

Gravestones

Tom MacDonald

A hundred-thousand records sold
I've been dreaming 'bout this moment since I was seven years old
I should probably go home
Ride around the city with the top back, screaming "Fuck y'all!" with a megaphone
Y'all already know, I did it independent, controversial records
Since I made it, lost so many fucking friendships
I wish that I could say I learned my lesson, I regret it
But the only place I give a fuck's an alternate dimension
All this negative attention, what a waste of breath
Give a fuck about the odds, y'all should place your bets
Play your cards and then complain I rigged the game, go 'head change the deck
I got nothing but some aces left
Looking back, all I see is people who are bitter
And if they look my direction, all they'll see is middle fingers
Probably hit me up on Twitter, I'ma miss it though
I ain't worried 'bout a pistol 'til the trigger's pulled

I just wanna be a legend while I'm still alive
It seems like hella rappers going platinum when they die
It's gravestones, it's gravestones
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Lately, I've been living a dream
I blew out the candles and wished for this when I was sixteen
Ripped jeans
Now I'm hanging out the window of a limo, like, "What's up, bitch? It's me"
Don't trip, I'm just winning, ho
Tried to tell 'em that I'm wicked though
I just did a show, every ticket sold, never miss the goal, I don't hit the post
And I ain't keeping score, but shit's official when the whistle blows
I'm offensive, I respect if you don't feel it
But my dog just died, so I got bigger shit to deal with than feelings
Stay mad, I'ma keep to myself
I'ma do it for the people who really needed my help
The death threats all preceded my wealth
Turns out it's ghost stories they repeatedly tell, uh
And every man needs to know where he came from
'Cause he's headed for a gravestone

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Every single night has been a blur
I've been hella tired of hearing I should wait my turn
I'm just taking what I earned, y'all still owe me for the songs you never heard
Couple-hundred-million views, not even close to what they worth
Hella people acting like they work

Claim they got a bag, but they barely got a purse
Claim the grass is greener, but I touch it and it's turf
Claim your team is wolves, y'all ain't even rocking fur
I'm just sick of all the fake, I don't like the way they move
I don't like the things they say, I know none of that is true
They say they've been at the lake, but they're really at the pool
They say they be getting paid, but they only rent a room
I moved my family out the hood like we not made for the ghetto
And I'm so close to the top that when I yell, there's an echo
I get anxiety whenever a new stranger says hello
Fifteen minutes of fame became a two-hour special, what's up?

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