

I Hate Hip-Hop

Tom MacDonald

OK

I'm not a YouTube rapper, come on, give me credit
I don't need to do reactions to get views, okay, I said it
Not a label rapper, I'm way too offensive
Go ahead and call me click bait, I made millions independent
I'm not a mumble rapper, y'all understand every single word
I'm not taking Xanax, rapping 'bout money, liquor, and girls
Not a SoundCloud rapper, I got hits you actually have heard
I exist outside the Internet, done shows around the world
Not a boom-bap rapper, I'm not stuck in 1990
I like Wu-Tang, but that vibe is kinda old and grimy
Not a conscious rapper, all those rappers sound like SJ dubs
Not a gangster rapper, cool enough without being a thug
I'm not country rap, I don't play guitar, I don't drive a truck
I don't chew tobacco, got the Chevy stuck in feet of mud
I'm not horror-core, I don't paint my face, I don't trip
I can only be myself and I am Tom MacDonald, bitch

I think I gotta let 'em know, ay, ay, ay
And let me say it from the soul, man

I hate hip-hop
How dare you call me a rapper when all these rappers don't have nothing left
to say?
I hate hip-hop
It's full of liars and actors, these little rappers are 'bout as real as the
y names
I hate hip-hop
Keep the glitz and the glamour 'cause all these rappers are putting kids in
they graves
I hate hip-hop
The whole culture is cancer, they'll kill their mamma for some clout and a c
hain

I'm not a mainstream rapper, I think they're pathetic
I don't compromise my vision just so I can sell some records
I'm not underground, that means it's hard to sell it
I got mass appeal, I've mastered being catchy with a message
I'm that white-boy rapper, actually got that juice and caught a vibe
Copying Eminem don't mean that all you boomers really rhyme
Not a corny rapper, spitting every song in double time
Say so much and don't say nothing, bunch of garbage in your lines
Not a little rapper, I ain't auto-tuning every song
I ain't making tunes exclusively 'bout drinking at the club
Not a candy rapper, I ain't making albums full of pop
I ain't Macklemore or Logic, little Dicky or Asher Roth
I ain't emo rap, I ain't shedding tears, I don't cut myself
I don't romanticize suicide or poor mental health
I ain't backpack rap, that's my granddad's rap
Please, don't take this as a diss, I'm just Tom MacDonald, bitch

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I'm so used to hearing people hate, I get it
Hip-hop hates me and I hate it too, it's been this way forever
I don't move like them, I'll never be accepted
I got rich without a co-sign, I will hold you 'cause you're jealous
I don't want the clout, I don't need a friend, y'all can keep your beats
Never signed a deal so every dollar goes to me
I been humble, ain't been flexing, ain't been showing off my blessings
Maybe I should take a second to make sure y'all get the message
I'm in beast mode, check the teeth glow, I don't need dough
Everything is Fendi, Gucci, 'sace, Louis V, oh
Nothing new to me, no, too much green to keep, bro
Hundred thousand dollars every hour that I sleep for
I don't talk about it 'cause the way my mamma raised me good
All these rappers hate me, if they don't, I'll say they maybe should
H-O-G, the army, they say crazy is as crazy does
So watch yourself, blood on our hands, don't bother us, we bathe in blood

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