

This House

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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)