

All Growed Up

Tom MacDonald

And you can call me killer (ah), holy cow I'm merking it
Y'all are pretty certain but I am absolutely sure of it
Most don't even see me like they vision kinda blurred a bit
And those that do, I overheard them saying that they scared of it, yeah
Swagger so untypical (ah), have an atheist swear to god he feeling spiritual
I'm Praying for the haters though, they gon' need a miracle
And I'm 'a need a record deal, a model and a TV show

Pretty please with a cherry on top of it (ah)
Ice cream paint job, inside chocolate (oh)
Check it out G, I swear that I can see it now
Laughing with Olivier and throwing fucking money 'round
Buy it 'cause I'm worth it or buy it for the sex appeal (yeah)
The smile fake but you best believe the rest is real
Whoa, I'm on some way different other things (hah), like OMG
What the fuck got into me?

Could give a damn about the fame (yeah)
The glitz or the glamor
The money or the chains
I do it 'cause I am it and I'll take that to the grave
I'm all growed up, shit will never be the same

What comes out of the mouth of Satan
His words
Well we're gonna see that in just a moment

I'm coming with that twenty twelve attitude (yup)
I kill it like there's no tomorrow (oh)
An old fool once told me that all time is borrowed
So hold your breath if you drowning in your sorrows
And haters take a deep one, y'all gon' need a snorkel
They all about the money like humans is hard, uh
I'm from another planet and I'm all 'bout my Starbucks
Ah shucks, not even trying and it's super good
Super fucking duper cool, the guy you always knew you should

Get to know before he got too famous
Now those same people are my biggest haters, look
Yeah, I'm a rapper, when I rap man I ghost 'em
I am Batman, Heath Ledger on my sofa
You a joker (yeah), smile big bitch
Mr. Freeze outfit, ice on my wrist bitch
Y'all is on fire and I barely sweat (ah)
Got your face all fucked up, ugh Harvey Dent bitch

Could give a damn about the fame
The glitz or the glamor
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I do it 'cause I am it and I'll take that to the grave
I'm all growed up, shit will never be the same

What comes out the mouth of the beast, the ungodly governed
(White Peaks)

I smoke a blunt with O.V.
He like "Mac, what you trying for?" (Heh)

I wanna whip so depressed, suicide doors
Yeah, and he's looking at me laughing like he know we gonna make 'em break (break)
Like a traffic light
Stop the rumors and the gossip, jealous motherfuckers only got two options:
(What)
Get with it or get into the coffin with your kicks all fresh and your head all rotten

Wow, I'm running this (yeah), without a bead of sweat (nope)
They saying take a drink (ah), but I ain't need it yet, nah
And you know I stay super late, the girls run from you and come to me, I got a cuter face
Black Ferrari, yellow striped engine in the back of it
Shotgun seat reserved for the baddest bitch (yuh)
Yeah OK I got it, I'm Tom Mac-fucking-Donald (uh)
All grewed up but I'm still drinking out the bottle, huh

Could give a damn about the fame
The glitz or the glamor
The money or the chains
I do it 'cause I am it and I'll take that to the grave
I'm all grewed up, shit will never be the same

Only pride yourself
What comes out the mouth of the false prophet
Poison, you see, that's what it is
And it'll damn men's souls