

Token, Amsterdam (feat. Benny The Butcher)

Seven deep in Amsterdam, I gave that girl ego without her askin' for it
I bring that bitch with two Italian logos now she fasting forward (Yeah)
She say she wanna get high but she can't find the bag she portioned
This is why my past's important-I know how to get that gas imported
My roommate ready so I bathroom floored it
Peeked on to the stalls, they all was empty
Bent her by the toilets (Toilets)
Her friend got an app idea, bitch think she Jack Dorsey
Just gotta get the patent right, I tell her say "Congrats" for me
It ain't cool to be the one your homies gotta watch
But I been operatin' there since all them bottles made her scared
Soda water, chase it down 'til all 'em rounds taste like air
You stack the glasses I was off, it's 'bout the size of baby chair (Uh-huh)
Guap protected with barbed wire, like it's holocaust gates in there
My baby prepared the juicy pink like when my Tomahawk steak is rare
She not Islam, don't say them prayers
But it's always like Ramadan the way she cares to fast to keep her body small and weight prepared

Sweat swinging off the bitches in the drop top (Yeah)
Slur swinging out the homies after shot, shot (Yeah)
Champagne will put her pussy on the wanted list
Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop

I don't invite my O.G. to the parties I throw at the crib
I don't need the backlash, she's back
And when he ask about the night I just recap it (I got you)
Before publishin', hustlin' was still a me habit
All that cash into my mattress practically had my sheets braggin' (Uh)
Switched the narrative from a kid tryin' to get famous
To a kid high with temptation with a disguise on his anguish
White skin turn red inside of his basement
Life is heating up, I got a big gripe if you in the way of it (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Sweat swinging off the bitches in the drop top (Yeah)
Slur swinging out the homies after shot, shot (The Butcher coming nigga! Brrr!)
Champagne will put her pussy on the wanted list (Brr, brr!)
Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop

Yeah, you worth the jewels your family hand you
My sanity handled it all
I gambled and lost, dealing with hoes I don't care to involve
I'm on satin Alexander decor, inside a Benz
AMG mats layin' on the floor when the camera pan through the doors
Life's a bitch and through these glasses I see a scandalous whore (Bitch!)
In business meetings, using tactics that's only standard for war
Could it be magic behind pianos, hear Barry Manolo's voice
I got Tony Montana's force, that's on Tony Sopranos' corpse
Don't trust chicks, they heartless, just give 'em dick and problems
You buy 'em gifts and chocolates then give 'em quick responses (Uh-uh)
Shit been rotten 'round here since Harriet was pickin' cotton
Soon as you get rich, the IRS come pick your pockets (Damn)
In the trial, judge told him he don't deserve to be free (That's fucked up)
If he not already a killer, then he gon' certainly be
Up the road, not up for parole 'til 2033
Sharp his razor, watchin' reruns on a blurry TV, ah

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Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop