

Tom MacDonald Diss Track

Upchurch

(Brrt)

615

This like YouTube vs Mozart, pick his fuckin' bone apart
Coyote in the holler, when it's dark, my stomach starts to bark
This roadkill dead, been dead since the first track
Mickey Thompson patterns slapped all the way down his ass crack
5head ass, you already know about the tall hats
I see Sting on your face, barbed wire with a ball bat
Can control the situation and his ass can't fall back
All there is is water and he ain't fluent enough to swim, rap
I got gills with the skills, you a CGI spacecraft
Green screen, RhymeZone, algorithm format
Put algae on the stone tab, raptor and the claw back
Jurassic Park a car in my lot, tow it to Toronto, facts, ayy
My ink pen a risk when I clinch it with a mean fist
Hip-hop is the art, you leaped in with some cheap shit
Met the grill of a redneck drivin' around in a C-10
Screamin' white boy a couple times, now he automatically thinks we friends
Leave a hog at the farm, end up deceased in my pig pen
Got murked with my ink tip, I'm real bored, flip trick
My style make a trick flip, is that Katie Noel or a revamp of White Chicks?
Transform rappers into lookin' like my side bitch
I be standin' in the kitchen eatin' Canadian bacon strips
And ain't nobody on my wave so nobody can sink the ship, ayy
Pyramid scheme, ain't nothin' but a weak Bic
Eminem attention, no gettin', make his name "E" gypt
I ain't buyin' bull, 'cause I'm well known like a sea script
Joe Dirt's comet, I'm only droppin' some heat shit
Keep the pans in the cupboard, all my neighbors is bobbin'
'Cause I'm firin' a funky volume at knock-off Marcus Hopsin
Hillbilly with an ill mind, remember Hop had white eyes
He ain't tell no white lies, or hashtag his whole life
This me slowed down like purple drink and tall Sprite
I'm the hitter in your system, Memphis 12's all night
Dude spent a hundred racks on a Shady-made beat
Reenacted a classic from Marshall Mathers LP
And then he fucked it all up actin' like a psycho freak
And now his photo in the guard shack, somewhere in the D
This is Ludacris back in 2003
An albino crabapple, lookin' like he's covered in bleach
In a simulated ring, simulated competition
I'm Optimus Prime, you optimizin' all the oppositions
Is this dude a rapper or a politician?
Is he AI-generated or got tattoos missin'?
I got the juice, motherfucker, not Shapiro recognition
You got your mama jokes, I got his yarmulke for ramen with the chicken noodl
es
My shit so hard, written in Roman numerals
I kill the beat so much every album havin' a funeral
Dig a hater out the grave 'cause I'm a DNA consumer
I got a pharaoh producer, camera angle, be lookin' lucid
Every move we make is bein' made in the wave of the future
By the way, when we get there you'll still need a hip-hop tutor
I'm the shit poop scooper, all my recor-
So boot-scoot, and lose yourself in the music, the moment
You don't hit, that's why you never doin' shows

Can't even get one shot, your verse from the hand of ghost
That composition be empty a fuckin' lifetime
My genre of music labeled as a high-crime
Zodiac Killer Gemini yankin' on your lifeline
Who wants to be a millionaire for no fuckin' reason, this guy
Found Waldo studyin' southern comfort up on his wi-fi
Go denim on denim like a carny up at the fair ride
Cotton candy your heart, popcorn for no-show
Kick your ass out my house, like I'm Earl Winslow
You got any cheese, haha