

# Token, Waist Down (Extended Version)

Back in the day, all anyone did was overlook me  
Now, when they look down, they tryna' pass the crown to where it should be  
Define a rookie  
Define it, I've been a boss since 13  
No wonder why no one understood me, all goodie  
All gravy  
Y'all say we've gone crazy, but we ain't gone anywhere  
Except the places that pay me  
Where everybody just praise me  
So if you ain't with A-team  
You can suck a dick, get rabies, and then die  
Yea, right there  
I got a new idea  
I got a brand-new idea for you my dear  
If you don't like being called stupid, stop being stupid, cause I'ma' fucking call you stupid if you do t  
Yea, I got some rappers confidence  
For every fake fan with a backwards compliment  
Master actors who matter not a bit  
Bomb has been set, detonation approximately now

And I've been plotting on the low  
But I don't really want to keep it on the low no more  
So I'ma' need all of your hands in the air the goddamn second that I decide I want to go on tour  
Saying I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck like I'm paralyzed from the waist down  
Waist down, waist down, waist down  
Saying I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck like I'm paralysed from the waist down  
Waist down, waist down, waist down

Way down to rockbottom I send y'all. Token is a genius  
I don't give a fuck; I'm on some paraplegic shit  
You feel me? I ain't feeling y'all  
I got no feeling in my legs, wheelchairs I pop a wheelie on  
I am really on  
17 and I got funders with their hands out talking 'bout a million  
But I don't take no handouts off air  
You don't need to scratch my back; I got me a massage chair  
That's right. Everybody act like they're living the exact life  
Everybody tryna' be like everybody, no one tryna' be an individual and that's like  
Getting a flashlight to mask light  
A blackeye to have sight  
A bad guy to act nice  
A traffic light to crash bikes  
An appetite to snack light  
An afterlife to flatline  
A rabbi to baptize  
And bragging on the Internet just means you got a fake ego filled with insecurities killing you and th

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Oh, is that so?  
The second I start having fun, Token's an asshole  
They said I be doing the same shit, everybody wants something that's new now, well right when I c  
Oh, that makes sense, I got it  
Everybody have some fun, except the artist

Everybody loved me when I recorded out of the closet  
Then a blog picked it up, yep, that's garbage  
Oh. I got some rappers confidence to every fake fan with a backwards compliment  
You think I slid that line in there with no consciousness?  
I see the fake fans, I'm who they want a problem with  
Like I ain't giving my all to this  
When I am trying to alter this  
Questioning all of my motives when I'm just trying to make momma rich  
And I just want to see daddy happy, they just want to see bars and shit  
Consequence calling this confidence cockiness, God forbid  
God forbid I'm comfortable enough to switch the scene  
Sometimes I don't want to walk down a little street  
With metaphor metamorphosis and similar similes  
Sometimes I want to fuck around dawg, I'm seventeen  
Sometimes I don't want to be serious  
Sometimes I don't want to be Mr. Lyricist  
Sometimes I wonder why they judge me  
Sometimes I want to put a jet engine on a wheelchair cause I think it's fucking funny  
And now they're wondering if I'm still really that hungry  
They're wondering if I'm getting comfortable, I feel uncomfortable cause a second ago you motherf  
And I've been working harder than ever to get to the next level of flights  
You're either afraid to let me go or you're afraid of heights  
Waist down, waist down  
Let me spit a simple hook for everyone who ain't staying around  
They want me to pigeonhole myself and fall  
Show me where happinesses is cause, it ain't with y'a