

Profit

Ollie

Yeah, oh

They try to sell you on their lies
Only care 'bout the profit and spreading their gossip
Nobody cares 'bout wrong or right
As long as they fill their pockets, don't matter how they got it

Yeah, they try to make you feel worthless
And front-page they got a picture that's perfect
Kylie Jenner got an ass that every girl should go worship
They Snapchat their whole life while we sittin' here workin'
I think it's crazy, the point is what I'm missin'
And all these famous rappers only rappin' 'bout fiction
They talking money, girls, or cars, or 'bout the drink that they sippin'
And lack emotion—that's exactly why the rest of us are feeling so distant
I hope you comprehendin', and take a look at the message you sendin'
Quit your fake rap beef to get yourself trendin'
Flashin' chains, more fame—live a life of pretendin'
I speak the truth and give a fuck who I may be offendin'
This real music, took a passion and used it
Created a movement, the industries behind it so clueless
They pushing songs with no meaning, start to make me feel stupid
Like, maybe I would blow up too if all my lyrics were useless
But that's the difference, my lyrics are my purpose
Telling truth to their lies and, damn, I'm praying that this shit is all worth it
I'll never be perfect, I stand for all the people who hurtin'
I know our time is coming, slowly all the tables are turnin'

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Generation confused, focused on sex and booze
Think if I'm getting laid all the time, I must be better than you
Young minds poisoned by all of this shit on the news
It's pussy, money, weed on repeat—are you shocked or confused?
I'm thinking loyalty's dead as I lay alone in my bed
I listen to these hit songs and can't believe what is said
They try to tell me it's timeless, 90% of it's mindless
Fuck these awards, I rather make more real music instead
I ain't changing who I am for no radio hit
It's More Than Music, all I'm using is the pain that I get
And write these songs to help somebody out there feelin' like shit
That's more than half these other rappers can ever say that they did
I treat my fans like my family, return the love they've been givin'
While labels treat 'em like products, numbers who ain't even livin'
All for some profit, can't stop it, the same people stay winnin'
Sick of watching the rich and famous flaunt the live we've been missin'
Behind the scenes I learned most of what we seein' is fake
They show a fairytale life and shove it right in our face
So we dream of having what they have and this facade they create
And when they taking all our time, how can we learn to be great?
That's real

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