

LeeAnn's Son

Tom MacDonald

Yeah, welcome
I call this one "LeeAnn's Son". Ya dig?
Woop!
Oh, oh. There it is, there it is though
Hangover Gang I see you

Hello. I am Thomas. I'm LeeAnn's son
I used to have a broken heart and now I do not have one
I'm happy now, I'm tatted on the head
I got more weed, I'm wipin' lipstick off my dick and shakin' glitter off my
sheets, I been livin' bruh
Bunch of pretty women bruh
Everything is different bruh
I came off that heartbreak shit a little fuckin' bit ago
My image is gettin' shaken up, relationships are breaking down
No longer trying to make it up to people who are not around
Underneath all of the bullshit I'm the same motherfucker that I was before
Real long hair, still don't care, feel free to suck my dick and balls
I'm no longer worried about the shit that I'm hearing
I'll be skatin' in Hollywood and I just toured Europe
My taste is gettin' expensive and I ain't sweatin' it barely
I get my red wine from Venice, import my champagne from Paris
I gotta shout to the people who really are not my people
You gon' hate it, we'll make it, you'll tell yourselves that we're evil
I'm in the middle of the club with my cups stacked high
Couple shorties in my face but I close my eyes
Probably gonna be mad that I am over making sappy songs
If anyone is wondering, I'm happy now, thanks a lot

I been runnin' gang, bitch
I been gettin' face, bitch
I been more than patient
Now I'm tired of waiting for everyone to realize
That I'm the best thing comin' out the city and that's obvious as fuck, I'm
just sayin'
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They call me "Mr. Mac", but I'm LeeAnn's son
Thomas Cameron, graduated honor rolls, said fuck it, I'm 'a be a rapper
Broke a couple hearts, sold some drugs, made a little money
Smoked a couple darts and some blunts, threw some awesome parties
And they probably not used to me talkin' 'bout it
'Cause usually I sing about losing who good to me, now I'm good again
Truthfully you could catch me with the women from the strip club
But never in the strip club, that ain't me, I swear to God
Camo shorts and hookahs, with some watermelon Swisher gettin' burned like it
is good for us
Too smoky to even look for us
Ratchet hoes and losers with strawberry Jolly Ranchers in they lean tryna ha
ng with us, but they could never handle us
I'm sorry, here's my website if you wanna be some fans of us
I think we need a geek to do some spam for us, get it boy

Shoutout to Alberta, bunch of rappers you ain't heard of
Bunch of rappers I'll forget, bunch of nights I don't remember
I been wild lately, style crazy, high and wasted, Mohawk-braided
Hat to the motherfucking back like a eighth grader
I'm faded, but I can't get enough, LeeAnn's son, we on one and some, best of
luck

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Tom Mac-fucking-Donald in that ass, LeeAnn and Jamie's kid
Drinkin' out the bottle still but I don't need a babysitter
Stay calm as a motherfucker, shades on in this motherfucker
Hair's long and bitches love it, but I ain't trippin; I love it too
Shout-out to my main girl, Jenna Em, you know your brother loves you
And to the people who said fuck me, fuck you
Chargin' all these rappers for my features, everything I touch is dope, no o
ne gets a free verse
Silly fucking rapper in that triple XL t-shirt
You are just an echo, tell my dude to kill the reverb (reverb)
Re-up, re-wrap, reflip, relax, rehearse, redo, 'til RiRi's on my lap
I fucked that hoe, got a bunch of bitches just like that hoe, every hoe that
I even known act exactly like that hoe
No lunch break, I ain't hungry, fuck man, I been eatin' tons
All I need is music and some weed inside my lungs
They been sleepin' on me but I fuckin' promise when they up again they gon'
wish they never made the choice to leave they comfy bed
'Cause I'm 'a leave half dead, call it zombie
They been chillin' since September '88, hoe, LeeAnn's son

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