

# I Cannot Be Nice

Tom MacDonald

It's a long, long road where I'm at  
All the lights don't glow where I'm at  
You know most won't go where I have  
'Til I'm a ghost, I'ma go for the bang  
I'm fighting monsters in my head  
I'm lighting all my cigarettes  
I'm sliding every time there's threats  
I know they wanna see me dead 'til they're dead, ya

Get the bread, ya, lay in bed, ya, take my meds, ya  
Send the text to see if we still friends, ya  
Fuck the feds, ya, 'til the end, ya  
Wonder if the homies got my message, probably send the text again, ya  
Hollywood promises, pray to God for some honesty  
It's all drama and problems and platinum coffins for prodigies  
We got skeleton closets, garages steadily filled  
It's Hollywood forever 'til it's Beverly kills

If you don't pay the price, you don't live this life, ya-ya  
Back is full of knives, I don't sleep at night, ya-ya  
If you close your eyes, that's how people die, ya-ya  
I cannot be nice, I cannot be nice, ya-ya  
If you don't pay the price, you don't live this life, ya-ya  
Back is full of knives, I don't sleep at night, ya-ya  
If you close your eyes, that's how people die, ya-ya  
I cannot be nice, I cannot be nice, ya-ya

It's a cold, cold world where I'm at  
It's everyone I know who be putting on an act  
On the low, low shit been hella whack  
Sell your soul for a couple hundred racks  
I'm hiding underneath my bed  
I'm finding things that I regret  
I'm dying deep inside my chest  
I know they wanna see me dead 'til they're dead, ya

All the stress, ya, shit, I'm mess, ya, tryna flex, ya  
Enemies I never even met, ya  
I need rest, ya, I'm a wreck, ya  
What the heck? Bulletproof to Gucci, and I put it on my chest, ya  
Hollywood promises, I swear nothing is real  
Think I'm numb to it, honestly, when they touch, I don't feel  
It's all gossiping parties, designer clothes, popping pills  
You know it's Hollywood forever 'til it's Beverly kills

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And you cannot be saved by the money and the fame  
Put your money in a safe, keep your body out the grave  
Keep your focus on the paper, keep the camera on the gate

Keep your finger on the trigger just in case

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