**Thrift Shop.**

**Macklemore.**

Capo 4

[Chorus]

Em

I'm gonna pop some tags

G

Only got twenty dollars in my pocket

A

I - I - I'm hunting, looking for a come-up

Em

This is fucking awesome

[Verse]

Em

Walk up to the club like, "What up, I got a big cock!"

Nah, I'm just pumped, just bought some shit from the thrift shop

Ice on the fringe, it's so damn frosty

The 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

(Piiisssssss)

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'ma take your grandpa's style, I'ma 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 skeet blanket, and then I bought a kneeboard

Hello, hello, my ace man, my Miller

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”

[Chorus]

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[Verse]

Em

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 that, I'm that sucker 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

Trying to get girls from a brand? Then you hella won't

Em G A B D

Then you hella won't

[Chorus]

Em

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This is fucking awesome

Em

I wear your grandads clothes

G

I look incredible

A

I'm in this bigass coat

G A

From that thrift shop down the road

Em

I wear your grandads clothes

G

I look incredible

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I'm in this bigass coat

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