Token, Dublin Ferry Freestyle

I didn't spend no extra money on my dad's casket Just that shitty piece of wood I saw the back cracking I brought a girl to his funeral Dress was tightly fit Ass poking out of the back Distracting my uncles and shit But knowing my dad I really didn't mind it I wanted to fuck her inside the bathroom But my mom was by it

She expensive but she fuck me for the free pops So tonight we both lying inside of cheap box Tree tops sit below my shaded window 'Cause of my amazing lingo Bitch this house so big It's probably getting fat-shamed by the neighbors cribbo Just the same as Lizzo Dawg it's plain and simple They used to ride around with seniority Like state officials Now they're bending over backwards for me It's like some game of limbo I get so many bottles for free I gotta invite entire gang to drink those Even my two lawyers, Jake and Mitchell That's three Jews walk into a bar Sound like a racist riddle No matter how wild they get You can still train a pitbull But you're in a Civic with the window cracked There ain't no way to flip that She wanna take the kid back She hit the gym harder than me She got a crazy six pack But would risk it all to put a baby in that I don't want no kid But I know being my BMW

Like that same company that painted my whip black

The biggest gift my father gave me
Didn't come in no crazy gift wrap
But the fact that more often than not
He canceled on our plans
The gift he gave me was the lesson to never rely on another man
That's right
My life ain't too wild but it's nothing bland
You're not liable to understand
If you never been wired 100 grand
She toxic and violent
With fucked up plans
But I like her enough to dance
I just gotta accept attacks
She remind me of Uncle Sam

Speaking of tax, 300 flat
When I was 19 and a half
Still finishing class
Every bathroom stall in school
We put token stickers in that
They used to scratch 'em off like lottery tickets
Turns out I'm the one who's lottery hitting
My dollars keep trickling

My problems keep mimicking it So my bottles be finished Liquor stores at every corner of my brain Like a neighborhood that's poverty stricken 'Cause my life is stressful But I'm blessed so it's not to be switched with Gotta be different

She is my muse
I'm the musician
Big attitudes like Jersey shore
But they're Hollywood women
I never wifed a bitch like Ron
I just rendezvous with 'em
Got a new system
I find my type and I just stick with that
That's why I keep the same hoodie
It just keep me relaxed
14 hundred for this one
And I got 4 of 'em
Girls keep finding each other's hairs on them
So I need more of 'em

I went to middle school in a rich town

So I was poor to 'em

Wasn't even poor but finding who's the poorest was important to 'em

Pouring a cup of vodka out my momma's bottle

Then I filled it with water That was me at age 11

Just imagine what I evolved to

I was a YouTube kid during the SoundCloud era

Most my peers used visuals to make their style sound better

I was in the same boat

The difference is my music mattered I never dissed a new-school rapper I never thought 'bout who rap faster

I just let the narrative be whatever the narrative is

I can't control it

Like I couldn't control my parents and shit

And while I wish they needed less medication and more love

It is what it is

And we fortunate as fuck

Goldy

Never too different