Token, Pink

Baby, stop tryna read me

Stop tryna dive down and reach me

Stop tryna pry out and find out what lies lie beneath me

Stop tryna block out my hideouts that's not how you teach me

I remember when you told me I never grew up with a dad that was a man

That's why I'm so quick to idolize the men I see

But when it come to women, I don't give the same respect

And it don't mean I have respect just because I act respectfully

And that just been upsetting to me

Especially 'cause you been sitting next to me

And you wouldn't even tilt your fucking head to me

I was deep in thought, thinking about the women that I've seen

Maybe I lack respect because I don't have respect for me

Like, how could you love me? What does that say about you?

What do you see when you see me make my way around the room playing the character that I can

It's like I take my mask off when I feel safe inside the room with you You have respect for that so how are you questioning mine?

You need to find a hobby the way you investing your time

Breaking down where I am

Like "How this motherfucker got all these fans that relate to him

But he don't express any time in real life?"

Truthfully I'm better with rhymes, it feels like

I'm just pretending my life is still mine

Took time to realize I got on the mic' in for [?] impersonation of rappers I don't even like no more

My nights are more interesting without you in 'em and that's the outcome

I loved your pieces of love, but I feel strong without 'em

My fans probably think I'm sad every night, sometimes I am

But more often than that I'm eatin' pussy to the Playboi Carti album, lovin' life

I'm a repetitive kid

I'm back and forth from love to lust and I feel better when mixed

Was down, about to break up like I ain't who ended this shit

I guess the pink was better still couldn't better the pink

It feel good to feel independent

It feel good to give myself credit

It feel good to look back and reflect the amount of sleep that I lost over the person that I used to sh

I couldn't even drop the project, I was stressin'

But it feel good to grow up

It feel good to use my own voice and not strain it tryna blow up

It feel good to glow up

It feel good to still feel serious while not wearing dark colors when I show up

Pink jacket on my shoulders

Twenty-two but I feel older

I'm my homie's fuckin' poster

I'm my mama's fuckin' soldier

Cut the stake and what's the colour? Sure, it's rare as me

Could've been here as a image, but I'm there as me

And I'm so happy

And just knowing it was over and um, that's

I remember getting the gut feeling that I needed to go look up something in his phone