

# This House

Tom MacDonald

Lately, everyone been talkin' crazy  
Feel like everybody's got some shit to say  
They misinterpreted my good intentions  
And expected I was just gon' step away  
If there's a heart that pumps and there's a breath to take  
Then I won't bite my tongue as long as I'm awake  
And they don't have the guts to make a dumb mistake  
I'd rather crash a car than ever touch the brakes

I built this fuckin' house  
They the kind of people that be dyin' for exposure  
They the kind of people that get mad and lose composure  
They the kind of people that are never goin' forward  
They are just the ones, the ones that are lookin' for apologies  
Hatin' real loud, but they follow me  
Screamin' at the top of their lungs I'm the scum of the Earth  
In the same damn breath, tryna preach about equality

Back before I wrote the song on race  
They all ignored that I had somethin' great  
They tried to edge me out, they didn't hear my bars  
They tried to tell me that I wasn't built for fame  
Fast-forward to when I'm fuckin' paid  
I ain't spent a dollar on no fuckin' chain  
I'll get my mom a house, I'll get my dad a car  
I'll make my sister rich, she'll never work again  
And this hater shit is so underwhelmin'  
I'm conditioned for all the abuse  
Seein' the reaction videos all blowin' up  
And you're welcome for all of the views  
Blow up my Twitter, y'all just keep makin' me bigger  
Y'all just keep showin' you're triggered  
Y'all just keep missin' the point, and I keep doin' me  
Y'all ain't nothin' to even consider

Man, I built this fuckin' house  
I'm the kind of person makin' music with a purpose  
You the kind of people that be hatin' on the surface  
I'm the kind that you ain't used to, the kind to make you nervous, yeah

Back before I even wrote the record  
I could see this comin' like a fortune-teller  
And a calm sea don't make a skilled sailor  
So I thank the heavens for the stormy weather  
Okay, fast-forward to when we're old and gray  
I'll be lookin' back at when they posted hate  
And it will hurt a bit, but it was worth it when  
Your dream is gettin' heard no matter what they say  
I tried conveyin' that I love us all  
And the way I did it left 'em so appalled  
I used a broken arm to try and break their walls  
No matter what they say they know it took balls

I surveyed the land and I found a location  
Unloaded the lumber and pounded the stakes in  
I blended the bones of the people who hated  
With blood and cement, then I poured the foundation

I built the frame with all my guilt and shame  
And then I chiseled my name and the date in the basement  
I carved my initials in all of the boards and the beams  
That are needed for structural greatness

No record label, no distribution  
No cosign, no publicists  
No manager, no teammates  
No money to make up my budget with  
No groceries, no studio  
No booking agent, no bucket list  
No PR and no marketing, just fans

Man, we built this fuckin' house  
When my days end and it's vacant  
And they bury me with that only key  
My biggest fans gon' break in  
With a Ouija board and box of chalk  
Draw a pentagram, hail Satan  
Try to bring me back from that wooden box  
Y'all tried to fill my grave with

Then they'll sit on the roof with the rifles I hid in the fridge  
And they'll shoot at the men on the ridge  
Who are comin' to undo the work that I did  
Then they'll block off the highway that leads to the crib  
And put sensors on all of the boards on the bridge  
So they know when they're comin' to empty the clip  
Then they'll gut all the bodies and cut off the skin  
Then connect all the pieces with needles and pins  
And attach it to ten feet of branches and twigs  
And then plant it in mud 'til it stands in the wind  
And they'll stand there and look at the shit that we did  
That we'd never imagined we'd do 'cause of them  
Our blood and sweat and tears went into what we built 'til we were begged  
So we used blood and sweat and tears of enemies to build our flag

We built this house, we laid these bricks  
We set these traps, these flames we lit  
Our haters doused in gasoline  
They brought to try and torch us with

Heh, let 'em hate, dawg  
Everyone will have somethin' to say, dawg  
Their opinions don't mean shit  
Tryna judge your engine by your paint job  
Fuck a gravestone, I'ma cheat death  
There's too much I ain't seen yet  
They think that I got in way over my head  
But I feel like I just got my feet wet  
We're tryna dream more and sleep less  
Avoid the pills when we're depressed  
Remember to not be too hard on ourselves  
If we cut deep enough, we all bleed red

Man, you never know when it's time to go  
Heaven's open when the bars are closed  
So seize the moment, don't leave it hopin'  
You'll breathe tomorrow, you could be a ghost  
I'm livin' my life, the finish line is right in front of me  
Made of fishin' wire, so I'll never see it 'til it's too late  
When God shakes my hand, please celebrate (please.celebrate)