

Token, No Service

Before my grandpa died, he called me
Only to remind me every day above the ground is a blessing
I didn't pick up because I was underground in the basement, in a session
No service, yeah, no service

I act like I miss home even though I started writing raps really only to escape it
Only part of travel that I look forward to is the plane ride, give me space and no service, no service

I won't go to service for mom, won't go to service for dad
Grandma think I need religion, sister think that is a trap
When I saw the rabbi he asked me if I'm faithful
I said "Yeah, I'm faithful"
Thank god, thank god, thank god he didn't ask what I'm faithful to
My girl pray like she faithful, she pray, pray that I'm faithful
But no matter what I really say, but no matter what I really do
Every thing that I say isn't true, everything that I say is a fight
She think that I only wanna fight, but I do not wanna fight with her
I just wanna see how much fight, how much fight she got in her
How much trust she got in her
How many tours I go on, how many times will I slip, how many chances I get, how much love she got
How much trust she got in her, how much left she got in her
How many times I bought dinner, how much cash can I spare?
This meal cost like one fifty and I'ma flip a fucking chair if I get no service

[Waitress:] Are you guys all set to order?

[Token:] Yeah, eh you wanna go first?

[Girl:] Yeah sure, can I get the uh, I don't even know how to pronounce it, but it's right here on the menu

By myself in hotel rooms
Is the only time I can really get myself to sleep lately
"Do not disturb" sign on that door handle for the cleaning lady
I want no service, yeah, no service

I write about the shit I think about every single day
Fans say it takes so much courage
My boy just got back from the military
I never said "Thank you for your... service"
No service

No one thinks I need guidance
No one thinks I need nourishment
Two thousand comments on my last post
No one thinks I need encouragement
No one thinks I need a visit
No one thinks I need a favor
No one at my doorstep
Except packages delivered by a stranger
Mailman at my house
More than anybody that I know today
But I never shared a word with him
Shit, I don't even know his name
I wonder how much he infer about me
From the fan mail and those words about me
Expensive clothes, new phones, humidifiers, microphones, European outlet adapters
And shirts in buckets, CDs and both that refer about me
He probably knows me better than my friends
I bet he never even heard about me
When I'm home I don't tell a soul
Only management and that label know
My fans say they wanna take my soul
But sometimes I think that they care the most
My fans only wanna hear my heart
I give it up like this shit ain't in my flesh
I give it up, give it up, give it up

Momma said "What if one day there's just nothing left?"
That made me wonder who's after my soul?
Shit, do I even believe in a soul?
Maybe I'm just overthinking it all
Probably just overthinking it all
Monday eight AM, outta bed, hit the gym
Leave the gym, find the flow, one day
Used to feel like a brand new beginning, now it don't
No complaints, old friend at the gym
I know it, I saw some bag at home
Knock, knock at the door, leave me alone
I don't wanna see no more motherfuckin' postman

Postal service, postal service, is anyone home?
Hello?