

# Lethal Injection

Tom MacDonald

"I talked shit about Tom Macdonald  
I just like the sound of it  
and didn't realize that"

"...so many of my fans were his fans and now they're all mad at me, so..."  
"I'm just gonna tell him that I..., ...I was talking about somebody else..."  
"...that's it, yeah, yeah... yeah I was talking about somebody else..."  
"...you believe me, right?"  
"...right!?"  
Oh, shit...  
Alright...

Man, who gave this old man Twitter?  
Who taught him how this works?  
Someone tell him when he mentions me, do research first  
He just old and bitter, can't hit him where it hurts  
'Cause it's impossible to make this guy look any worse. Ay  
The world forgot about Mac  
Now you can't eat, Ramadan fast  
That Oxycontin you put up your nostril finally rot your brain or were you always wack? Whoa  
I should go slow  
I don't want you back on the dope  
It ain't a joke, when you're going broke... and you got a daughter at home  
Leave me alone, you old man  
Your career is a joke, it's so sad  
Your biggest record is a cover song while you're cooking breakfast, you ain't no dad  
Fucking house wife, fucking washed up, fucking never ever had a sound  
How you rap with ICP and still end up the biggest clown?  
Mac Lethal? What's lethal about him?  
Old age?  
Stroke face?  
A relapse going back to his old ways?  
A suicide because no fame?  
You ain't a real artist, you just retarded  
You a weak target I feel bad for killing  
You rap fast, but every bar is filler  
We kept Lethal but we lost Miller  
I guess your tweet has backfired  
Go look up satire  
I guess you're slower than you look, Mac, you got flat tires  
I'm a visionary, you a parody  
Your catalogue is embarrassing  
You pushing forty, your style is corny, stop rapping and do some parenting  
Fuck, I guess it's that time of the year  
Hi, I'm here to revive your career  
Guy, you come off so fucking weird  
It's 2019, just admit that you're queer  
I don't expect to get a tight response from a midlife crisis with writer's block  
Even though it'd be nice to talk to a rapper who can't even write a song  
Wow, look at you now  
I'm selling out shows in your town  
Yo' demographic all old ladies, you don't appeal to a younger crowd  
You ain't mainstream, you ain't underground, you a specific brand of fucking lame  
Yo' triple time flow hella boring. How you say so much and have nothing to s

ay?

You are all opinions, I am all facts

You are insignificant, fall back

Need to update, reinstall Mac

You can restart and then not rap

Picture your life

Flipping burgers, go get me some fries

Cola with ice, one apple pie on the side

David I'm tryna be nice

I seen you reply in my comments

You said it wasn't about me, c'mon just be honest

You spoke out the ass and then all of your fans started turning against you,  
it fucks up your pockets

You're backpedalling

You don't have enemies

You're afraid to have to deal with that energy

You're lying and trying to make up a save

You said it, you meant it, Dave it's too late

Oh dear, I can't believe I have to set this shit straight

Man, old ears, I hope you hear exactly what I say

Man, I'm here, you said you didn't even know my name, dawg

So here, I'll say it so you don't forget again

It's Tom MacDonald, bitch