

Paranoid

Tom MacDonald

I wish I would have known how deep the holes in Hollywood go
It's dangerous to put truth in your songs
They been tappin' my phone, got a van parked outside of my home
If I keep rappin', they won't leave me alone
As an independent artist, ain't no label stoppin' what you expose
Like these celebrities and artists really sellin' their soul
If cancel culture doesn't work and you get famous on your own
They'll find a way to put a bullet in your dome
I've been peekin' out the blinds, I see 'em creepin', tryna hide
Between the trees across the street as my release is goin' viral
Can't believe it, am I dreamin'? Am I fast asleep inside?
In a coma from a beating, or am I losin' my mind?
I keep workin', I ain't stoppin', they just want me afraid
I should take a vacation 'fore I end up in the grave
My girl said she wouldn't fly with me because right now it isn't safe
Thinks if I board that flight, they're gonna crash that plane

I guess they didn't know that I
Didn't know that I don't give a fuck, uh, uh
They tell me it's in my head
I tell 'em just to wish me luck, luck, luck
I keep a gun inside my backpack with a burner phone
I lean a chair against the door and I sleep in my clothes

Call me crazy, say I'm paranoid
Tryna sleep, I hear a scary noise
Now I can't go back to bed
It's either ghosts or it's the Feds
Call me crazy, say I'm nuts
In my front yard wit' a bat, like "What?"
I saw somethin' by the fence
It's either ghosts or it's the Feds

I wish somebody would have told me this, the rabbit holes are actually bottomless pits
They monitor my Internet from right outside of the crib
Get into my car with all my dogs, we takin' a trip
Helicopters follow the whip
I mean, honestly, I'm scared that I might get hurt if I keep makin' these records
I've been playin' chess, they want me playin' checkers
All these CIA, FBI, NRA measures
They're hopin' they can scare me or I'll crack under the pressure
Tryna take me off the Internet's too obvious, it's obviously better
To stage an accident and take my body on a stretcher
This is not a cry for help, it's evidence, a letter
For every single fan who's gonna wonder why I left them
My homies never text me, they use WhatsApp to say hi
They don't want our messages saved in a case file
Hoppin' in a car together, we don't ever take mine
And if we do, they make me check the brake lines

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Who would have thought that the music I've been makin'
Would put me on the radar of an FBI agent?
I launch another single and they launch investigations
I really thought the land of the free was more than a sayin'
I've been researchin' the government agencies and departments
Tryna figure out which one made me a target
Layin' in my bed and my dogs started barkin'
Hit the lights, go outside, someone went through all my garbage, damn
This is scare tactic, tryna keep me quiet
You can't win a game against the people who designed it
But I ain't givin' in and I ain't sufferin' in silence
I'ma tell the truth, I swear to God that I ain't lyin'
I've been at parties with celebrities, showed up to say hello
And left the room to take a call that's comin' in on my cellphone
I've seen their pentagram decorations and goats made of metal
Can't tell me they don't worship the devil, they do

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