

# O.M.G.

Tom MacDonald

Lately, I been tripping, I been smoking lots  
Feel like I'm a target and they're loading shots  
Every time they tweet me, I'm like, "Oh my God"  
Y'all don't wanna see me, man, I swear to God  
Y'all don't understand me like a burner phone, it's coded talk  
I don't hang with y'all like I got warrants and you know the cops  
I been at the top, you cannot see me with the scope you got  
Squad all come with laser sights, your shirt looks like it's polka dots

Oh my God, oh my God  
Try to do me dirty, I like motocross  
Oh my God, oh my God  
All the money in my bag, it look like Photoshop

We been tired of the beefing  
Y'all are tryna sneak diss, all in your feelings  
I can see you creeping all in my DMs  
I ain't gonna pretend money isn't revenge

Oh my God, bank account stole my heart  
Oh my God, someone, hit the smoke alarm  
Oh my God, money bigger than both my arms  
Oh my God, pretty boy, but I go so hard

Lately, I don't listen and you're talking lots  
Blow it up upon you and you ain't talking shop  
Every time they hit me, I'm like, "Oh my God"  
"I swear that y'all are demons, I put that on God"

Twist your cap 'cause everybody capping, that's your soda pop  
Trip and you'll get clipped, I'll slip this clip in, that's a loaded Glock  
Hungry for the money like my tummy full of poke a dots  
Trust me, I don't go to police, only filthy rodents talk

Oh my God, oh my God  
Say they BBS's, but the glow is off  
Oh my God, oh my God

I ain't riding with you, I'll just blow you off

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My money is in my phone  
You bummies wish that I'd go broke

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