

Token, Necessary Evil

Jesus Christ, I can see in his eyes that he's conniving
I'll be defiant till achieving highness like Leonidas
I speak my mind and these demons are preaching silence
You're marketed like the industry's slut, and I'ma treat you like it
Get slapped up, kiss ass punk
Get snatched up for trying to distract us
Distract this! I'll bury you, that's established
You know the shit that make you think that your shit's whack? Well, this that shit!
Ditch that shit, you'll never create a legacy
You're the lamest lame will ever be
They want me to name an enemy
But why would I end a career they ain't even start yet? That's a waste of energy
Pay attention; we create our pedigree
While they especially are praying desperately to cage us mentally
They eventually will taste the recipe of angry tendencies
So page the deputy
I'll make sure they will credit me

When the sky falls down
When the clouds on the ground I'll be in the studio making the sound to it
How could this be?
I'm the necessary evil when you're telling all your people 'bout me

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And we don't fuck around
You don't actually burn calories when you go run your mouth, so why you sweating so hard?
I am the underground, they see the roots in me
They root for me, my routine is being the rude teen
Who's he? "Token" I'm different than you chumps though
Do I brag about the money, clothes, drugs, hoes
While musically losing control?
Do I perform a 30 minute set while only using one flow? Fuck no!
That's where I draw the line
They're loving the intellectual homicide
Only really care about the dollar signs
Anyone who is gullible qualifies
They colonize all your minds and occupy each thought they find
Everybody looking like a puppet to me but everyone too stupid to see it; I'm not surprised, nah
I am the stop to this
I am the prophet not only intent on profiting
But still psycho to my psychologist
He said the only person fit to battle me is my second personality
So I bodied him

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Token is a visionary in a fairly twisted, scary, scripted parody
And he carries emissaries fit to bury sissy fairies
In the very cemetery he's getting married to the dictionary at
That's how he kills canaries - Bla!
I kill a rival on arrival
Ever since I went viral they call me vile

And I don't use the word faggot anymore cause critics twist my words into a spiral
Just tell them I'm feeling homo-cidal
I don't know polite
Man I'm telling you rappers, you don't need to keep up, you can look at me like a poltergeist
If you need a ghost to write
I'll blow your mind
If I don't, I'll blow your mind
I ought to make them an ultimatum
They automate them and control what they say
That controls how you think, that's controlling your day
That's controlling your life
So cut your strings; I'll show you the knife
We're needed in this game; I don't give a fuck if they like it

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