

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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