

Blame The Rappers

Tom MacDonald

Yeah, I'm a rapper, but I'm losing my respect for the genre
How many songs about Xanax and alcohol are we dropping?
How many kids we gonna kill 'fore we admit it's a problem?
Probably stop if it was one of our sons or one of our daughters
We know our demographic is primarily youth
We glorify breaking the law to children in school
Kids copy what we say and imitate what we do
They'll go to jail for doing the things you told 'em was cool
We put women in our videos, exploiting their bodies
While little girls around the world grab their phone and they watch it
They need a realistic role model, not just a Barbie
They see strippers and escorts, but no lawyers or doctors
Hey hip-hop, what the hell happened?
It was power to the people, and we liked that stuff
These days you're promoting that's it's fun to be an addict
So I'm asking, how could you write that, bruh?

You can blame the rappers
That you blow up
But your favourite songs are about doing drugs
So what happens after
These kids grow up?
And who's to blame for who they've become?
They made it look so cool
To shoot those guns
And hate the cops
And to get too drunk
You can't blame the rappers
When you show up
And love the songs
That make you dumb
You can't blame the rappers

Making music is a privilege and choice
And if you ever get to be successful you must understand the people
That you influence are swayed by what you say and that melodies you sing make
e wings, build dreams, and fill voids
We are medication straight through voice
Some give life, and some destroy
And even though this money seems nice it can't come so we must take that as
a hint
That there's other things in life you should enjoy
We move mountains
We cross states
We play roles in presidential debates
So don't you try and tell me making music is for fun and you don't care about
t the things that our music helped make
Man I know I'm not perfect
But I'll change
I'm the outcome of these worlds and my pain
And this music is pills and I promise this dose that you take won't make you
say

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I'm a rapper but I swear that I'm embarrassed
Half of these artists can't even talk, they just mumble the lyrics
And the teenagers listen while they rebel from their parents
While the rappers tell 'em pop a pill, buy Gucci and wear it
We say screw the police, break the rules, smoke weed
Buy some shoes you don't need, rep the hood and yo street
All these rappers holdin' guns and now the kids want some
Mess around and kill they homie, you can't clean that blood
We encourage being stupid with our music, and we're normalizing poor moral s
tandards while we do it
Little boys see the way that the women look in our videos and assume it's re
al-life, project that image on little girls
It's un-realistic, if you're young and you listen, you are one in a million,
you are loved, you are different
Hey hip-hop, I know life moves on
But while I'm here, how could you write that, dawg?

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Dollar bills and poppin' pills like party songs
It's not cool in real life
Cheap thrills and goin' 'til the morning comes
See what that feels like

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