

# Ego Trip

Tom MacDonald

I don't have no friends, work myself to death  
I don't rest, just lie in bed at night and fight inside my head  
I try my best, my girlfriend cries, I'm stressed, knives inside my chest  
Like I don't have no love to give you, babe, 'cause I've got nothing left  
I give it everything I got 'cause I'm addicted to the grind  
I ain't even been outside in a week  
I'm digging through the boxes that I hide in the corners of my mind  
Tryna figure out the verses for the beats  
And I don't even eat  
I can see my ribs when I breathe, and my tank's on E, but I speed  
I know all I need is a vacation, but if I don't be creative  
I can feel a deep depression creeping deep inside of me  
Tom, you need to calm down, turn the mic off  
Shut the fuck up, this is my song; babe, what the fuck?  
What? You want bygones to be bygones?  
Need a coattail you can ride on?  
Cool, I'm gone, buy a tripod and a Nikon  
I'll never shoot a video again, I'm a icon  
Bro, you need to chill, you're a timebomb  
Shut up, Brandon, what's wrong? You don't like Tom?

Back where you started when you would crash on my carpet  
Man, it was so fucking obvious you'd blow  
Well, you got what you wanted, followed your demons to darkness  
Can you come back where you started? I'm home

I can't get no sleep, scroll on my IG  
I post a picture with no filter, people don't like what they see  
Anxiety, my girlfriend tries to speak, I lose my mind and scream  
Like, why the fuck are you still with me? All I need's my next release  
I can never take a second to stop working on a record  
I pretend that I go crazy in my head  
Every single moment not recording doesn't get me any closer  
To perfection or alleviate the stress, ay  
And I'll never be as good as I expect to be  
Can't rest in peace long as I'm attempting dreams  
Obsess and tweet, every single breath in peak  
To be the best MC since Eminem breathe  
Babe, you're way outta line  
Oh, you wanna throw me out? Well, that's fine  
That's not what I said, this is all in your head  
We're your best friends, you won't like how this ends  
What's that? A threat? You're obsessed with success  
Think about it, Thomas. Is it worth what you wrecked? Yes  
You changed since you got famous  
You're jealous that everyone knows what my name is

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Heart on my sleeve  
My God, autograph CDs 'til my back seize up  
I just stare at the screen, and I rap these songs  
'Til I hate all the words and I smash keyboards, like fuck  
I just want balance

Feels like if I want friends, then I'll have to quit rapping  
And honestly, I just can't let that shit happen  
I've been through too much, it's so hard to imagine  
I can't stop now, it's become so obsessive  
It's wrecking my health, and it's ruined my friendships  
I'll probably regret it, I'll spill my intestines  
So nobody has to decide to dissect it  
I don't need friends, I need paper, I need pens  
I'll take music over oxygen, I'll write until I'm dead

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