

Token, MKLM Contest

You're probably ready for another whack entry, well think again
Bitch, I be sicker than getting my syphilis from a little kid sibling
Hence, I'm also sick in the head
Mental prescriptions, give me my meds
And hope to God the sickness won't spread
I'ma switch it like opinions in Mitt Romney's head
'Cause I ain't drinking a keg, I ain't gripping a tech
I don't live on the edge. I ain't a hipster I bet,
I'm home watching "Sam & Cat" with my hand on my dick in my bed
Scripting with pens, with writtens more vicious than Hitler and his militant men
Depicting imminent death
You're more than a little, listen, you're literally illiterate friend
You ain't spitting, you couldn't spit if you got your uvula
And hit it till it ripped like scissors clipped it to shreds
We're different I guess
I'm a sicko, I'm never giving a (r) rest, like pigs thinking criminals are innocent men
Yo I'm the type of guy to decapitate your misses and then
Give you the head, like Ellen Degeneres licking a les'
Picture the rap game
Getting fucked in the ass by it's alcoholic dad with the same last name, I'm that man
Tell me to put a snap back on my head, I'll snap your head back and laugh like it was a rad prank
I'm past strange, I'm a class A lunatic
Proving to you you're a stupid student that I'm tutoring
The movement the dude's in my crew peruse in when we're doing this
Leaving you running from the bars like a fugitive
I ain't new to this, I had a booth in my mom's uterus
The ultrasound showed me bumping Shady and Ludacris
I'm shady and ludicrous, I'm awkward and crazy
So beating you's like taking candy from an autocratic baby
You feel me? Bet you feeling boat loads of envy
'Cause you feel me like furry walls after smoking a Jeffery
Mother fucker I'm doper than that shit
I'm dope with the tongue, similar to dopeness of acid
See, you are now roaming in thoughts
Of a dome that is cold as the snow in Vermont
Skill is overly over the top
Spoken and talked with the flow of God
I'm complex
I see you dudes in this contest with no concepts
Tryna be "lyrical, lyrical" nonsense
Either that or you got no lyrical technique
A so-pitiful pet peeve to those lyrical MC's
So typical, so it's so critical to flow these dope syllable
On my own digital CD
You're old as those biblical scrolls
With no pivotal speech, he flow fictional repeats
When it comes to flow, you flow minimal
Making your own principals. See me?
My flow's pinnacle, reach me
I know you can't. You know it man
I spit tighter than yoga pants on a fat ass homeless tramp
I'm colder than a polar bear
Shivering like Michael J Fox as an older man after drinking fifty soda cans
Try to step to this
You don't know who you're fucking with like a blind deaf chick
When she tried sexing after a wine beverage
But look who got a buzz now
It's Token, shout out to Munky Gang for letting me come out