

Token, Sway In The Morning Freestyle

Okay, Sway, 50

Let's go

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I got rap in my blood, 10 years I've been harvestin' this
So Much Wayne and Jay I got Carters in my cartilages
Pistol whip, I'm harder than the shit that startled the clique
The whit I spit is sharper than the shit my barber will grip
I think it's him, don't argue with him, he's starving again
When he left Sway, them labels wanted to partner with him
Called him the new Eminem, I told them "Market my dick"
I'm not another white rapper they tried to pin Marshall against
I been in charge of this
I'll never fall to the guard again
I got arrested in middle school
Bitch I was playing with Legos still
Used to be going in cars and shit
Then I got Honda's sponsorship
I've been on fire, spark incense
Art so articulate the Arctic is lit, it's marvellous
Teachers had them arguments
Used to be on a tardy list
Now I'm on a different list
Charts I think, Sway this a blessing
I'm just happy I was let in, I got a notepad in my backpack
Each page like a dangerous weapon
I hold it like I'm aiming a Wesson
Then they raise they arms, like they know the answer to the most complicated question
I'm way too impressive, fuck it, way too impressive
It's so obvious it even sound strange when I said it
But if you ain't so receptive, just take a break
Start paying attention to Sway's facial expression
He spread the same exact message, way too impressive
Fuck it, way too impressive
Way I came in this game I should be caged and arrested
For breaking and entering
Barge in this game without raisin' a question
Like Kramer I guess it's ironic I made a lane like I'm Benes
Way too impressive, but this ain't no silver spoon
Momma used to vacuum maggots out the holes up in her room
What it do? What's the word, then?
I rap like I'm tryna buy my mom a brand new crib before this fuckin' verse end
Persevere type of person
I don't persecute if the person's cute, nah, that's her personal purse, then, uh
Gettin' flown if I'm headed home
What a way up, fuck your brain up, methadone on the metronome
What a change up, fuck a pay cut, envelope got a heavy bulge
Money on me is the best cologne, man I smell alone, like a pheromone
Getting dough, if the check is old
Have an episode, like I'm ten years old
Token, but I'm better known
As the blueprint, to my many clones
Got your bitch up on my ear, like a telephone
City want me near, but I'm never home
Baby, my career like a cemetery, whole thing set in stone
God damn! Let me talk a little shit
Mama knew I'd be a genius when I was a lil' shit

Real shit, kill shit, vacate the map, uh
Mayday, I get my day made, if that
Little bitch wanna play games
I don't gotta gang gang
I got a body guard who get pay day to scrap
Take your bae, make her seis nueve

That's a 6 9, fuck it tre way is back
Better songs but I maintain the raps
Seeing them change you got a better chance seeing Sway change his hat
Wait, I was never young I'm mad old
I became a man when I realized my dad's broke
Use to look up to rappers and now they plateaued
So I don't got no-one to look up to except Toke
Daddy still owe Mom money, they can't be that close
So family reunions only happen at my shows
Backstage the only holiday we have, so
This shit is bigger than punchlines and fast flows
But I think it's easy peasy
I bite like I need a treat
And I fight like a need a treaty
Choose 'em like eenie meenie
I think you might need my CD
Bitches rubbing on the glass like they tryna reach a genie
Uh uh, I never would keep it PG
I keep it so dirty dirty, I might as well feed the needy
I give em heebie jeebies, they won't like this rap
Spit at this mic so long, it might spit back!
Sway these mic's are frail as shit
The type of flame I spit
Will likely break the tiny frame of it
The mic will split and I ain't gon' pay for it
So, you gun' feel some type of way and shit
Next time I come, modernize the place a bit, huh?
I raise the bar like this shit is my son
I hold it up and tell you midgets, "Jump"
They used to say I was a gimmick, I admit it, I was
But now they mimic, shit, I give you gimmicks a buzz
Fuck punchline rap, I ain't a punchline act
Y'all use it as a crutch, ain't no punchline in that
Homie, there's a difference between my shit and that
Listen to my project and then re-write your raps
Then recite my tracks, listen to all of my shit got to
Try to get better and if you get better, potentially we might collab
Be like the scab, rip all of my shit off of the Internet buddy
Because I think its the only way we like your tracks, huh?
How they talking shit to me, like I wasn't twelve
Doing ciphers out of Boston, in the streets?
Making thirty year-olds look bad when comparing it
They put age restriction just to avoid embarrassment (uh)
Manic and arrogant, parents aware of it, ran into therapists
They tried to make me stable but angel is nowhere in my narrative
This man sin like Marilyn damn it the champion is arrogant, hilarious
Closest that you'll get to being there with it and sharing it
Is pairin' with Samaritans who stare at it, are there to lift the carriages
All carryin' my chariot, or there for just repairin' it!
Sway, last time I made your co-host cry
I gave her a tissue and hugged her good-bye
This time, I'm ripping tissues, and ripping arteries out of any rapper who try to do it like !!

