

# I Don't Care

Tom MacDonald

Honestly, I'm sick to death of hearing the complaints  
Everybody wants to tell me how I've changed  
I think somehow I'm responsible for bodies filling graves  
If I made the songs they wanted, were they fans I could've saved?  
Man, that's a lot of weight  
Wait, I thought it would be great to entertain  
And now I understand why mumble rappers say the things they say  
They don't want any obligation to the fanbase they create  
I guess my morals won't allow me to be famous if it's fake  
I barely made it, I was living in the ghetto, always praying  
My potential wouldn't go to waste before I could escape it  
I just had a mental breakdown, rent was due, I couldn't pay it  
Killing roaches, scraping guts off all the plates and being patient, ay  
Living in the hood could've got me killed  
Kitchen full of rats, stomach never filled  
They cut off the lights, couldn't pay the bills  
I was always sick, couldn't buy the pills  
Girlfriend almost left me  
We were broke and we were desperate  
Right before it got too heavy  
I went viral off a record, ay  
Never signed a deal, I did it on my own  
I made all the beats, I write every song  
They did not believe I'd knew it all along  
Told me I was weak I showed 'em I was strong  
Never should've bet against me  
Thought my anxiety was gonna wreck me  
Thought my depression would get in my head for a second and leave  
But it never left me

Everybody says I changed up, changed up  
'Cause I had nothing, then I came up, came up  
Now I'm someone they're afraid of, afraid of  
So, say some, say some, whoa  
Ay, yo, everything you say, bro  
I don't care, no, I don't care, bro  
Fame won't ever make me change, so  
I don't care, no, I don't care, no

Honestly, it's bothered me since I've become this famous  
People comment, like, I don't see what they're saying  
I get death threats every day, insult my family, call me garbage, call me racist  
Try to tell my therapist that I'm afraid, I can't explain it, uh  
Back up, don't touch me, I'm anxious  
All of this money I'm banking  
Don't make me happy, I can't win  
Don't get it wrong, no, I'm thankful  
Wanted attention, it happened  
Pressure from standards established  
Amplified anger and sadness  
Can't deny that it did damage  
Ay, take the bucks I made, take off all the chains  
Take the braids out of my hair, laser the tattoos off my face  
Stop comparing me to Hopsin, Token, NF, and Em  
I think they're great, but so am I and I don't wanna be them  
And I never change, but I'm not the same, I'm not the person that I was once

Alcoholic, always calling mama, always try to borrow 50 bucks, uh, ay  
I put my parents in debt, I have embarrassed my friends  
I didn't care if I died, I was honestly hopeful that I wouldn't wake up again  
But I'm back now, knock me down to that mat, but now I stand proud  
Last round, believe me, I'm ready to scrap until they back down  
Doctor gave me pills, told me I was sad  
Never took 'em though, threw 'em in the trash  
Made a couple mil', money doesn't last  
Tryna smile a bit, living in the past

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See this Gucci? Yeah, I bought it, I'm no sell out homie, stop it  
This is symbol of the work I did that's finally acknowledged  
This is robbed at corner stores while getting soda and some chocolate  
This is bullied all my life by kids at school, I ain't forgot it  
This is profit that I got from sacrificing food and water  
This is dollars I had after finally paying back my father  
This is failing grades and skipping class and dropping out of college  
You can't stop me, that's your problem, I will get it if I want it  
Stop telling me that I switched sides, my life changed, I'm a different guy  
My mama proud, my girl stoked, my sister happy I didn't die  
They're mad instead of saying, "Tom, I wish you the best"  
Of course, I changed, I had to go and buy a bulletproof vest  
'Cause I've been stressed, ya, I'm a mess, ya, I need rest, ya  
Wasting energy on enemies I never met, ya  
I need meds, ya, I need bed, ya, what the heck?  
I should send a text to see if I still have some friends, ya  
Now that I'm healthy and nobody helped me  
I wanna get every penny independent  
I'm a menace, I'ma wreck it  
All my records got a message, I'ma spread it  
And I'm still the person my mama nurtured  
To become this version, so shout out, Mom  
I don't ever sleep, every night is long  
Everything is on me, Tom

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