

Token, One Like Equals

I deserve sympathy, I deserve rights
I deserve mommy that tuck me in at night
When I find out that life doesn't owe me shit
Given that shit, I just wanna be liked
I just wanna be friends
I just want you to like me
I just feel like I'm lost
I just want you to find me
I know success is indefinite but
I just want it to be likely
Like I just wanna be Kylie, cause

One like equals one care
And when it's dark time one like equals one flare
And when the stocks rise one like equals one share
And when my mom dies one like equals one prayer, like

Lemme compare
My mommy told me when she was a kid she thinks she was really, really popular
But I don't wanna just think that I'm popular
I wanna have more literal, tangible, fucking followers
Like, I really wanna see that shit
I really wanna be that shit
Put my phone on vibrate like
I really wanna feel that shit
I really wanna show my artistic side, my clever side
Bitch, get the fuck off my left, that's my better side
Yup, I'm destined for success, let's be honest
I'm chasing what successful people have in common
My life is a business, I wanna own it and flaunt it
I can't delete a flaw, it's not a rumor till it's a comment
And I'm not pretty until a stranger say it
And inside I might be sad but when I look in the mirror it doesn't reflect it back
So lemme take a snap

I don't wanna go on her
I don't wanna go on, see
I don't wanna go outside
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me
I don't wanna go on her
I don't wanna go on, see
I don't wanna go outside
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me
I'll give it all to you, just promise me that

I promised her she looked good and she didn't buy it
She went back to the bathroom, I backed up and peeked inside it
Never seen her so focused painting her face with a brush
You can paint anything you want if you're creative enough
Today she painted happy, took like an hour fifty
She wanna be a model to finally be pretty
Shit, why can't she do it? She know how to pose
Daddy doesn't get it, she say cause he's old
He say it's not a job unless it pays
So she got photographers to shoot her as she lays
On the bed, he gives her money and praise
Pop it out, post it up, get your money, ay
Oh, look at her body, oh she a model / fitness / motivation / queen / entrepreneur so do not call her
The classy shit did not get the attention that she hoped and she knows

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When the rent's due one like equals couple grand
And the landlord is a hater if he doesn't understand
Fuck it, man, look at all the love that I get on command
I don't really be giving a fuck about what anybody saying to me anymore
Look at me, mom, my life is a brand
My life is a prop, my life is a fluke
My life is a mine, I give it to you
I don't even want it, I give it away
Look at my picture, don't look at my face
I pin myself so happy
I finalize the process
I sell myself the good product
My private life is public
For everybody to see
Everybody to stamp
Everybody except me
Cause I don't know who I am
Everybody just judge
And not get mad about it
As if I'm not the single fucking person who allowed it

And when I'm feeling empty I'll be everyone except me
If you just accept me
Why can't you just accept me?
I could accept myself by myself, but then you might forget me

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