

Token, Still No Sucka MCs

Shyea!

I told you this shit was easy man!

I want silence for this one, shh

Aight

Every beat that is given to me I flip on like a acrobat 'cause I'm mad when I'm told

That a whack ass rapper's stacking the dough

When his Cadillac is passing my road,

I'll smash the glass with a hatchet I hold

You get asthma attack when you're jacking my flow

This black-on-black so fashionable

Every rap is crack, got that for the low

"Man I'm tired of this kid he doesn't even have bars, he can just rap fast"

Yo, who are you kidding?

The future you witnessed

The fruits of my labor are food for the village

No room for assistance

They say the body's a temple, I body musical gimmicks, so that's my newest religion -

Confusing the thinking of Jews and the Christians

No lunatic can just assume my position

No lucrative business can ruin my vision

What I institute's on YouTube in an instant

When I'm introduced, I chuck the deuce to your interests

Fuck an opinion, I got homework and stuff

My physics teacher is a babe, I gotta get that shit over and done

See it in your eyes, you rappers nervous when Token'll come

Hands so sweaty they can't even hold any grudge

"They don't give a damn."

Middle finger to anyone trying to control me. My team isn't big but we're handling everything. People

But I don't rock a suit with a tie, I keep it minimal

Only suspender I know is my middle school principal

Forming these syllables-

Sort of a ritual

You're more normal and typical than brainstorms formed by Jersey Shore's whores with poor mora

I adore gore; therefore, absorb more horrorcore war than corporals and generals

They just know I'm focused

Ironic how my train of thought has loco-motives

"Oh shit"

If that's over your head than hold the phone kid

I got them yelling "holy smokes" like Catholics at the Vatican when the pope is chosen

"Woah!"

Shhh

"Woah"

I do it with ease

But I've been working my ass off since I was new in my teens

And to anybody who say I'm only buzzing 'cause I'm young, you're just mad that you're an adult and

I see the jealousy up in you

Look at the hate in the comments, I see the low self-esteem up in you

I see you making like any comparison barely with evidence sneaking around like you really ain't dis

Then I realized

Gangsters used to move ounces and reach for burners

Now gangsters only move mouses and reach for cursors

Nah, they ain't worth it

All around your studio I'll be lurking,

Waiting for you to slip so I can close the curtain

You're the bible to atheists

You're the rifle to pacifists

I went viral by accident, wait till I do it on purpose

Man it's Token