

No Response

Tom MacDonald

I'm the rapper that these other rappers jealous of
I made more off CDs than rappers who are selling drugs
True story, every single aspect independent
I got texts from presidents and major labels I ain't read yet
Told my manager I'd knock him out, and he was like, "The homie?"
Then I fired him, if you're watching this, I'm sorry, dawg, au revoir
I don't need nobody's help, it's me and Nova by ourselves
Come here, babe; this is the entire team, nobody else
I conceptualize, produce, and write like every record
Me and Nova work the hooks, then they're mixed and mastered by Evan
This is homegrown, shout out all the rappers who have thrown stones
I'mma die rich while your casket full of broke bones
I ain't gon' respond to all your disses; look, I get it
Your videos get no views, you say my name, and people click it
But I'm different, you need clout, and you're desperate to make a living
But my bank account already full, I counted seven digits like

Fuck y'all attack me with disses, attract all the critics
I laugh at predictions, surpass all the limits
The wacker the rapper, the more he's angered by the fact that I'm winning
I'm stacking the millions, it's tragic to witness like cancer in children
Aye, no playlist, no paid clicks, no fake shit
Rappers call me gay 'cause my braids pink
Your main bitch, go crazy, so wasted
Front row at my show, I'm her favourite
I'm famous, they basically hate that I made it
Get paid more in a day than they claim on their paycheck
I'm patient, but say my name again, I ain't playing, I'll buy the place that
you're staying
Then raise the rent 'til the space in your parents' basement is vacant

They call me privileged, y'all can't admit that I'm gifted
I did it without a label's assistance, I made the business decisions
I overcame the addictions, lived in the streets, got evicted
Kicked it with killers and strippers, but still my vision was different
I bought a mic, started spitting, produced the beats and I mixed it
I turned my hand into a fist and flipped a bird to the system
I prayed I'd finish my mission and keep my image consistent
I fixed the parts that were missing and switched the gas and the pistons
It's mathematics and physics, I had to travel the distance
I had to add some ambition and then subtract my suspicions
I wanted castles and riches, headed for caskets or prisons
I battled glasses of liquor and cabinets packed with prescriptions

And still these fucking rappers wanna sneak diss
All over my Facebook, always tryna tweet shit
I ain't gonna keep this a secret, my marketing genius
The algorithm triggered by exploiting your weakness
And y'all can call me click bait and gimmicks, I call me rich
A million monthly listens on Spotify, suck my dick
I'm about to drop a couple million dollars on a crib
Quarter million on a whip, I just sent my mom a grip
And first of all, I heard it all, I could write a perfect song
I Google the net worth of rappers hating, and I don't respond
Middle finger from a private jet, I don't give a single flying fuck
Every single person I have met; pussy in person, on Twitter they tough

Yo, if rappers wanna beef, I got the roast pan
Put 'em in the dirt like a fucking UFO crash
Double time rappers mad, I murder it with slow raps
All they do is go fast, turn 'em to some ghost with the most facts
Slow clap, pulling triggers quickly with no blow-back
Cracking under pressure like a cold glass, no fence
Jealous that I rose fast, y'all are on the rollback
Look at your career: it's a joke, man
Promise that I won't laugh, say you got the smoke, can't afford gas
Oh man, so sad, you record your album in a closet full of clothes with a notepad
Strong on the outside, muscles with no bone mass

Let's look at me for a second, man, I was deep in depression
Making me weak and pathetic, I thought I needed their blessings
It leaves an impression, I feel the infection repeating the lessons
Would only lead to me, and that's a lethal injection
And I was chasing the dragon with no medieval invention
I'd go to sleep and dream my life would be for me if I catch it
I let my demons possess me 'til I woke up in a wreckage
And realized that I destroyed a whole cathedral of blessings
It's like my feet were magnetic, the street was steel, we connected
I couldn't seem to reach the sky no matter how far I'm stretching
And I was beaten to death and screaming for help for a second
Now I put everything I bleed into completing my records
I can't compete with my past, but I'm still seeking the relics
And I believe with every breath I breathe, the sequel is better
No fear or surrender, I'm clear of the pressure
The tears I remember will never let me forget I was near to the Devil
I never claimed to be holy, but I got angels' protection
I got a barbed wire halo and devil horns I don't mention
Yeah, the Lord is my saviour, but shit, revenge is so tempting
I don't expect to see heaven if that's the case, I respect it

'Cause I tried to cage the beast, but it's woken up the broken locks
I'm crushing everything I see like empty cans of soda pop
Your titties on your knees like a grandma who don't own a bra
Put a bullet in your head like words you only spoke to God
I'm rowing through an ocean all alone inside an open box
Frozen from the blowing snow and soaking through my only socks
Y'all noticed me and chose the heat, so now the water's boiling hot
You hoped I'd croak, I'm dope, and coke don't crack
It turn to solid rock
Ay, I ain't talking to you losers like you know the cops
I'm rich, and that ain't bad for a kid who couldn't hold a job
Budget-brand rappers all that Gucci fake, I own a lot
You can't afford the way I live, you trying to control the cause
Whoa, I'm in solo mode, your promo won't affect the drop
Artists that you promo don't have clout, the photo likes are bought
Try to put me in the dirt, I'll thrive like you are growing pot
You prototypes are hurt, y'all need work, let me open shop
Y'all don't understand me like a burner phone, it's coded talk
You'll never see my POV like you don't know the Go-Pro off
Make sure that the drone is on slow-mo, so when y'all get shot
The footage captures every single moment while your corpses rot
Shoot it all on Rokinons, touch it up in Photoshop
Upload it to YouTube with a donate button for your mom
So alarmed, y'all could never reach me with those broken arms
Untouchable as alcoholics wallets at an open bar
Unbreakable Da Vinci Code embedded in like my most my songs
Gang is full of animals, you'd think my home is Noah's Ark
Past is full of broken hearts, opponents that I've blown apart
My logo on the stove, I let it smoulder 'til they know the mark

While y'all were finding Nemo, I composed a team of total sharks
Hid inside the reef and chiselled teeth 'til they were over-sharp
Y'all fishy rappers went to sleep to dream of coral seas and stars
We silently and violently reminded y'all the ocean's dark
Lordy, I really feel sorry for your corny bars
Maybe you'll improve, and this is setting up your story arc
I am more like Iron Man, you are more like Tony Stark
You're human, I'm a robo-suit equipped with guns and poison darts
Choking y'all to death like I am Homer home alone with Bart
I wish, I wish, I wish you fucking would on every glowing star
Core is hard, high-performance parts from a pro garage
All I see is smoke and sparks every time your motor starts
What more you got in store for me?
Your death threats were ghost stories
And what's next gon' be painful
Gravestones