

# Token, In The Car Freestyle

I was grabbing drinks with a rapper  
I don't name-drop and shit  
But I could've had all of his fans  
If I stayed on that shit  
I could've freestyled more  
I coulda been conscience instead  
But I could see it on his face  
There ain't no passion in it left  
And I realize how could there be passion or excitement 'bout the music  
When he's been doing the same shit for all those years I tried some new shit  
Then a kid approached, didn't recognize me, but he did bro  
He asked my bro to take a picture  
He looked annoyed and told him "No"

I pray I ain't gon' turn bitter  
Mom just paid the 3rd sitter  
Worked too late to serve dinner  
Then my dad lost the love of his life and his work with her  
Funny thing when parents lose  
They always raise the worst winners  
I gotta brag about this shit  
And rap about the vast amount of grassy mountains  
In the back of the massive house  
I'm backing out of it shit

Elementary school  
I'm acting out and shit  
I was 12 using a kitchen knife to get the black and mild to split  
We use to pass around a spliff like life was hard on us  
My friends were older than me  
And they were the ones who started young

I told my homie break up with his girl at 21  
And now he 23 with a bachelor degree  
Not the Harvard one  
Emotionally I'm guarded up  
But I'm not biased to love  
I was seeing that girl for 19ish months  
I remember her being frustrated  
Like why I didn't buy her much stuff  
She brought up that Jewish stereotype and I had enough  
It ain't because I'm Jewish  
I don't like you enough  
Baruch atah, adonai, you a dub  
I barely carry cash  
I grew up fast  
I send a zelle to my bitch  
Wire her money for the shirt, bag, shoes  
another shirt, bag, shoes in case she a need a switch  
So many wires on my girl  
She almost feel like a snitch  
Let's not applaud your independence  
Like you boys had a choice  
You woulda sign, failed like Kramer, Elane and George  
That's why you ain't get an offer, I'm sure

Enough said  
Feature requests in my DM  
Get sent then unsent  
Then sent then unsent  
Then sent then unsent  
They tried to tell me I fell off  
But whoever's on, it on my dick  
I rather lose fans then lose myself

I don't chase views  
I chase how I view myself  
I do it myself  
And thank everybody like it was just them  
'Cause I don't need another ego boost  
I'm blessed  
They got zero clue I'm next  
I slurp some pino through the stress  
And I don't need no group of friends  
They always turn left on me  
Like that key hole to my fence  
You know in AA, they make the sober people do those steps?  
I could probably make 'em relapse  
Just by sniffing the casamigos through my breath

You boys are keto to the bread  
And my shit tinted  
So every window feel like a peephole to the Benz  
If this was a race, I'd be the cheat code  
I'd have medals over my head  
Just like I'm teezo  
I was a teen  
I didn't rap like a teen though  
So when I was getting big love from primo  
I wonder if he knew I wasn't born until after Biggie was murdered  
They would tell me I remind 'em of some of the greatest of all time  
And I'd pretend like I had heard of 'em  
But I ain't heard of 'em  
I didn't know a Kool G rap song until I worked with him  
I couldn't name a Wu Tang song until I did a show with 'em  
But MF Doom, Wayne and Ye are the reason I'm the chosen one  
Season up the flow a touch  
You're dry and uninspired as the next man  
We tired, get a writer to impress fans  
Or hire few more liars to be yes-man  
He speak on me but secretly admires like the bread brand  
And I can tell  
Dummy  
Never too different  
Goldie