

# Token, Salt Shaker

Rise in the air like heat  
I'm probably where it peak (Uh-huh)  
I'm probably where the top of the airline reach  
I'm probably where that pilot prepared to be  
Too high in the air, I'm probably rare to see  
If y'all got a prayer then follow the prayer to me  
Cause not to compare, but if God's in the air  
Then he probably there with me (Uh-huh)  
My soul healing, I know the feeling of loss and prayers and grief (Grief)  
Like old buildings, I know the feeling of awkward stares at me (That's fucking stupid)  
Hop in a quick whip  
Got 'em all thinking Robin is in it  
I'm in the trenches, I'm making hits, still balancing bars it's like I'm a gymnast  
She had a bad year, I got a thing with promising bitches  
I'm gonna fix it (I'm gonna fix it)  
I keep a bitch to the right of the wheel, she feel like a stick shift  
Bro coming over, he come up with gas  
He eat off the grass, it feel like a picnic  
You might see him on the TV with 5-0 behind him like the Olympics  
Y'all run around with a posse of men and I only want bitches on me like I'm Pinterest  
She fucking his group of friends and my group of friends  
Then back to his group of friends  
We call her a cross-trainer, she not into fitness (Uh-huh)

I tolerate her, I just had to flip her over to use her like a salt shaker  
Homies ten years older lived through me, I'm just a teenager  
Couldn't save the ho but I still left her as her screensaver (Screensaver)

Bob and I weave through the bitch and the bitch bed  
Coppin' a plea when I'm seen with the bitch friend  
Humiliate piece, put her in a sundress  
Make him do a push up, make him take a drug test  
Mean face, looking at 'em like I'm Funk Flex  
Be safe, fucking with me, I'm a success  
Cheat day, gotta feed the fans and feed them  
Keys ain't come with my car, there's a button  
Predate any moment of my success  
We stay in the stu' until the sun crept  
Each day, filling pages up with air time  
Screenplay, I could write one in my spare time  
He paid, all the homies and they see why  
We made something outta nothing each time  
Please stay back, I don't trust all them  
Deepfake, might look but it's not him  
She had right look when she walked in  
She knocked both doors of mine often  
She had boyfriend, but she called him  
He like my track and I dropped him  
Don't get sidetracked you might fall in  
He won't bite back, but he barking  
It's like Iraq and I'm Muslim  
Off my flight back, I'm in customs  
And I got a secret to tell the bitch  
Yes I fucked a promoter, but it's the culture  
This is how I'm welcomed in (Brr!)

I got her praying to God wearing a cross hooked to a thin chain (Uh-huh)  
But it ain't really a cross, that is a "T", it is my nickname  
We gotta celebrate, couple drinks in me  
I sing to a bitch like I'm Rick James  
Cups in the kitchen were dirty, so we took a mugshot like a inmate  
Mama said "Where did your girl go, thought you were good with her and you hit it off"  
I told her "I treat that ho like a stroller  
I put my kids in her and I wheel her off"

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Couldn't save the ho but I still left her as her screensaver