Stop Sleeping

Tom MacDonald

It's time to buy beats and chew bubble gum, and I'm all out of gum, and I'm done
Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac, Mac

Stop sleeping, wake up from the bullshit
Y'all are in denial and my girl feels bad for you
Tell your bitch that she's bad, but baby-

They gave me the option to sellout my soul and by losing myself by regaining it all
Picking it back up where I let it all fall
Still won't pickup anytime that I call
Fight with myself over feelings I cannot describe but it shows, even through my disguise
Heard if you seek it then you will be led but they are in the lead and you are behind them

Intelligent people, not just fine bitches are coming around and critiquing the paintings from artists that I've never heard of before
Politely decline to provide any feedback
But pick up the scotch and a Cuban cigar
I smell it and light it and drink it and think that a fool is what they take me for
Damn, I'm sick of the lights and all the nights we don't sleep
The days when all we do is drink but we don't eat
She look at me sexy and tell me to touch it
I tell her I can't, there's a girl I'm in love with
I look at my phone to ignore it and then my phone rings but it was on silent, thank God

These are the moments that leave on a person that alter their future and change all their plans
The actions you take that you learned from your dad distinguish the difference, abort or demand
Tell 'em that I can't not fuck it
Tell 'em that I won't s-sell my sister's soul
'Cause all that I have is my word and my thoughts and I honestly thought they would kn-kn-kn-kn-know it
By know, I mean I tried and tried and tried again
I been misunderstood but I hope that you know at the end of the day I fuckin' did
I heard you never gave a fuck, well, soon you will
I built your neighborhood with lumber out the rumor mill

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"Certified diamonds, 6, 7, 8, 9 diamond. Nine diamond on the beat"