

Far From Over

Tom MacDonald

All growed up, Mr. MacDonald and a bitch
Up all night, all growed up, Mr. MacDonald and a bitch
Yeah I know them, yeah I know them, they on the list
Fuck it, I don't care now, let them all in cause I'm all in
Got the blunt rolled and the cup full, y'all ain't ready

Please God, give strength to anybody that's goin' against me
They gon' need it, they gon' see that I am forward like the Red
Wings

Like a dead thing I killed it and now for the celebration
A funeral for the hard times and a baby shower from the masons
I'm all about my Cheri Stone, instincts; basic
They all ask how I do it, I just picture you all naked
And I will not show love to every single one that's hatin' me
Bless you, forgive them, they must've had too much to drink
Celibate in the wing, straight Bombay fillin' up the tall glass
We rent out the penthouse, my four walls are all glass
Got a concrete heart, no more love, eyes on the prize, hand on
the cup
Gin on the rocks, mind on the block, drinks on me, we are what
is up
Y'all don't get the picture son, upload, cancel, finish, done
Believe it motherfuckers, um
Mr. Mac can be this young
Grammy speech, thanks a lot, y'all don't get no closure
The music growin' but I know it's far from over

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Got the blunt rolled and the cup full, y'all ain't ready
I know her boyfriend, and she say to be cool
I am so growed up but we are still people
Funny how shit changes and I'm waiting to let go
Shout out to my entourage, they all here in their best clothes
Uh, and as I'm sippin' on my soda, I can tell it's far from ove
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Shout out to my entourage, they all here in their dress clothes
Uh, and as I'm sippin' on a soda, I can tell it's far from over