

# Token, Rockabye Baby

Please give it a rest, I'm on my knees  
I got a wallet full of greed  
Wonder if it can fit the jeans  
Leaving the house to do my deeds  
Leaving the court, I'm taking pleas  
Everything I can do to please  
All of my manufactured dreams  
Trigger (Trigger), trigger (Trigger)  
Trigger finger itching, it's ironic  
'Cause the glocky sticking to my dawgy like fleas  
Stinger in the back, she got a body like bees  
All of my relationship are rocky like reefs  
Older homie told me "Why you drinking on the job?"  
Bro, I gotta be twisted just to work like keys (Keys)  
I give every chick who lick it first dry heaves (Heaves)  
I put seven figures in my earth like seas  
She told you that she in the Caribbean but you misheard "crib he in"  
She really here, it's my crib, and I'm he  
I'm 'bout to link with her and I'm about to link with her  
I know the links'll make 'em mad, I feel like Kyrie  
Stay connected with the Homies 5G for 5Gs  
'Bout to introduce them all to Miley and Kylie's  
Don't want her to be in love with me, I think she might be  
Had to fuck around and get my side piece a side piece  
Really, really, really, really, really, really don't got the time for it  
Got a tricky relationship with my job and my fortune  
Them universal sacrifices, I watch the signs for it  
'Cause I got blessed and it feel like my father died for it  
It's fucked up, studio got me high horsing  
I park the whip out front so long, think I got a fine for it  
She told me take the condom off and I'm not surprised lately  
They tryna hold my kid inside like rockabye baby

Rock-a-bye baby on the treetop  
If the wind blows, a body might drop  
Spent a whole year on your album, it flopped  
I just got started, bitch, why would I stop?

Why would I wanna stop? That don't even make sense  
Three homies live in the crib and all the three don't pay rent  
Started to look at 'em like they using me as they flex  
So I kicked 'em out and now it's only me inside my head  
What am I thinking about today?  
I would still be skipping class without the holiday  
Teacher never heard a thing when she would call my name  
Ironically, I'm now the only name she wanna say and wanna hear about  
I'm probably gay 'cause I'm a cock it, aim it, pop a weirdo down  
I'm on a plane, but I'm on a budget, how I took the spirit out  
Mean ass flow like the bully feared in town  
Grimy ass verse, it had to put the mirror down  
Oh, give it a break I need a break-break  
Traveling is my job so being home became my vaca  
Momma waiting for the 15th for the pay pay  
Me, I'm a little different, 16s mean pay-pay  
I've been chasing green like I'm training for the 5K  
But what do the green mean if the days all gray?  
Finally got my dream house, looking down the hallways  
All they do is separate me from the door, so I'm here all day  
Back, yes I am, that steady cam on tilt  
I don't have any glam, ask any fan, I'm real  
There's a fat heavy chance that Benny Man gon' spill  
Money ain't the motivation but it's funding every kill, kill

Rock-a-bye baby on the treetop (Kill, kill)

If the wind blows, a body might drop (Kill, kill)  
Spent a whole year on your album, it flopped  
I just got started bitch, why would I stop?

Back, yes I am, that steady cam on tilt  
I'm a half 'Merican, half army tank on wheels  
Off a glass Chardonnay that Barbie say what's real  
I'm the spazz part of Wayne, that Carter 8 gon' kill  
She a California woman with beaches heating her heels  
She don't gotta come to Boston for me to leave her with chills  
Convertible's only time you see how I'm steering the wheel  
I'm opening up the lid like it's me preheating the grill  
I got big bad blood with 'em  
Acting like they got it out the mud with him  
Did me dirty back when I was young with 'em  
But unfortunately, yep it stuck with him  
Depression in my blood, word to mama  
So when you see my veins, that's trauma  
Performing on the stage, I'm on top of 'em  
But they in the crowd with their friends, so I'm envious of all of 'em

The only positive thing about losing the love in your life is it making you better to run everything else  
I'm in the studio running away  
But the moment I'm done I'ma get help  
My bro took a few of them big Ls  
I'm glowing him up like a fish scale  
The homies are coming with Intel  
I'm rallying up with the gang like finding out British are coming to give hell  
I don't be reading a lot  
But I'm tucking the money inside of a book and if you ever look it'll take you a minute 'cause I got a  
I'm locked in like a big jail  
Big pockets and a big belt  
My pop looking from heaven  
But he taught me how to give hell  
Shit, I'm at a dangerous age  
Looking at Pac, Biggie and Big L  
Shit, not to be so anal  
Taking a loss, it didn't sit well  
So I gotta do this now  
'Cause if not, I'm gonna kill myself

Rock-a-bye baby on the treetop (kill, kill)  
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