

Lone Wolf

Tom MacDonald

Labels holler every day, I ain't selling now
I've been hell and back, dinner at the devil's house
Still never change, real to the grave, chill in the flames
Take a blade to a field full of snakes
No one gonna bully me to switch up
I ain't gonna listen to the liquor
The money ain't the motive, it won't control me, I know it's only good for a moment
Until you're broke; when you choke, it's stuck in your throat like a hiccup
Gravedigger, way bigger
I ain't gonna break from the weight, I got veins full of painkillers
The money and the fame don't excite me
I like to fight when life tries to spite me
I like when lightning strikes twice beside me
I like the night ignite light to guide me
I like to bite the great whites when diving
Living isn't living if you're not close to dying

Lone wolf, shit
Fuck our army 'cause the facts are just I can't be touched, don't back me up
Lone wolf, shit
Probably hear that my fans'll buck
Their straps are tucked, they'll blast you up
Lone wolf, shit
Coming with the acid tongue and massive lungs and dragon's blood
Lone wolf, shit
Go ahead, y'all can laugh at us, we'll hack you up to ash and dust
Whoa, y'all are looking at some wolves
Whoa, y'all is looking at a wolf

People wanna see me lose, I don't give a fuck
I get bags when I need, fuck your sippy cup
I got ink, I got ink, I've been jiffied up
Nothing iffy 'bout it on weed, never sniffied up
Bro, you all might present it
Bro, everything you're doing now, I invented
Bro-bro-bro, you don't even get it
Bro, fill a swimming pool with water that I sweated
I'm gas, light a match
And at best doing laps on these pathetic brats
I'm a rap critic, acid the glass, did it crafting
A lasting effect, getting massive respect
Talking half of a check
I got up and got it cracking, I'll go after your neck
Took a trip and hit my head on the ashy cement
Yeah, I like to fight through my life like vikings
Don't like to bite, but my mind is cycling
Hope that you cats have nine lives, I'm dining
MadChild's a lion, defined lines aligning
Stop lying, you're not Rastafarian
Your barbarian blood clots look Aryan

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I don't howl at the moon, I go wild to consume anything that gon' move, ay
I came outta the womb, not a child but a goon, hit the ground with my boots,
ay
Got a crown full of jewels, I've been down with some ghouls, give a fuck about the rules, ay
We're some stone-cold, lone wolves, don't know, don't know you

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