

# Boom Bap 101

Tom MacDonald

Throw your—  
Throw your hands up, like—

Alright, this rapping shit is easier than beating up a teenager  
If you think that your bars are cold, then, trust me, you'd be freezing here  
It's me against the world, and the beating will be so severe  
You think the year is 2012 when it really was a meteor  
The pedal to the metal, I've had several accidental beers  
A temperamental rebel with a devil nestled in my ear  
A sentimental fellow, I wrestle with my potential  
'Til the intercontinental belt is mine like, yo, the champ is here (champ is here)  
I'm Seth Rollins, I'm Dwayne Johnson, I'm Steve Austin  
The best rock, and I'm way awesome, so keep talking  
You press pause when the game hard and you need options  
I flex often, you lame awkward, you geeks awful

Solid like a statue in a bulletproof vest  
Inside a plexiglass encasement full of hardened cement  
Then wrapped in carbon fiber armour locked inside of a chest  
Kept in a confidential area with barbed wire fence  
Man, I'm lit like gasoline is free with a lighter  
I'm reaching maximum capacity, can't be any tighter  
I'll hold your grandson as ransom, the family hella frightened  
And put his face in a magazine with a reward if you find him

Super savage, I'll laugh when your Uber crash, and  
I'll smash your computer after and dash to a school classroom  
And act like a student vandal and scratch up the tutors Mazda  
When they ask if I knew what happened, I'll jack a Suzuki wagon  
Put a rag in the fuel tank and watch the fireworks like Fourth of July  
I'm like lightning in a bottle or a sorcerer's eyes  
Rappers hating on me lately, they're just bored of their lives  
And chasing clout on borrowed time, but I'm the owner of mine

Born to survive, y'all were built with older designs  
It's too late for an update, your papers ordered and signed  
I'm sorry your motor isn't performing like mine  
I know it's morbid, I look forward to the moment it dies, that's not important though  
The rappers are my sons, I'm running orphan homes  
I force-feed 'em poison porridge, shutting down their organs slow  
I'm always going glory hole, that's balls to the walls  
You know how the story goes, don't talk to the cops

If they corner you and force you, then I do not recall  
That's got a lot in common with the way I feel 'bout your songs  
They're forgettable, like I smoked a blunt and followed it with edibles  
Then popped a bunch of ecstasy while hammered at a festival  
Then fell asleep and woke up wearing nothing deep in Mexico  
And then you ask me if I heard your music type forgettable

I'm incredible, pat me on the back  
They think 'cause I got face tattoos, I probably couldn't rap  
I ain't Lil Yatchy or Tekashi, Uzi or Xan  
I'm smarter than I look if you're too stupid to ask