

# Token, Momma's Favorite Chair

I sit in my home, butt naked, in my mommas favorite chair  
With a pencil and a pad and a lot of hate to share  
With no morals to go through  
I just told Glass to produce something I can grab a shit talking pussy's throat too  
I fiend for anger, I seek the adrenaline more  
I treat people like shit to get treated like shit so I can get mad and write another verse I won't ever r  
Then I get bored and trash 'em and I bet they're still better than yours  
What would I respect you for?  
There ain't no better metaphor to address you more than attention whore  
Industry slut, getting plugged like an extension cord by the boss  
Now my temper's like the seven dwarfs, hella short  
Never before have I spent my time preaching hate  
But I'm a 17 year old who stays inside and eats all day  
I ran out of topics so I punch myself 'til I got a bleeding face  
Then write a verse to alleviate the freaking pain  
Like yeah I got socked in the face, I'm going to the hospital  
Really I go to the freezer for a chocolate popsicle  
It's impossible for me to be social again  
All I talk about is rap, and they don't give a shit  
They ain't amused  
Please stop assuming in my grade, I'm cool  
I'm a weirdo in all black who everyone hates at school  
That's why when you say you look up to me, I remain confused  
The only folks I chill with do it cause they think I'mma be famous soon  
And y'all wanna give me tips, this that, that this, market like this  
I promise you'll attract masses  
Man that's mad average  
I say share my video or I'll fuckin' kill you, you can hashtag that shit  
I start my day with no hesitation  
I wake up, watch Sam and Cat, jack off  
And I'm medicated to brainwash my generation  
I'm 17 with the mentality of a pissed off 40 year old who never made it  
My mom calls it ambition, my producer calls it stupid  
My teacher calls it "sit the hell down and stop scaring the students"  
My fans call it passion, my friends don't know I have it likely  
My psychologist calls it "can you please untie me?"  
No! I told you, I wanna be staying in trouble  
I'm just mad my engineer said that I ain't really humble  
All I did was rap about being the best, now it's true  
Then told him to bow down when I stepped out the booth  
What the fuck's the issue? You want a fucking tissue?  
Cry about it while I fucking hit you  
And stop asking to battle, just cause I'm a rapper doesn't mean I love to diss you  
I'll just continue to punch and kick you like it's rough jujitsu  
When I throw a punch, I ain't gonna miss you  
You'll end up running away, and I still won't fuckin' miss you  
And ever since I released "Talk To You" teen girls begun to care for me  
But they don't know I'm just a 40 year old with a rare disease