

Politically Incorrect

Tom MacDonald

I probably offended somebody
My generation's afraid of opinions, y'all so intolerant
(Y'all so intolerant)
They're ashamed of themselves, 'cause they're privileged and white
Or they're black and the opposite (Black and the opposite)
You get charged with harassment for huggin' a woman
Or givin' a compliment (Givin' a compliment)
Y'all way too sensitive, yet, offended to death
Bring all the coffins in
I swear that y'all are mad at everything that don't affect your life, hey
I swear that y'all believe that bein' offended just means that you're right,
hey
I swear that y'all just wanna be the only ones who everyone likes, hey
I swear if I swear at you ninnies, you're probably so triggered, you'd cry (Yeah)
And nobody wants to be real, everyone's scared of how everyone feels (True)
We've become so ultra-sensitive and hyper-tolerant that, honestly, honesty gon' be illegal
It's crazy y'all get so shocked and bothered from people sayin' things that aren't responsible
If that seems logical, y'all are weak then; if someone says retard, it ruins your weekend
And that's retarded, my hair been in braids 'cause it looks hella awesome
Y'all like to scream I appropriate culture, but I don't hear nothin', I'm payin' homage
Y'all are just tryna get likes on your comments, Googlin' quotes that are socially conscious
And sayin' you're woke doesn't make you a prophet, it makes you a liar and s
tupid obnoxious

Always on that blah-
blah, y'all should keep it to yourselves (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Miss me with that drama, you must think I'm someone else
'Cause y'all don't wanna fuck with me
'Cause I don't feel the pressure, no, I will not be censored
I'm not afraid that's why they fuck with me
My name will be remembered, and I will live forever
I bet y'all hate that y'all are stuck with me

Happy Halloween; for one evening, only you wear what you want
(What you want)
Unless it's a poncho, a headdress, or afro, you'll piss someone off, hey
I'd say "Merry Christmas", but I know that it's 'bout to be gone
If religious freedom's such a dire issue, why you dressed like a priest in October for fun?
Don't let 'em censor your thoughts, don't let 'em make you regret that you talked (Yeah)
Don't let 'em tell you that nice is the law, tryna make you all righter when nothin' is wrong, yeah
Words hurt you, clothes hurt you, memes hurt you, jokes hurt you, we hurt you
Half the time you don't even probably know what hurt you, but you super mad, trust we heard you
You a pawn in a broken system, are you triggered much? You've been showin' symptoms
Y'all are so addicted to bein' hopeless victims, y'all could crash a plane and blame the road conditions

And your only sickness is your social vision, makes you scared of choices, but you're pro-decision
So you march a lot but never go the distance, yellin' way too loud until no one listens

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"You look like the devil", you sound like some Christians
You just won a medal for askin' permission
You just want a pat on the back in addition
To bein' so tolerant, fine, I admit it
You're nicer, you're better, you're righter, you're brilliant
Most sensitive creatures in all of existence
My freedom of thought should be censored with prison
The world would be better if we weren't so different

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