

Sad Rappers

Tom MacDonald

Where'd all these suicidal sad rappers come from?
They showed up with those mumble rapper dum-dums
They been praying on people with mental illness
And pretending to relate to get paid and create a business
They claim to be anxious, say they're depressed
They're faking it to gain something in common with some fans for a cheque
It's over-diagnosed so it's becoming a trend
To say that you're crazy, or insane, or that you're sick in the head
They romanticize the mental pain, we're barely surviving
And then they glorify the men and women losing their lives
I'm talking Cobain, Lil Peep, Winehouse, Jackson, Williams, Cornell, Bennington
Imagine all the icons that we buried pro'ly turning in their grave
So they could witness how this sickness is being used to get paid
These rappers fabricating symptoms for fame
Their mental illness is the money on their mind
It started rotten their brains, yeah

Y'all ain't real from the chains to the gear to the grills
Now it's pain, talking tears, taking pills
Y'all ain't real, I can see it in your eyes, all lies
Y'all guys don't know how we feel
Y'all ain't real enough to deal with us
To feel the love nah-nah-nah-nah
Y'all just make-believe, you claim to be
The same as me, nah-nah-nah-nah

People die from depression, these rappers cry for attention
And it's in every single genre you can possibly mention
From pop to electronic, to rock, to indie, to grunge
They're tryna hook you into using the music like it's a drug
Get you addicted to artists they manufactured to target
A lot of people in therapy tryna deal with their hardships
Crafted and marketed 'til they had you convinced
That if you follow that person they'll make you fine in your skin
They ain't really tryna help you, they don't wanna make you better
It's a lie they tryna sell you so you always buy their records
If you wanna know the truth they want you struggling forever
So you look to them for answers with your Visa or your debit
It's like the record labels working for pharma
They made anxiety trendy by using popular artists
Then use the rappers to promote prescription pills to their audience
They created the problem to sell you pills that will solve 'em
It's brilliant

Y'all ain't real from the chains to the gear to the grills
Now it's pain, talking tears, taking pills
Y'all ain't real, I can see it in your eyes, all lies
Y'all guys don't know how we feel
Y'all ain't real enough to deal with us
To feel the love nah-nah-nah-nah
Y'all just make-believe, you claim to be
The same as me, nah-nah-nah-nah

Exploiting our problems to benefit
They just wanna get paid
I spend all my money on medicine

Spend all your money on chains
Y'all just exploiting the misery
Popping Xannies to fade
Well, I'm throwing ones into therapy
'Cause all I know is rain

Y'all ain't real from the chains to the gear to the grills
Now it's pain, talking tears, taking pills
Y'all ain't real, I can see it in your eyes, all lies
Y'all guys don't know how we feel
Y'all ain't real enough to deal with us
To feel the love nah-nah-nah-nah
Y'all just make-believe, you claim to be
The same as me, nah-nah-nah-nah

Y'all ain't real from the chains to the gear to the grills
Now it's pain, talking tears, taking pills
Y'all ain't real, I can see it in your eyes, all lies
Y'all guys don't know how we feel
Y'all ain't real enough to deal with us
To feel the love nah-nah-nah-nah
Y'all just make-believe, you claim to be
The same as me, nah-nah-nah-nah