

# Made Of Stone

Tom MacDonald

I said a prayer to the man  
I did the work with my hands, yeah  
I never care what they said  
I ain't pay the rent with their respect, yeah  
I ride with my family and friends, yeah  
The Honda turned into a Benz, yeah  
Ain't signing no deal with them  
It's independent till I'm dead, yeah  
The world is too crazy  
I'm coppin' a crib in the middle of nowhere  
You get hit with a shot from like 400 feet  
If you're dumb enough to try and go there  
Spending a grip on my privacy  
Hang Over Gang down to die with me  
Take a mil' out my PayPal and give it to homie  
To find you if you tryin' to hide from me  
Stop playing, I'm the best out  
No rooms for the Billboard plaques get the guest house  
Bet it all on me, till the checks bounce  
Middle finger in the air and my head down  
I see, I see, I see, I see life like it's the 90's  
Got the baddest attitude future still so shiny  
Before the hope was gone, Gameboy, playing Pokemon  
In my folks garage me and the bros home alone and we smoking lots  
Treated every single dollar like it's gold or something

Poof, life changed, ears, neck, wrist like the ice-age, I'm paid  
The only thing different is we hit him with the blicky  
If he trippin', we ain't stick him with the knife blade

It might not be a fairy-tale, but it ain't a horror story  
We're all gonna' fail, we all gotta say we're sorry  
I wandered off the trail, tried to find the places for me  
And yeah I got it all, but it ain't what I asked for  
And I ain't made of stone, but I'm going cold, nah, nah  
It ain't like before we were young and bold, nah, nah  
Moved away from home, made it on our own, yeah, yeah  
Now we got it all but it ain't what we asked for

I made a choice and I moved  
No one believed till I blew up  
Now I'm the boy in the booth  
Forgive me if I'm in a mood, yeah  
Rappers all claim that they shoot  
Cause nobody cares what the truth was  
Say I'm offensive for views  
But they just upset that they views suck  
Hey, I got the power of God  
The lowercase 't' in my name is a cross  
Get hit with a round and outline 'em with chalk  
We're jumpin' the lines like it's hop-scotch  
Four years till the biggest independent  
Never needed record labels, never took a single penny  
I'll be happy rolling solo, like I don't know how to end it  
And I don't know where I'm headed but's it's lit, lit, lit, lit  
Same kid sold his bike for weed  
Same kid popped pills every night for weeks

Same kid hated on they didn't like my jeans  
Same kid way back, that's the kid in me  
Uh, bump 'Pac, No Doubt, Offspring, old rock, Kanye  
Slim Shade, Lil' Wayne taught me to get paid and I did, did, did, did  
Still dream like I'm sixteen  
I don't care about the money or a big screen  
I still do it cause I love it and I'll shoot them if they're comin'  
Cause ain't nobody stoppin' this except me

Poof, life changed, ears, neck, wrist like the ice-age, I'm paid  
The only thing different is we hit him with the blicky  
If he trippin', I ain't stick him with the knife blade

It might not be a fairy-tale, but it ain't a horror story  
We're all gonna' fail, we all gotta say we're sorry  
I wandered off the trail, tried to find the places for me  
And yeah I got it all, but it ain't what I asked for  
And I ain't made of stone, but I'm going cold, nah, nah  
It ain't like before we were young and bold, nah, nah  
Moved away from home, made it on our own, yeah, yeah  
Now we got it all but it ain't what we asked for