

God Mode

Tom MacDonald

I been hearin' that they think my political music is boring
Tell 'em I'm sorry, I been rappin' 'bout things that I feel are important
I could talk about how rich I am, all these little rappers that I'm bigger than
I could should you the impact addiction had, how the liquor turned me to a different man
I'm not the kid who was visitin' Disneyland
I'm not a perfect Christian, have a sinner's past
But I sobered up, prescriptions hit the trash
Now I'm sitting back with fifty Billboard plaques
Twenty million dollars and a million fans
Middle fingers flippin', I can't flip 'em back
I'm so independent so they get the message
I been spittin' facts, I'm not a fiction fan
I am the truth, I am the GOAT
I am the proof you can reach every one of your goals
You can be too drunk, way too high, but it's never too late to have hope
I am the one, I'm gonna preach, you can reach every one of your dreams
You can be up against the whole entire world and you can beat 'em if you just believe
They've been sayin' I'm Illuminati and I'm goin' to Hell
They're desperately searchin' for any excuse to explain why I've done what they can't do themselves
The only way they can make sense of my fame is claim I worship Satan and labels have helped
I don't have an advantage, it's natural talent
Your ego is damaged, admit that you failed

I remember back when I was the only political rapper, what the hell happened?
All the sudden everyone who never gave a damn got political and started rappin'
Tragic, I should be flattered, man, I created the genre they practically jacking in'
Actin' like they in the conversation, they ain't nowhere near it, on a different planet
This is not YouTube, this is upper echelon
President of Sony on my telephone
I get what I want, how I want, when I want until the day that I'm dead and gone
The internet in love with beef, they want rappers at war
But I don't care who's comin' at me
I swore that I wouldn't do disses no more
The last time I battled the man that I trampled lost his career and then had a divorce
That wasn't fair, homie got torched
I feel the weight like I'm carryin' around a corpse
Still no deals, still no team
Still just little old me
Still makin' fun of the whole industry
Still rap on my own beats
I'm the only multimillionaire in my family tree
I keep hearin' rumors that my parents rich and that's how I got in the lead, that's a big L-I-E
If you wanna know the truth, I guess
I can show you why I move like this
Let me take you back into my head, tell you 'bout the movie I lived

Former alcoholic, nothin' in my wallet
Every doctor said that I was depressed
Should be inside a coffin or inside a cardboard box and addicted to meth
I was sleepin' on my best friend's couch, I was dreamin' of a west end house
We was livin' in the basement, sweet east side, pray that we'd get out
Motorcycles on the front lawn, bunch of crackheads in the alley
Open up my bedroom window and tell 'em there's empty bottles they can have
Cops at the door, I couldn't sleep
Makin' up noodles to eat for a week
I couldn't stomach the food I was makin'
If I wasn't high, still I always had weed
Leavin' the crib and the neighbors are trippin'
I'll flip 'em the bird, I ain't stoppin' to talk
They leavin' us notes on the passenger window 'cause we always parkin' the w
hip in their spot
Ten in the morning, we sippin' on 40's and takin' the Honda Civic up the blo
ck
Lookin' for one of my homies who livin' on the street 'cause he got addicted
to rocks
Waitin' in line at church, they're givin' out food
I would pull up every second Sunday, get some hard boiled eggs and juice, th
at was the move
I was a broke boy then I blew up
I was suicidal, yeah, the mood sucked
Now I been rich, I done made hits, I been prayin' I don't screw it up

And now that I've blown up, they're mad that I've grown up
They're missin' my old stuff
They say my political music's all soundin' the same and the flows suck
I'm never gonna be the old Tom or recapture the magic of old songs
I don't know, Tom
You the GOAT, Tom
Give me what I want or I will go, Tom
Shut up
I'm not the guy that you fell in love with back when I was young and dumb
Always gettin' drunk, takin' hella drugs, livin' in the ghetto, no food for
a month
Couldn't pay the power bill, the shower filled with towels, mold and hella b
ugs
That was the old Tom, that was broke Tom
Stop saying you miss who I was
Now you can give me all the Gucci, give me all the Louis
Give me everything I wanted once
Give me Lamborghinis, give me all my flowers
Gave you everything I have to show me love
Now they call me racist and they say I'm canceled but I guarantee you that t
here will be blood
I ain't goin' nowhere, I ain't stoppin' nothin'
I'ma really go there, I don't give a fuck
I'm the best thing going right now, they can't mess with me
I been up, I been down, I climbed out my grave
I been great way before today
And I'll be great till I decide to walk away

And I'm the one you have to thank for every independent artist gettin' Billb
oard plaques
I showed everybody how to beat the record labels and still, I don't get no t
hanks
Everybody who been hatin' on me copies every little thing I'm doin'
I mean, they dress like me, sign CDs
No one is buying they music
I'm the blueprint for these YouTube kids, every single little view you get
Every time you get an iTunes check you just imitate what I do best

