

Token, Lost

I was never the kid beggin' for help
Always thought I could do everything better myself
So I kept to myself
And age 9, 10, 11 and 12 I started developing remedies for my mental health
I would write a verse here and there when I was angry or sad just to clear the air
But as time went on, it was weird and rare
I'm frustrated, this wasn't why I appeared to bear
See rap was my reason, Addictive Personality added to the fact that I lacked what I needed
A sense of purpose, happiness even
And the more I worked, the more support I had been receivin'
Made new friends that came with the cause
Stayed out of trouble everyday writing songs
Eventually gained fans who were craving it all, huh
And here I am contemplating it all, I'm lost

Lost

I wake up and ask where has my time gone?
So I go back to sleep
And because I am young, I'll do anything for the things that I love
'Cause baby I'm lost

And everything I got is clearly a blessin'
But my life is solely music, after school I disappear in a second and I fear where I'm headed
They tell me to be a kid, don't waste these years, you'll regret it
But I'm caught in this damn route
Of who can be the product to stand out?
I might be
And I'm confident hands down
Nothing will happen with this unless I work the hardest I can now
So someone teach me how to balance this
Last week I stepped back and acted as a kid
But they were opportunities I had to pass on quick
Plus I'm late for collabs and I'm lookin' like an asshole
And I'm battlin' myself, I ain't choose this match!
It's summer now, I got time, but what the fuck am I gon' do with that?
And while I think on it, I'll look at my inboxes
And see kids talkin' like "where the new music at?"
I'm lost

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I feel out of the loop
I feel like everybody's swimmin' in the fountain of youth while I'm in my house in the booth
My mind's crowded with views from the past
Feels like yesterday my best friend and I had biked to town to get food
Now he's smokin' and he's drinkin' and he's drivin' with the same pack
Who hated on me when they found out that I made raps
And there's this girl that I kinda like now
And I heard she's into me, but I ain't got the time to find out
I'm tryna pass and forget her
Tryna not think about how many times I'm ditching dad over dinner
Tryna not think about when I promised the calls to grandma
Mom said it won't be long 'til she's gone
What's my excuse?
I'm preoccupied with this 8-inch blue baby bottle mic?
And I would take a break if I didn't think about failure more than my success
But I only got one life I can't afford losin' again
I'm lost

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Lost
I'll do anything for the things that I love
But baby I'm lost
Lost
'Cause I'm lost