain't right
All this is on you, we're over prescribed

For me and Kev
You end up in jail, institutions are dead
And with our lives, we play Russian Roulette
And try to find a life where we could be content
'Cause for us, we're just trying to minimize the fear of being alive
And now my little brother is in the sky
From a pill that a doctor prescribed
That a drug deal a million dollar industry supplied
And the cops never go and profile at night
Yeah, the, the, the orange plastic with the white top they sell to you
Has us looking for the answers and not instead of you
Quick fix, whatever do
We just gonna neglect the truth
Because a doctor with a license played God and said it's cool
Played God and said it's cool
But me? I don't blame Kev or his mom freebasing while pregnant with him
I blame the pharmacy companies
And country that spends trillions fighting the war they supplying themselves
Politicians and business and jail
Public defenders and judges who fail
Look at Kevin, look at Kevin
Now he's wrapped in plastic
First dealer was his mom's medicine cabinet
Got anxiety, better go and give him a Xanax
Focus, give him Adderall, sleep, give him Ambien
'Til he's walking 'round the city looking like a mannequin
Ups and downs, shooting up prescriptions you're handing him
So America, is it really worth it? I'm asking you

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Doctor, your medicine, and your methods
Can't cure my disease without killing me
You're killing me, you're killing me
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