

Thrift Shop (feat. Wanz)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
What, what, what, what
Bada, bada, badadada
Bada, bada, badadada
Bada, bada, badadada
Bada, bada, badadada
I'm gonna pop some tags
Only got twenty dollars in my pocket
I-I-I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
This is fucking awesome
Nah, walk up to the club like, "What up? I got a big cock!"
I'm so pumped about some shit from the thrift shop.
Ice on the fringe, it's so damn frosty
That people like, "Damn! That's a cold ass honkey."
Rollin' in, hella deep, headin' to the mezzanine
Dressed in all pink, 'cept my gator shoes, those are green
Draped in a leopard mink, girls standin' next to me
Probably shoulda washed this, smells like R. Kelly's sheets
(Piiissssss)
But shit, it was ninety-nine cents! (Bag it)
Coppin' it, washin' it, 'bout to go and get some compliments
Passin' up on those moccasins someone else's been walkin' in
Bummy and grungy, fuck it, man
I am stuntin' and flossin' and
Savin' my money and I'm hella happy that's a bargain, bitch
I'mma take your grandpa's style,
I'mma take your grandpa's style
No for real - ask your grandpa - can I have his hand-me-downs?
(Thank you)
Velour jumpsuit and some house slippers
Dookie brown leather jacket that I found diggin'
They had a broken keyboard, I bought a broken keyboard
I bought a ski blanket, then I bought a kneeboard
Hello, hello, my ace man, my Mello
John Wayne ain't got nothing on my fringe game, hell no
I could take some Pro Wings, make them cool, sell those
The sneaker heads would be like "Aw, he got the Velcros"
I'm gonna pop some tags, only got
twenty dollars in my pocket
I-I-I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
This is fucking awesome
I'm gonna pop some tags, only got twenty dollars in my pocket

I-I-I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
 This is fucking awesome What you know about rockin' a wolf on your noggin?
 What you knowin' about wearin' a fur fox skin? I'm digging, I'm digging, I'm searching right
 through that luggage One man's trash, that's another man's come-up
 Thank your granddad for donating that plaid button-up shirt
 'Cause right now I'm up in her skirt
 I'm at the Goodwill, you can find me in the (Uptons)
 I'm not, I'm not stuck, I'm searchin' in that section (Uptons)
 Your grammy, your aunty, your momma, your mammy
 I'll take those flannel zebra jammies, second-hand, I rock that motherfucker
 The built-in onesie with the socks on that motherfucker
 I hit the party and they stop in that motherfucker
 They be like, "Oh, that Gucci - that's hella tight."
 I'm like, "Yo - that's fifty dollars for a T-shirt."
 Limited edition, let's do some simple addition
 Fifty dollars for a T-shirt - that's just some ignorant bitch (shit)
 I call that getting swindled and pimped (shit)
 I call that getting tricked by a business
 That shirt's hella dough
 And having the same one as six other people in this club is a hella don't
 Peep game, come take a look through my telescope
 Tryna get girls from a brand and you hella won't
 Man you hella won't
 (Goodwill... poppin' tags... yeah!) I'm gonna pop some tags
 Only got twenty dollars in my pocket
 I- I-I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
 This is fucking awesome
 I wear your granddad's clothes
 I look incredible
 I'm in this big-ass coat
 From that thrift shop down the road
 I wear your granddad's clothes (damn right)
 I look incredible (now come on man)
 I'm in this big-ass coat (big ass coat)
 From that thrift shop down the road (let's go)
 I'm gonna pop some tags
 Only got twenty dollars in my pocket
 I-I-I'm hunting, looking for a come-up
 This is fucking awesome
 (Is that your grandma's coat?)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>