

Token, Salt Shaker

Rise in the air like heat
I'm probably where it peak (Uh-huh)
I'm probably where the top of the airline reach
I'm probably where that pilot prepared to be
Too high in the air, I'm probably rare to see
If y'all got a prayer then follow the prayer to me
Cause not to compare, but if God's in the air
Then he probably there with me (Uh-huh)
My soul healing, I know the feeling of loss and prayers and grief (Grief)
Like old buildings, I know the feeling of awkward stares at me (That's fucking stupid)
Hop in a quick whip
Got 'em all thinking Robin is in it
I'm in the trenches, I'm making hits, still balancing bars it's like I'm a gymnast
She had a bad year, I got a thing with promising bitches
I'm gonna fix it (I'm gonna fix it)
I keep a bitch to the right of the wheel, she feel like a stick shift
Bro coming over, he come up with gas
He eat off the grass, it feel like a picnic
You might see him on the TV with 5-0 behind him like the Olympics
Y'all run around with a posse of men and I only want bitches on me like I'm Pinterest
She fucking his group of friends and my group of friends
Then back to his group of friends
We call her a cross-trainer, she not into fitness (Uh-huh)

I tolerate her, I just had to flip her over to use her like a salt shaker
Homies ten years older lived through me, I'm just a teenager
Couldn't save the ho but I still left her as her screensaver (Screensaver)

Bob and I weave through the bitch and the bitch bed
Coppin' a plea when I'm seen with the bitch friend
Humiliate piece, put her in a sundress
Make him do a push up, make him take a drug test
Mean face, looking at 'em like I'm Funk Flex
Be safe, fucking with me, I'm a success
Cheat day, gotta feed the fans and feed them
Keys ain't come with my car, there's a button
Predate any moment of my success
We stay in the stu' until the sun crept
Each day, filling pages up with air time
Screenplay, I could write one in my spare time
He paid, all the homies and they see why
We made something outta nothing each time
Please stay back, I don't trust all them
Deepfake, might look but it's not him
She had right look when she walked in
She knocked both doors of mine often
She had boyfriend, but she called him
He like my track and I dropped him
Don't get sidetracked you might fall in
He won't bite back, but he barking
It's like Iraq and I'm Muslim
Off my flight back, I'm in customs
And I got a secret to tell the bitch
Yes I fucked a promoter, but it's the culture
This is how I'm welcomed in (Brr!)
I got her praying to God wearing a cross hooked to a thin chain (Uh-huh)
But it ain't really a cross, that is a "T", it is my nickname
We gotta celebrate, couple drinks in me
I sing to a bitch like I'm Rick James
Cups in the kitchen were dirty, so we took a mugshot like a inmate
Mama said "Where did your girl go, thought you were good with her and you hit it off"
I told her "I treat that ho like a stroller
I put my kids in her and I wheel her off"

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