

STFU

Tom MacDonald

I woke up late again, check, my phone's at eight percent
Opened up my Facebook page, there's people hating, pray for them
Half my fans are angry at me, don't know how to make it end
Everything was cool back before Friday morning came and went
Dropped a brand new song, they said my content was too racy
And everyone who listened to the lyrics had to take offense
Damn, that was my favorite, man, can y'all just wait a minute?
Everybody step right up, come get your allegations in
What did I say? What did I do?
How is my music affecting the youth?
How are y'all triggered by something I said in a song?
How am I screwing with you?
Too many cuss words?
Oh, I said "Gucci" and "Louis" and now you're all butt-hurt?
Too slow, rap fast 'til my lungs hurt?
Not enough punchlines in one verse?
I can't win, my mind spins
When I do me, they say "Do him"
When I go hard, they say "Dude, chill"
When I go soft, they say "Go in"
When I go way too controversial, say I do it for the clicks
And when I make some normal music, they say "Dude, I missed the hits"

(Shut the fuck up)
Shut the fuck up, I do not care
(Shut the fuck up)
Shut the fuck up, you ain't me
(Shut the fuck up)
Shut the fuck up, you ain't no expert
(Shut the fuck up)
Shut the fuck up, shut the fuck up
Shut the fuck up

Shut up, light a cigarette, I ain't checked my Twitter yet
I don't know who I am 'til I read it on the Internet
Ugly racist, bigot rapper, newest song is ignorant
Probably pays for all his fans, his views are insignificant
Switch over to Instagram, check my "Analytics" tab
Apparently, my latest song is pissing off a million fans
Don't know how to get 'em back, I'd like another Billboard plaque
But I can't let hurt feelings somehow influence my influence
What do y'all want? What did I say?
Tell me my music has ruined your day
Accuse me of triggering people on purpose
And tell me I do it so I can get paid
Too many songs about race? Not enough songs about love?
Can you calm down and explain?
Would you really rather that I rapped about Xanax and shooting some guns?
I can't win, I'm trapped in
Boxes inside my fans' heads
I give them everything I've got, they only want what I can't give
I can't live life like this
I've been living on the edge
I might just show them where that is and push them all off of that cliff

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I should really go to bed, but I check my phone instead
Guess I need to know what people creeping on my socials said
Total overload of stress, my video was trolling them
Seems to be the part of this that they ignore and no one gets
I keep scrolling past profiles that told me I'm trash
The whole world mad at me thanks to my phone, I hold it in my hand
Make some toast with moldy bread, crack open a soda can
Prepare to let 'em know I lost control of thoughts inside my head
I don't care if you hate what I'm making next
I ain't pandering, I don't take requests
I don't fake it for you just to make a check
This isn't marketing, this is who I am
Oh, you gon' throw out my records?
Don't like my music if it's not offensive?
Claim that the new me is losing directions?
Say that the old me is twenty times better? I can't win
I lose every time, or I spit the truth and they say that it's lies
Or they say that I'm lazy and I should just try more
Then when I try, I'm a try-hard
Either way, I'm pissing someone off
Either way, they saying Tom fell off
Any way that I can cut the cake fucks with someone's day, man, I'm done with
y'all

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