

Bully

Tom MacDonald

I used to get bullied by kids that went to my school
I had every FUBU shirt that I could match with my shoes
I was skinny and awkward, I dyed my hair baby blue
Mixing punk rock with hip-hop, man, I just thought it was cool, uh

I was writing raps while I was learning guitar
Bumping 2Pac and Offspring, I had 'em both in my heart
Rocking baggy pants with nail polish, thought it was hard
I didn't care what they called me, I only cared if they called
And no one did, I was just a loner kid
Home alone and stoned again, super cold, but don't fit in
Getting close to phony friends, people didn't like who I was
The punks hated the rappers, and rappers hated the punks, yeah
Trapped in the middle, tryna find out where I fit
Then I realized that fitting in was stupid as shit
Now I'm being myself, I don't forget or forgive
And success has been the sweetest motherfucking revenge, ya

You called me a wigger, you called me a punk
You called me a loser, you said I was dumb
I bet y'all wouldn't bully the man I'd become because
I'm Tom MacDonald, I'm Tom MacDonald
And now it's the future, the man I've become
Is way fucking cooler than y'all ever was
I bet y'all couldn't bully the man I've become because
I'm Tom Mac-fucking-Donald, bitch

The black kids called me a punk, the white kids called me a wigger
Now they all call me culture vulture, and I call them triggered
I'm just being me, I'm sorry y'all don't know who you is
I'm a celebrity, y'all are looking so stupid stupid
They used to follow me home, so I left early from class
Now they follow me on Twitter, I'm just doing the math
One plus one is I don't give a motherfuck what they think
I just sent five thousand dollars to my mama this week
I'm kinda rich now, hit you with the fist pound
Recognize your face, but your name I just forget now, uh
Marilyn Manson mind, but I got braids in my hair
What they used to make fun of is getting money this year
Mixing rap with some Autotune and the punk rocker attitude
I just do what I want, the haters do what they have to do
Now I'm blowing up with all of my friends
And success has been the sweetest motherfucking revenge, ya

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Go ahead and call me names, I don't even know your names
And the lion doesn't care what the sheep say
Y'all can try and burn me down, I'm too comfy in the flames
And a giant doesn't know what his feet break

Y'all can tell me go to hell, I'mma LOLOL

I'm way sicker than emojis with a green face
Y'all are bullies I can tell, y'all are gutless in the shell
Y'all are way too weak, fourteen days

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