

Token, Toy Story

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, ah, ah

I was eleven, I had to get stitches all over the side of my mouth
I'm lucky to talk still
I didn't spend any money the label had given me
That was my mom's deal
I get her cryin' about me while she in the club
Imagine how I feel
Bitch, if you ain't wanna spend all that time in the club
I'd let you be mine still

She say she'll love me forever like she see the future
I think she's just jealous of mine (Yeah)
They try too hard to relate to me
They treat a minute with me like it's therapy time
All of a sudden, we brothers like they got father in a cemetery with mine (Yeah)
And everybody waitin' for the moment that it's gettin' to my head
But the only thing that's gettin' to my head is the
Vein bussin' out my head when I rhyme
Her braids wavin' through the end when she ride
I play patient but I'm ready inside
It's day light savings, he ahead of his time (Uh-huh)
I'm pullin' up truck after truck, after truck
After truck, after truck, after truck
It look like it's a waste station up ahead when I ride
My plane put another star in the sky
I ain't say it, I just kept it inside
My bank statement spit a hell of a rhyme
She play favorites and I knew she a fan
I drove that box around the city
I think I just trade places with the UPS man
I'm molding the way she thinkin' and now
She just a claymation for the music I brand
It's part of the plan

I was eleven, I had to get stitches all over the side of my mouth
I'm lucky to talk still
I didn't spend any money the label had given me
That was my mom's deal
I get her cryin' about me while she in the club
Imagine how I feel
Bitch, if you ain't wanna spend all that time in the club
I'd let you be mine still

Work like that, but I never turn my back
Girl like that, put her on the worldwide map
First night back, I be giving her a white flash
Curl that back like she do to her eyelash
Tellin' me about her great thigh gap
Lay right back, blow into your face: lilac (Yeah)
Take my cash, you can even take my pad
Take my track, all I need is eight hi-hats
One, two, tree, four, five, six, seven, eight
I don't wanna celebrate until I get a better way
I'm pullin' up to any bank with a couple of Escalades
Plus a couple of breaders who probably want me everyday
I make a bitch sit where she 'posed to be at
All she wanted was any rich kid blowing her back
Colder than winter but the whip sick, colder than that
Warming 'em up like it's just the opening act
Mama told me to break a leg and she was blowing a kiss
Ended up with a leg around me from the hoe that I'm with

And before I was a headliner, you would know what it is
'Cause it feel like a holiday, I had to open a gift
And it feel like a watermelon, she spitting out every seed
It feel like I'm sleepwalking, I'm living out every dream
It feel like it's Halloween but not because it was sweet
I filled the bag up by walking down the street
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight (That's it)
Tell 'em I'll be there even if I gotta come in a wheelchair
I know I'm blessed so I gotta be fair (Blessed)
Sitting with Flex and I spit to a beat there
They said they saw that I ain't wanna be there
Grateful to bro and I wanna give flowers but making me do it right after I buried my father was foul
I told her to shower 'cause we going out and we got reservations
I can't trust a new bitch again so I'll just have to see who I got
And I'll marry my favorite
I moved to L.A. and my mama been anxious
But I send her messages, keep her updated
They told me that I look like Sid from the Toy Story
They got jokes for me

I-I was eleven, I had to get stitches all over the side of my mouth
I'm lucky to talk still (Uh-huh)
I didn't spend any money the label had given me
That was my mom's deal (Uh-huh)
I get her cryin' about me while she in the club
Imagine how I feel
Bitch, if you ain't wanna spend all that time in the club
I'd let you be mine still (Uh-huh)