

Exposure

Tom MacDonald

Yeah

Let me break it down for every single doubter
You're afraid of what I'm doing, you're a coward
All your favourite rappers doing Downers and you make 'em feel empowered
'Til they're fertilizing soil, pushing flowers, yeah
What do Lil Wayne, Rick Ross and 2 Chainz all have in common?
They make a living off gangster rap, but they all went to college
It's all just marketing strategy so you empty your wallet
Endorsing vodka to make a buck and make you alcoholics
They make you stupid with Xanax, they make you broke with "designers"
They use the music to confuse the youth and influence minors
Isn't it funny how these rappers went from fighting the power
To buy a gun and sell some drugs in just a matter of hours?
They'll turn the students to felons that just get fed to the system
'Cause there are people making fortunes off of privatized prisons
They objectify women 'til they are all that you crave
So you don't realize there's more to life than just getting laid

You think you're happy, but you're really just so caught in the game
That you don't realize you're wasting all your money to play
They give you rappers with rainbow hair who wear clothes like your girlfriend
To emasculate the men that emulate all the urban trends
Got you wearing pretty dresses and heels
And popping pills like you really know how depression can feel
Y'all some posers, dying for acceptance and exposure
Tryna be the rappers on the posters

All I hear is "New chain, big house, fast car". It's so boring
And all of that is lies, man, it's so corny
Death threats coming every other day for me
But I don't believe a word, that shit is ghost stories
Hi, my name is Tom MacDonald, welcome to the show
If you are easily offended, then you probably should go
My resolution to losers who my new music has triggered
And just a million views on YouTube is two big middle fingers
I don't apologize or compromise, I quantify the figures
'Cause I'm optimized for making a killing and getting bigger
Had the fire all along, I needed fuel and a flicker
To light the fuse to the mixture of the rumours and liquor
They got nothing else to do but try to cut me with scissors
But what's a blade to a building made out of iron and pillars?
Go 'head and cry me a river 'cause I've been dying to go swimming
And I'm designed to find it funny when they whine 'cause I'm winning

I just tell the truth, it's up to you to love or dismiss it
I'm just pointing out what I feel that the game has been missing
And every time I open my mouth up, you get offended
You say that talk is cheap, but then you act like it's expensive
You can't afford to speak your mind, afraid you'll get rejected
By some strangers on the Internet whose lives are all pathetic
I was surrounded by people who just pretend to be down
And then I blew up off of record, no one's friends with me now

I've realized that my potential's so intensely profound
That there was bound to be some haters getting caught in the crowd

I won't apologize for anything I said or I'll say
If you're allergic to opinions, you should just walk away
Don't give a shit about your arguments and fuck your complaints
I'd love to have you in my audience, just know it isn't safe
White people are the biggest fucking assholes on the planet
But even still I swear I'm sick to death of hearing it
You're not a model, you're a waitress, and the man taking your picture
Is a pervert with a camera and no photography experience
You cry about gorillas getting shot inside a zoo
And then take photos on your phone when someone's dying next to you
Y'all only care about each other if it means you'll get some views
And you can say that I'm a dick, but what I say is just the truth
There's a disconnect between the things you feel and what's said
'Cause you're afraid of what they'll think, so you don't say what you meant

If being true to myself means that I'll lose their respect
Then I'll stand my ground like both my feet are stuck in cement
I was raised to keep my feelings, thoughts, and words all consistent
If you're censoring your heart, then what's the reason for living?
I don't need their approval to validate my position
And I don't need to be accepted, never asked for permission
They attacked me from behind and tried to silence the vision
Tried to kill me with fire, and from the ashes, I've risen
My motivation won't expire, I don't get tired, I get driven
If they don't like it, then they're not required to comment and listen
They just hide behind their keyboards, tryna find the ambition
To go make something of their life while they die for attention