

Energy

Tom MacDonald

Hahahahaha

Alright

I can't hate a man because he doesn't like me
I can't let that energy in, like a girl without an I.D
Highkey, I'm not keepin' it lowkey
It's fuck everyone who wasn't there when I was broke, y'all ain't the homies
Call my mama, tell her get my dad, and put the phone on speaker
I just made a million dollars in a weekend, let's get it
I was friendly at the start, but these days, shit ain't the same
These rappers wanna work 'cause they get views from my name
Don't tweet me with replies, say that shit to my face
I bet that when I see y'all, you don't say a thing
Shit is different now, show up to a party, I'm the first out
I take my girl shoppin', she don't even take a purse out
I'm rich, rich, y'all are on some little kid bitch shit
R.I.P., R.I.P., rest in peace, I'm sorry that y'all missed this
I'm lit, lit, y'all are on some little kid bitch shit
R.I.P., R.I.P., rest in peace, I'm sorry that y'all missed this

I don't know you

But you know me

Y'all must get tired of my energy

I'm not wastin' my energy tellin' folks that I'm lit
Sold enough albums in one month to buy a crib
Talk yo' shit, tryna tear me down like you do
We don't see it, we don't live online like you do
You see, there's levels to this game, and y'all have barely even started
Y'all are stuck on pause and I be at all the final bosses
Tryna justify the reasons why you're comin' up short
Like, "He's a clickbait rapper, he was rich when he's born"
Y'all are lyin' to yourselves, I hope that bullshit help you sleep at night
You can have these Gucci shades if you decide to see the light
Bitch, y'all ain't even worth a fuckin' headache
At my worst, you couldn't touch me on your best day
Try to walk in my shoes, I'll break your fuckin' left leg
Don't you ever touch my kicks, they're five grand, you fuckin' clowns
Y'all are on some little kid bitch shit
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Last year I would've did anything just to make 'em hurt
This year, I'm like "Mm, what's it even worth?"
I don't need the bad vibes, I can't lie
You know I'd sun these fuckin' rappers like some tan lines
They must be out they damn minds, they lookin' for some clout that they can't find
If you wanna blow up that bad, I'll get some fuckin' landmines
Missed me with the jealousy, I'd really hate to relish in it
That shit is bad for my soul, that ain't selfish, is it?
Fuck it, I don't care, I'ma only do what's best for me
If you don't know what's good for you, then dawg, you better leave, yeah
Y'all are on some little kid bitch shit

R.I.P., R.I.P., rest in peace, I'm sorry that y'all missed this

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