I'm on Fox News
I'm on Rolling Stone
In the New York Times
On the radio
Got a million views, milly on the Gram
You still waitin' to be verified, man
I am the reason that Billboard removed all the digital sales charts off their website
I was out-performing label artists and executives, pressured them to hit the red light
Universal, Warner Music, Sony CEOs wanted me dead
But they ain't ever gonna really kill me, they'll just cancel the digital charts instead
Stop tellin' me that anyone else is bigger than I am
Go get the Nielsen SoundScan numbers, tell me what you find, man
Who's the biggest? I am
They're angry that I love America, guess it's a problem 'cause I'm Canadian
I live in the states, I gave two hundred grand to the veterans, I am a patriot
I am not faking this, I don't need to keep on makin' it
Good to retire three years ago basically
Go check my bank account, buddy, I'm crazy rich
I don't need money, I rap 'cause I'm made for this
I am only doing this because I love it
I told every record label they can shove it
Rappers hate on me but I'm above it
'93 Shawn Michaels, everyone can suck it
They want photos when they see me out in public
Then they trash me in the comments, what a bummer
I sign autographs and spill my guts and stomach
All I get is people prayin' that I'll plummet

I came a long way, dreamt of this all day
I should've saw graves but God saves, I got faith
What a loser, I needed booze to maneuver
Bottles of Hooch in the cooler
Now I'm the proof that you can choose to be a trooper
And regroup a pursue of future, be a ruler
Screw all the rumors, hack all the dudes who be actin' stupid on computers
Hate is a fuel that humans can use to improve themselves if they don't let their wounds ruin' their movement
You can do it and then you can lose it
You could choose to view it through some other pupils
You could shoot for the moon, if you miss you recoup it and then execute it till you make it through it
There ain't no excuses, the rules are confusin'
So break 'em and use them to find the solution
The truth is you're losing till you are immune and you turn the abuse to your own evolution

I been addicted to plenty of pills, poor and mentally ill
If I can do it, you can do it
I went from homeless and drunk to turnin' down record deals
I done got so many wins that I forget the wins
So many plaques inside the crib, they gettin' hard to live
They so jealous, I'm just glad that I ain't them (Thank God I ain't them)
They got money, they got pennies, they got dollars but they ain't been makin' any sense
They got hundreds, they got thousands, I got ten, eleven, fifteen, twenty so methin' M's
But this ain't always what my life was like
Honestly, it still give me chills
Way before all of my viral songs, before I was living in Beverly Hills

Way before I went and sobered up, back when me and Brandon couldn't pay the bills
Way back when I shoulda been locked up, overdosed or gettin' killed
My sister called me from the hospital, said her job's killin' her and that was a fact
She workin' overtime often, out of options, havin' panic attacks
Didn't let her finish talkin' told her walk in and to quit and call back
Next thing I know she's in California and she's workin' for Hang Over Gang
And Daddy always told me I was special and one day I would conquer the music business
And I guess he was right 'cause look at my life
I just bought him a new Porsche for Christmas
And Momma worked harder than any woman on Earth, her boss woulda never have fired her
I recognized they weren't giving her what she was worth, so I retired her

This ain't white privilege, this ain't trust funds
This ain't good luck, this ain't silver spoon
This is hard work, this is long nights
This is on me, this is what I do
This is palm trees and Ferraris and a calm breeze and a pretty view
If you don't believe I deserve it then you never lived the life I did and you wouldn't make it through
I came out a city where I still don't get no respect
I moved away and I blew up and everyone else is still stuck in the town that I left, I'm not impressed
And they been sayin' my video views are all fake and I honestly hope it helps get 'em some rest
I'm worth the thirty million mother fuckin' dollars, all you bums are living check-to-check
Now everybody is an enemy, they all jealous that I'm a celebrity
Well, screw them, screw the government, screw the record labels, screw the mainstream
I'm in God mode, they in beast mode
We are not the same, we ain't equals
And I pray to God that you can deepthroat, got 11 inches for you weak hoes
Y'all cannot critique me, y'all ain't in my league still
All your hate completes me, I can't be killed
Y'all just wanna be me, maybe be chill
Leave 'em bleeding in a wheatfield
All my missiles heat seek, you can't beat me, homie, keep still
I can tell that you don't eat meat, ton of green beans
You a vegan when the beef's real

Everybody's saying I'm fake but
They're the ones really fakin' though
And their songs all on YouTube
While my songs on the radio
They claim they hate fame but they change when they need streams
Then they say names and plays games, and take aim and hate on me

Wait, I got one more thing I gotta say
I don't need anymore money these days, I just do it for all of my fans
I pray to God I inspire somebody or show someone who thinks that they can't that they can
I'ma keep goin' till I'm in a coffin, I promise no stoppin' till I kick the can
Till the day that they're droppin' my box in the ground, it's Hang Over Gang