

Ghostories

Tom MacDonald

-to me (to me), oh
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Oh, huh?
I smell your fear

Most controversial rapper, probably shouldn't feel safe
People trying to kill me, or at least that's what they say, uh
Threaten to find me like they gon' run in my place
And I just LOLLOL, emojis for days
Yeah, quit lying, been trying to kill giants
I don't really have a big diet for kids crying
Stop with the boo-hoo, do you wanna burn in a lit fire?
I got matchsticks and gasoline, y'all campfire wood
Y'all been running 'round with your pants on fire like some bad liars would
I hear the rumors, I hear the gossip
I just don't care, I'm not responsive
I see the tweets, I see the comments
I don't write back 'cause it's all that you wanted
Yeah, I wish I had a dime for every prayer that I choke
And I wish they lost a dime each time I did, they'd be broke, ya

God is in the sky, and there's a devil below
I've walked amongst the dead and heard the stories they've told
They threaten my life and say they'll come for my soul
But I know better than to listen to ghosts

Everybody wanna talk shit, jealousy and no options
Corny rappers are toxic, I haven't talked to a lot since
I blew up too much, tour bus, full of people that I grew up with
Crews of you bums tryna act like friends never knew our shit
I don't know why you've been lying, you haters been doing it to all of our f
aces you're smiling, ay
You jealous and angry and wasting your energy, telling the world that we're
enemies, ay
You never felt me, but you wanted a selfie
Saying I'm fake as a hologram, you still want an autograph
I hear the whispers, none of 'em true
I see the dissers, they got no views
I know you wishing, I give you smoke
I'm on a mission, y'all are at home
Dear, every single death threat I got
Those were ghost stories, I'm so sorry, you're choked, and I'm not, ya

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I started out with nothing, then what?
My records started buzzing, then what?
Never thought I'd end up
Super comfy, got some money, I could get my friends drunk
Acting funny, then my buddies put you in the Chev trunk
All the homies riding motorcycles, y'all on Vespas, ay
Zero fucks are given while you give like ten fucks, ay
Got it 'cause I earned it; if you win, it's dead luck, ay

Gang is super crazy, y'all are super last month, ay
Stunning everybody, middle fingers, Stone Cold
I've been hella glowing up while you been hella growing old
You been rapping for your mama, you ain't sold out no shows
Wouldn't even let you open in your city, no

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