

Blame the Rappers (feat. Dax)

Tom MacDonald

I'm rapper but I'm losing my respect for the genre
How many songs about Xanax and alcohol are we dropping?
How many kids we gonna kill 'for we admit it's a problem?
Probably stop if was one of our sons or one of our daughters
We know our demographic is primarily youth
We glorify breaking the law to children in school
Kids copy what we say and imitate what we do
They'll go to jail for doing the things you told em was cool
We put women in our videos, exploiting their bodies
While little girls around the world look at they phone while they watch it
They need a realistic role model, not just a Barbie
They see strippers and escorts but no lawyers or doctors
Hey Hip-Hop, what the hell happened?
It was power to the people, and we liked that stuff
These days you're promoting thats it's fun to be an addict, so I'm askin, how could you write
that bruh?

You can blame the rappers
That you blow up
But your favourite songs are about doing drugs
So What happens after
These kids grow up
And who's to blame for who they've become
They made it look so cool
To shoot those guns
And hate the cops
And to get too drunk
You can't blame the rappers
When you show up
And love the songs
That make you dumb

Making music privilege and choice and if you ever get to be successful you must understand
the people that you influence are Swayed by what you say and that melodies and you sing make
wings, building dreams, and fill voids

We are medication straight through voice, some give life , some destroy
And even though this money seems nice it can't come so we must that as hint that there's other
things in life you should enjoy

We move mountains
We cross states
We play roles in presidential debates
So don't you try and tell me making music is for fun and you don't care about the things that our
music help make
Man I know I'm not perfect

But I'll change
I'm the outcome of the worlds and my pain
And this music is pills and I promise this dose that you take won't make you say
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I'm a rapper but I swear that I'm embarrassed
Half of these artists can't even talk, they just mumble the lyrics
And the teenagers listen while they rebel from their parents
While the rappers tell 'em pop a pill, buy Gucci and wear it
We say screw the police, break the rules, smoke weed
By some shoes you don't need, rep the hood and yo street
All these rappers holdin' guns and now the kids want some
Mess around and kill they homie, you can't clean that blood
We encourage being stupid with our music, and we're normalizing poor morals standard while
do it
Little boys see the way that the women look in our videos and assume it's real-life, project that
image on little girls
It's un-realistic, if you're young and you listen, you are one in a million, you are loved, you are
different
Hey Hip-Hop, I know life moves on
But while I'm here, how could you write that, dawg?
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That make you dumb
Dollar bills and poppin' pulls like party songs
It's not cool in real life
Cheap thrills and goin' till the morning comes
See what that feels like
You can blame the rappers
That you blow up

But your favourite songs are about doing drugs
So What happens after
These kids grow up
And who's to blame for who they've become
They made it look so cool
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