

Token, Hi Kendrick

Hello, new world, all the boys and girls (Never too different)
I got some true stories to tell (No disrespect)
You're back outside, but they still lied (You know)
Woah-oh-oh-oh (But I got something to say)

I never was happy when I was just tryna fit in
I used to be jealous of homie for waking up in the apartment his father was in
I used to be jealous of few of my cousins they never knew life with a mama who binge
I even was jealous of bitches they knew how to talk to the men
And mama taught me how to talk to the women
But not how to talk to a possible friend
I find it ironic they didn't know what my real name was 'till I hit the block with the Benz
I find it ironic they wanna give me the free shit when I finally have dollars to spend
I started developing talent that gave me a reason to never be jealous again
Flip a crazy flow
I can't believe it's just the shit they pay me for
My future bright enough to bring a baby home
I learned a couple things I'll try explaining it
When you got bitches speaking different languages who thick as Paleos
And make it real impossible to care about a Twitter ratio
It's plenty fish I like to fish and bait a hoe
My hook so good, I take the shit to radio
She gets sashimi if she want to see me
If she get fillet, I tend to get fellatio, you heard
I switch a style, I'll be off it by the time they imitate it though, you heard
I'm in London and they say the camera adds 10 pounds
I must be walking 'round with a camera crew 'cause I left with 300 thou'
Feet on the couch, each brother proud
She from the west, she from the south
She's pale skin, she's darker brown
I'ma have a baby with so many cultures
I'm a put a rainbow all up in my bio
It gon' look like shit, T's coming out
It's so many pocketbooks in my backseat
Got my trunk sideways looking like trees coming down
We run around
Too many words, please dumb it down
T's got the bag, that's tea bag
Funny it's the reason why they're mean mugging now
Dreams underground, I throw 'em out, y'all shoot 'em down
Couple rappers I would listen to, they started preaching to me
I grew 'em out, I can do without
Used to use their music as something I could relate to
Ain't nobody using it no more, it's like a Yahoo account
Y'all moving down, want you to bounce
You the tennis balls dogs chewing out
Knock, knock, knock, knock, who's around?
She brought the box to my doorstep
Almost thought I'm moving out
Pop, shoot 'em down (Pop-pop-pop, brrr-cha)
Who's that? (Pop-pop-pop, brrr-pa)
Uh, that's my father in the sky storm going dumb
I can tell it's him 'cause the lightning struck
But it's far away from the house kind of like he always was
They wondering when I'ma heat the shit up
Fucking ASAP like Rihanna does
They called me a local rapper then a YouTube rapper
Then a Twitter rapper then a TikTok rapper, guess I ain't exceeding enough
I'm rich and I'm cringy, I'm all the above
I flew the girl out to like five other countries
Then came back, she still wasn't cultured enough
My dick is the only thing that still believe in the bitch 'cause it still wanna follow her guts
I got robbed, I had to find a better stash
She got man at home and I got hella cash

Flash a couple dollars right in front of her
And she forget about him, it's like Men in Black
Rappers find a gimmick then they milk it
Then they milk it more then they milk a newer fad
Milk enough to build a brand new career off of acting like a cow shit like Doja Cat
I be bringing bitches to the party, I'm not going though if hosted on a cul-de-sac
Got to have at least a couple exit strategies in case I find a different hoe to grab
Shit I really do this in my sleep, I promise
Had to duck my head, I wasn't being modest
I was looking down to see the feet from opposition
Shoot them bitches on some Meg Thee Stallion shit
Flew them bitches like they're headed back from business
Blew them bitches when I bend them back and lick it
Two them bitches 'cause I'm better at addition
Multiply 'em, she say I'm a mathematician
But I dropped out of class, dropped out of school, shit, look at school now
Tryna pay me to come back I really dropped out of school then I dropped the school out
Couldn't fit in my schedule, that's right
Bend the rules I might
They used to sit me in the corner in the stool I was way too hype
Grew up and I turned the stool to a pedestal that they look up to I'm like
Ain't it funny how it go
Getting money from the show
Dad still owed mom money but he died January
I decided to inherit the debt so in a way he's living through me
That's why I rap like this is too many words for me
It's gotta be his too
Matter fact, it's three
'Cause mama had a miscarriage right before me, that was another life
That's my humble side, I usually keep 'em quiet
I gotta see my guys, I know how to treat my guys
They sayin' I look depressed, I'm not depressed, I'm sleep deprived
I'm livin' the dream inside, they used to make fun of my droopy eyes
But every bag I got, there's green inside, it's so much green inside
And humble the trees, it's makin' the trees feel like they're not even green, they're just a scenic side
And speakin' of scenic side, I fucked her face 'till make up is reapplied, I'm leavin' at five
But before I leave, I need to get recognized
So tell Kendrick "Come" from the best rapper under twenty five
Never too different