

Token, Bank Account (Remix)

Yeah, yeah, ay
I got, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Notes up in my notepad
And they known to give a tote tag, funny
I remember being stuck in place, I was home to where the jokes at
Now I'm touring all around the world, little boy roaming like a nomad, uh
Roll with me and don't pass
Take a picture of me, no, you ain't gon' post that
When you go and leave the holds, I'll get your phone back
Baby know I got the flow the others don't have, uh
Ride this shit like a horse
Ride this shit like my horse
'Cause I got Polo on my gonads
Motherfucker take a photo this ain't Kodak, nah
New plans, real fans, I can't introduce you
Sign merch, that same pen gon' script our future
They put me special ed, with them tutors
Now I'm special guest, a little cooler
Don't got different jewelers, loyal to the men who care
Omar and Oscar's on Central Square, you catch me there
She pull my chain and bring me closer and then do the [?]
Homie Carlos bring it to the back and make it new again
That's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
Drinks they offer me, just to get me to
Slip and fall, I need different offerings
I need cribs and properties, big monopolies
[?] to sponsor me, and I need a
Book of strict psychology to give this chick who thinks she got princess qualities
Uh, nah nah nah
Baby you don't qualify
New lady mean new drama
Only need sister mama
Just day ones on my roster
No new friends, no new problems
New contacts in my phone though
Same posters in my casa
Fake accounts everywhere now
I guess I'm doing swell
Perks of being yourself
Make them want to as well
I don't believe in luck
Don't congratulate me
Mama don't got a tennis court and that shit drive me crazy
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, everybody want pieces
They support me when it's convenient
I say fuck 'em all and I mean it
Two conversations don't mean we homies, it doesn't matter
Shaking my hand does not mean I wasn't wiping it off right after
Art of being grateful I will show you the demeanor
It looks like rapping this with strep throat and a fever
It looks like no sleep and little stops
It looks like being in the hospital two hours before your set and didn't skip a song
Get along, get along, get along
Every day, hold the mic, to the crowd, sing along
Learned more when I left school, believed more when I left the Synagogue
And that's just me, curl my arms when I wake up and
Reach for the stars, they say I brag too much
I cannot brag too much 'bout working hard
Yeah
Little Boy!