

Helluvit

Tom MacDonald

They try to tell me I should dumb it down
Say "You're too conscious for the fans to feel you"
Try to tell me I should calm it down
If you fight the system, they're gon' try to kill you
They try to tell me that I'm too sad
And it isn't healthy, fuck, I knew that
I'm just doing me, and if you don't agree
And I don't owe you shit, then that is too bad
I fired shots at all the mumble rappers
And they try to say I'm not a humble rapper
So I tell 'em I'm not like these other rappers
And they try to say I'm just another rapper
Fuck it, I guess there's no pleasing y'all
If the record has meaning, you don't leave it on
But you stream all the songs that repeat the same shit
About pussy and Xanax and liquor and drugs

I could have a seizure like Wayne
I could just go OD like Peep
I could just go crazy like 'Ye
I could just get locked up like Meek

Repeat the same thing, using stupid slang
Yelling Gucci Gang on every flame beat
Or I could be me, at least I can breathe, at least I can sleep
Knowing that I never sold my soul for money or a dream
These rappers all coked out
They just mumble lots, they got broke mouths
They got ten chains and got no house
They got twenty hoes and got no spouse
Smart rappers don't drink lean
That's kid shit, we ain't sixteen
If you got a problem, I welcome it
I'll be doing me for the hell of it

For the hell of it
For the hell of it

They said to go to hell, so I packed my shit and went with it
Little did they know that they put me in my element
I'm fired to the bone, now diamonds in my skeleton
I'm finally in my zone, doing me for the hell of it, for the hell of it

They try to tell me to ignore the haters
"You're gon' get revenge when you're successful later"
They try to tell me I should not respond
And I should write a song and put it all on paper
They try to tell me I'm the bigger man
If I'm not underhanded when I write 'em back
And I try to tell 'em it's impossible
Thousands of people a day have been saying I'm whack
I try to tell 'em that it's complicated
I could write a novel about getting faded
But the conscious fans are gonna fucking hate it
And the wavy kids are gonna love to play it
So I write a song that's got a message in it
And the wavy kids are saying it's pathetic

But the conscious fans think it's awesome, man
They comment like, "Man, I really get it"
So what the fuck do y'all want?

I could have a seizure like Wayne
I could just go OD like Peep
I could just go crazy like 'Ye
I could just get locked up like Meek
I could just go sell out like Jay
I could just stay real like Kweli
I could just get money like Drake

Or I could just say that I'm done playing games and get famous and know that
I always stayed me
So go ahead and bump the mumble rap
Don't boycott it, just understand
If you eat at McDonald's, you're gonna get fat
If you listen to garbage, your head fills with trash
Get drunk in the club, and spend all of yo' money
'Cause rappers have told you it makes you somebody
Then comment on this with your jealous shit
I'll be doing me for the hell of it

For the hell of it
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