

# Token, Well

Yeah

Lot of folks wanna a check off me  
Not a lot wanna check on me  
Talkin' to me like "where's my cut?"  
Like I got treasure chests on me  
Talkin' to me like "damn you changed"  
Talkin' to me one mile a minute  
Then they ask me for a picture though  
And wonder why I don't smile in it

Put on my hoodie then put on my coat  
Cover up my face so you didn't know  
See me in public from my head to my toes  
Probably me, you should leave me alone  
Spent the whole week in the booth all alone  
My manager want a song that is happy  
Back to the lab to rewrite what I wrote  
Maybe I cannot do this shit alone  
Maybe I need me a ghostwriter too  
Write me a song that I probably should use  
Happy go lucky and sing me a tune  
Maybe can help me with choruses too  
Lord knows that isn't my strong suit  
Lord knows I'm lacking attributes  
Lord knows every time my manager call me  
Mothafucka, I got this attitude

The worst part at doing things all by yourself  
Is when they fall you cannot blame nobody else  
I could be on a floor and dying by myself  
And still be too embarrassed askin' for your help  
I can't complain, but if I could I prolly would, so in that case  
I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well (doin' well)  
I'm bound to fall when I pick up on your call  
I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well

I'm smart enough to write this song  
But not enough to go market it  
Rich enough not to worry 'bout it  
But not enough to let mamma quit  
I'm wise enough to know who I am  
But not enough to know what I can be  
Loud enough for them to hear me out  
But not enough for them to understand me  
I'm proud enough to brag all the time  
But not enough to forget the flaws  
Loyal enough to buy my friends a meal  
But not enough to give my friend a job  
I'm liked enough to not get kicked out  
But not enough for them to invite me  
Cool enough to bring a chick back  
But not enough for her to really like me  
Ay, free shit, free shit, all around my house just free shit  
I'm famous enough to get shit for free  
But not enough to get the shit I like  
Reliable enough to kill the show  
Bot not enough to show up on time  
Believe in myself enough to grind  
But not enough to not fucking sign  
Ay, tell the label I need a crib  
With a tennis court for mommy and a bed for my bitch  
Both of 'em know my life is all up in the air  
Right now this could be the biggest I get  
So right now tell my manager bring in the paperwork

I know that it ain't about the money, sure  
I know how the paper work  
I know how the fame work  
I know how the dudes work  
I'm a success now, but still could be a loser

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