Hate Mail

Tom MacDonald

I don't know what the problem is, why everybody hates males
But lately, all I get is tons of hate mail
I'ma keep on beating them to death until they're eighty and they face pale
Wrap 'em in some chains and leave 'em layin' on the train rails
Everybody's angry that everything that I say sells
Get inside your head and kill the brain cells
Y'all cannot avoid me, amputate my middle fingers, get an eggshell
Put 'em in a cake and have a bake sale
"Dear Tom MacDonald, you've been doin' this on purpose
You don't even really mean it, I bet you're a cool person"
Wrong, bitch, watch this, I'm not like these rappers who will talk shit
I'm honest from the moment that the song hits
Walkin' through the hottest part of hell in cotton overalls and stockings
And I ain't even sweatin', check my armpits
Y'all want it with the wrong kid, I ain't tuckin' my balls in
I promise that they're twenty shots of vodka and the bong hits

"Man, I really hate this guy, I'ma tell him
How dare he have opinions, I won't let him"
I got a trash can full of hate mail that I pee in
Pissin' off the Internet is just another weekend
"I hate this guy, he's a villain
Somebody somewhere, please go kill him"
I got an inbox full of hate mail that I laugh at
How'd you get an Internet connection in a crack shack?

I don't care why they mad at me, keep writin' me letters
And they probably thought attackin' me would make 'em feel better
But the more they feel offended, the more I wanna be offensive
It's a never-ending cycle and I'm getting more aggressive
I would normally pretend I'm getting bored, ignore their message
But I wanna make their head explode, my vocal cords are weapons
Got 'em jumpin' out the window like the folks on 9-11
I'm just laughin' while they splatter, I'ma need some more umbrellas
"Dear Tom, I just wanna say your music's pathetic
Your music is garbage and you probably regret it"
Wrong, bitch, runnin' through your office with a bomb lit
Beat you with a rock inside a sock until your skull split
Yellin' "Screw the cops," hope you do and have a cop kid
When he grows up, I hope he joins the force and he's a hothead
Goes to your apartment, gets inside of it with lock-picks
And finds out you've been beating up his mom and you get shot dead

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You get mad 'cause you hate my songs
Too bad, 'cause I said what I want (Na-na-na)
Say I'm trash, but you stupid enough
To keep on talkin' and you blow me up (Na-na)
Every day you're hatin' 'cause I'm paid well

Guess your little comments didn't age well (Na-na-na)
You said I'd never make it but I ain't fail
Pourin' gasoline on your hate mail (Na-na)

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