

# Burning My Designer

Tom MacDonald

Okay, I made that money, and I bought those clothes  
I got diamond grills and chains made of gold  
I made a million bucks, and I'm thirty-one  
And I feel the same as when I was broke  
Nothing changes when you're rich and famous  
You still get depressed, you still feel anxious  
I used to think that when I finally made it  
I would feel better, but I kinda hate it  
They told me I could be cool  
All I had to do was buy some new shoes  
All I had to do was purchase some brand names  
And get a Gucci face tattoo, ay  
I bought it, I wore it, could barely afford it  
They promised I'd like it, my fans would support it  
The rappers all love it, the actors adore it  
But even celebrities turn into corpses

And I know how it is when you just wanna fit in  
You'd do anything to be part of the crowd  
I used to be afraid people thought I was different  
It ends now

I'm burning my designer, I'm lighting it on fire  
Goodbye to the Gucci, Louis, Prada, Versace, Balenciaga, ah, ah  
I'm burning my designer, it's going up in smoke  
Goodbye to the shit that made me broke just so people would think I'm dope,  
ah, ah

Okay, I chased the dollar and I blew a buck  
Got the Fendi hats, I got Louboutins  
I got the Saint Laurents, I got the Gucci ones  
It didn't make me cool, it made me stupid dumb  
Got tricked into looking like everybody else  
I don't wanna seem like anybody else  
All I ever wanted was to be myself  
Never sold my soul, that is not for sale  
Stupid for blowing the grand on a shirt  
Got me thinking the logo and brand is my worth  
If I go broke tomorrow, they'll tell me I'm dirt  
Now I can see that it's not how it works  
I'm not my appearance and neither are you  
We're not what we buy or the money we blew  
We're not the designs on our shirts and our shoes  
We're the ones who are burning what they say is cool

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When you're buried in that Gucci graveyard

It won't matter what you bought before  
'Cause you ain't leaving with the things you paid for  
They'll be hanging up in vintage stores  
When you're laying in that Louis coffin  
It won't matter what you spent alive  
'Cause you ain't leaving with the things you paid for  
They'll be secondhand for half the price

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