Why?

'Cause I've been assertive with the moves
Listeners I better bring to church, I'm like a minister up in the booth, uh
Introverted, but a different person when your chick is turning to my coop, uh
Got a couple people doin' what I wish, I'm Timmy Turner with the crew
Timmy Turner with the crew, Mr. Burns with the loot
Larry Bird when I shoot, I'm the kernel when I pop
I'm the colonel, I recruit different workers to the crew
You? Little person with the view, lookin' up to me short
Wife the bitch on tour, live and learn, yes I do
Hit the curb I got to zoom, kill and murder when I do
With a verse I write your tomb, in the dirt you got to move

Like I'm flirting with death, bitches flirting with me too
Ain't it hot when I flex, it's a furnace when I do
Bring a burner with it too
If I die right now, I'm giving birth to all the youth
Tell em follow they truth
Tell em do what they love
If they wanna be a rapper
Fuck em all if they judge
But if you see me walkin down the street and you just
Decide to walk up to me and you rap to me and you suck
Ima tell you whats up
Hard work pays off im living proof of that shit
They saw my freestyle said I just do this rap shit
Then the project dropped, fans think the music classic
I didn't say shit I watched the critics do a backflip
Backflip, bomb-bastic, who gon' bash it, yur too late
I respect my legends but I don't diss the new wave
This for everyone who say the fanbase I'm with isn't deep
Youtube rappers can not sell tickets like me

Picture me, lil dork from the Youtube
Pull up to your city showin it more love than you do
Florida, California, then Georgia I flew to
And your stuck you poor fuck my tour bus go vroom vroom
Vroom vroom pay the tolls, round the globe is where I took the group
Bus driver is 62 and I make sure he get pussy too
Photos of me at every show goosebumps when I'm lookin through
Every label at my doorstep can't be interscope cause I'm bulletproof
Momma told me not to trust these bitches no telling what they wouldn't do
So I gotta put a hat on for the kiddy feeling like a puss n boots
Momma lookin at my bank statements pray to god that they put to use
Used to rap about bullyin now I'm showing you what a bully do
Ill fuck around...ah...shit

Ayo can I do somethin' accapella?

Yo see I rap like I got it figured out don't we all
But I can tell you bout a few times that I felt lost
I brag about being independent feeling like a boss but I'm still worrying if daddy's lights are getting
I know it ain't about the money its about the cost
So everyday I look in the mirror and I pray I don't see a fraud
Remember I made a song about a school shooting
When it dropped it went crazy and I started feeling a hero when I talked
Then the parkland school shooting happened and the cops and Emma Gonzales are the heroes and
I didn't know how to tell y'all...
I read the Florida report and I saw my school shooting video was the last video Cruze ever watched
And that shit make you wonder what purpose do you lack...
People died I'm having flashbacks that I've never had
I put my truth into a project but that what I couldn't grasp
Between somewhere what I called it
Somewhere I don't know
Between somewhere doin' freestyles and brag about a couple flows
Then pourin my heart into a project they don't even own
Between somewhere out in New York living my dream I've been told
Sway...thank you for having me on your show