

Rubber Boots

Tom MacDonald

Can't you see these rubber boots?
Got it out the mud and that's the truth
Everybody pray that I would lose
Now it's me laughing at you

Mom, I made it
Everybody who was hating was praying that I wouldn't be this but I'm undefeated
Their biggest mistake was forgetting that they gave out freedom of speech to a genius
Grabbin' my penis, swinging my balls, don't give a fuck, never at all
I'm the biggest independent artist and they look retarded hopin' that I'll f all
One time for those haters in the back, where they at? (Fuck 'em)
One time for those pussies talkin' trash, where they at? (Fuck 'em)
Straight or gay, they/them, there's white or black, where they at? (Fuck 'em)
Everyone who prayed I wouldn't last, where they at?
I'm a wanted man, got a lot of fans
If you want a problem you don't got a chance
That's a lot of blood on a lot of hands
That's a lot of graves on a lot of land
I got it out the mud and now I count the blessings
If you don't get it then I guess I got a question

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I can't understand it like he's speakin' Spanish, Hispanic
He got so stuck in mud he gon' need mechanics and hammers
My hands dirty like they planted, I been there, got the advantage
I been stranded, left for dead and damaged, this is how I managed
Look, fuck 'em, they ain't got the nerve, swerve, flip 'em off the bird
Why he talkin' shit, I bet he swingin' with a purse
Swear to God I ain't forgot days I was broke until the first
Yeah, I made it out the mud but I'm still playin' in the dirt like
Blast off, got their comments runnin', it gon' tear through mud like asphalt
Speakers bumpin', rumblin, got their heater on the dashboard
Just in case you run up like a dummy, tear yo' ass off
Boy, you got it comin', you gon' get just what you asked for

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I laughed off, good for the soul, gotta let it out of
Or they use you, judge your roll, gotta sweat it out of
This your life on the table, man, get it out of
Bein' selfish, thinkin' about Babe, ready to hit it out of
If you ain't first you're last, that's what Ricky Bobby said
Pull that pistol, let it blast, then you left somebody dead
Now you scared but on the street was a full gangster
Like 50 Cent said "Boy, you a wanksta"
Money in the saver, gettin' to the paper

Smile off the glacier, ballin' like a Pacer
You was in my face, uh
Flossin' all that blood money
Now I'm free and I'm on top and you ain't there, ain't nothin' funny

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