

# Token, Real Man

Shyeah!

Residing in a town where weed is glorified  
It was nothing, shit it wasn't weird to see some boys get high  
See Ben used to burn some, but currently his turn was done  
Anxiety left Ben regretting his first puff  
But sure enough, he still hung with the same dudes  
He was cool with this, 'cause you got a blunt he don't hate you  
He's the youngin in they crew  
But you'da never noticed and the dude that was the oldest was the coolest and the boldest  
See everybody loved him 'cause they knew when he was rollin'  
Through to meet the homies, it was soon that they'd be smokin'  
See he was the movement of the potent  
QP's he'd be holdin and his new deals were the dopest  
And him and Ben were tight  
Even occasionally he spent the night, when he was locked out and couldn't get inside  
He recognized Ben didn't smoke but this was something new  
This gave him an idea that he'd bring up a few days later  
The crew was rolling up some J papers  
Taylor gang was playing, they exhaled in dazed anger  
As the oldest one turns to Ben with hands hidden in his coat  
Pulled out an O and said "you ever think of flippin' bro?"

Drugs, money, support, what else you need  
Temporary money get that temporary self esteem  
Drugs, money, support, just don't get brainwashed  
Peer pressure doin its dang job, man whatchu talkin' bout  
Let's get this money  
Homie let's get this money  
I gotta go yo l'mma get this money  
Get out my face with your opinions, I got paper to be gettin' like a real man

He gave Ben his speech, seemin' almost memorized  
All the attention in the room went to Ben's reply  
He told Ben he got the heart it takes  
The money hangin' out his pocket said let's start today  
"Aye, you right homie  
Matter fact I'm 'bout to blaze, take this plate  
This chick by the bank say she need a slice homie  
Have her take your number, tell her you're down with me  
Dawg we bout to make a killing in this town, believe"  
And how right he was  
Ben didn't smoke his chronic so for the first time it was only profiting both they pockets  
Ben begun to get addicted, the news spread quicker than Ben's temper if he didn't get money every  
He single handedly changed the scene, so busy lying to his own mother became routine  
But he loved it  
He loved that they relied on him a fair amount  
Came a long way from being the youngin no one cared about  
They needed him now, so typical  
No one expected little Ben to be sellin' shit, he felt invincible  
And if he wasn't there was no reason to stress it  
The oldest one gave him a knife, he said this is for protection  
Ben had everything going for him...  
A boss who had his back, a substance that always would attract  
And the profit in a closet in the back  
Pay no mind to the cops, until they caught him in the act when it was

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Oh, you a man, huh?

In the police station, hands shakin, but actin like you don't give a damn, huh

Your mom pulls up in a van, covers her eyes with her hands and all you thinkin' is she don't unders

Listen to that

You knew happy don't symbolize growth but a weak child fallin into a trap

I fiend for profit, deep involved in a loss of a stream of consciousness, all when hes too naive to wa

Ignorance in a system pressured by peers

Holding a knife like your gonna use it, but you dread it with fear

Cause the moment you pullin out that, they pull out theirs

And you'll be leakin more than just sweatin some tears

Ahead of your years? Sure, but you ain't do your job dude

You think you lost touch with your friends, they think they lost you

Little did you know, you were losing yourself

Now you gotta explain to your friends and family you were someone else when it was

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