

In year 7 at school I remember that all I aimed to be  
Was a professional rapper, gamer or comedian  
Well guess what, mate? Today I'm all three of them  
And we're saving up for payments to replace my faulty eardrums  
I aspired to be "Eminem meets Monty Python"  
With enough cash stockpiled to live my life on  
And now I'm getting there I tell myself: "nice one"  
While trolls send descriptions of the illness I should die from  
Hello, is anybody home? Turn the lights on  
Why do you think that you can tell me what to do in my song?  
Don't construct a moral code that you expect me to adhere to  
You're a mere shrew in a field of views  
So I can't even hear you  
Your opinion doesn't mean a thing to me  
If I'd have listened to it, I wouldn't be in this industry  
Wouldn't have made the friends I share a passion with  
Travel with, make videos and have a stack of fun just rapping with

To make a living playing games? Hell yeah!  
To make a living saying things? Hell yeah!  
To start my day by writing rhymes? Hell yeah!  
To never work a 9 to 5? Hell yeah!  
To be my own manager? Hell yeah!  
To get rich off what I did when I was amateur?  
I'm the one that's doing things, the rest of you are talking  
How can I have sold out? I never bought in

I rarely make a love song, prefer dropping lovebombs  
But when it's time to spar, I'm the first to put the gloves on  
Life is a prize fight for a shine of the limelight  
And I'm loving every round of it, the Mike Tyson of my life  
I remember dreading a 9 to 5, suit and tie  
Talk about doing time, this was do or die  
Socially acceptable type of suicide  
Why should you or I let a single other human being rule our life  
Life is an RPG, and we need more than XP  
So larp with me; I won't charge a fee if you impress me  
Do it deftly and there's no end to what you can get free  
I love to chase success, I state that expressly  
I've never compromised my mission or integrity  
My mission is to do whatever I think's best for me  
Eventually I'll write lyrics on flipping everything  
Meanwhile I'll take a check to give the list a bit of editing

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I'm not the Wolf of Wall Street  
I'm just a Bull that's balls deep  
In every opportunity for improvement I see before me  
A song with product placement creates a complication

Even when accompanied by an honest statement  
And if I want to be an honored statesman  
I've got to make it proper blatant  
So I'm only going to say it once:  
My songs are entertainment, they're not a concrete statement  
And if you take a rap track as fact, then you are mistaken  
I'm not endorsing shit, unless I say it's good  
I never have and never will tell a fib in exchange for paper  
Perhaps your perspective would be turned round  
If you'd assessed the prospective shit that I had turned down  
I've spurned thousands of pounds from powerful people  
'Cause I found out just how they're treating creatures and it isn't peaceful  
So, to all my critics and my haters, God bless  
I'm not a sellout, nah, I'm a success

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