

# Token, Suitcase And A Passport

I met this girl at my show  
She went from standing front row  
To laying down on my flow  
She sucked me right out my soul  
She put me all on her posts  
She told the world she fucked token  
But Ben was there all alone  
Little did she know  
Aye, sometimes when my mom wanna come to shows  
Says she hasn't seen her son for a couple months or so  
But I had the plan to be backstage with some hoes  
Even if mom get sad I'mma tell her no  
See, I'm a different man on the road  
Even ask my homies who were there on the road  
Fresh merch money in my bag, on the road  
I'mma probably blow and have to go back on the road  
Tour manager's name is Lee  
One fucking job - cater to me  
Good amount of money that I pay him a week  
But I still can't tell if you love or hate me  
Making money, never let the money make me  
I'm paranoid about all of the money they see  
So I hide it in my pillowcase when I go to sleep  
Least I know I'll be smiling if they suffocate me  
These girls always think I'm richer than I am, so I go with it  
Asking me what celebrities I've met at shows and it's  
Usually a lot less than they suppose it is  
So I make up some shit 'til the chick is like, "no kidding"  
Even when they ask for my real name I don't give it  
When I tell my friends that they think I'm so tripping  
Chick named Marie stole my chain in Winnipeg  
Ever since then, I guess I don't trust no bitches  
Later that tour I had a show in Halifax  
Couldn't find my wallet and my tele, and this girl was feeling sketchy  
So, she's the one I started snapping at  
She freaked out on me then I found it in my backpack  
I was like, "My bad", she was like, "Fuck you!"  
I was like, "Where you goin'?", she was like, "Fuck you!"  
I would've felt bad but I didn't have time to  
I had another girl who was trying to come through  
That's just tour life, how it's affecting you  
?Girls, new place, new plus the revenue?  
Every time I leave home, mama says to call her every chance I get but I never do  
I tell her it's because I lost my voice from the show  
Really, it's because I don't know if she'll recognize it  
Lee's telling me what not to do when alone  
But, lyrics are the only thing I'm memorizing  
Best place to put the merch first thing that we look for  
Merch guy got a piece of paper that he put the totals in  
I read it so much, I'm feeling like a bookworm  
Can't talk about this shit up on a single  
My manager say, "Put your best foot first"  
But my best night was a threesome in London  
Back of the tour bus and me and my homie took turns  
Then one of the chicks boyfriends banging on the door  
So damn heated (Knock, knock, knock, knock)  
She didn't care so I opened the window and told him, "Motherfucker beat it"  
Flashback, sophomore year  
My homie, Colin, he was fucking with a chick who had a boyfriend  
I told him to stop because karma's real  
Now look at me, how does that feel?  
It feel like its supposed to  
Cheating, new city with a bigger chip on my shoulder  
Marie stole my tame, bitch you think you slick, don't ya?

This the reason I sing when I woke up  
This the reason I fuck with my girl until we broke up  
But it's what I asked for  
If I wanted true love then I should've asked more  
Had a lot of new friends on my last tour  
The only ones that stuck with me? Suitcase and a passport

(Knock knock)