Why Don't We & Macklemore, I Don't Belong In T

some guy skipped infront
of me
can’t believe I paid an entry fee
and I don’t even got the energy to smile for a selfie
and I know tjat I should go home
but, I’m still standing here so
I guess one more for the road
I wanna raise a toast so

this one’s for the smart players
dudes wearing shades
in the darkness
our hats off to the DJ Same song twice
in an evening

save me, can’t take it
I don’t belong in this club
once dance, no chance
cause I’m feeling awkward as
I was waiting in line for an hour
just to get in now
wanna get out cause
I’m cheated can’t fake it
I don’t belong in this club, no

hopped out of the Uber
I was feeling myself
had to polo with the bolo
with some eel on the belt
walked up to the bouncer
whole squad on stealth
I’m Macklemore
he said Mcklo, who?
it’s me
you gotta wait
live everybody else
shoulda stayed on the sofa
forgot, I hate being social
and I miss my ex-girl
This Drake song making me 'motional Girl, you hurt my feelings)
I'm feeling awkward as hell
I only came here to dance
The DJ ain't playing the cuts
And what do I do with my hands?
It’s awkward
Roll with the punches and hold my Red Bull up
And I toast the nights like this that I probably won't remember much
'Bout to pull that Irish goodbye, grab my stuff, 'bout to cut
And the DJ yells, "Macklemore in the house tonight"
Ah, fuck

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and to the think that I’ve waited all week
to get someone’s drink spilled over me
I don’t care if the Uber’s one surge

no I don’t, no
I’d do anything to get out of this club

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