

Token, YouTube Rapper

Yeah, when I was younger, I didn't know what to do with myself
Freestyle to freestyle, proving myself
Started focusing on the mission more than spitting
But the feeling that I was missing was the one to kill everybody else
And I'm not violent, I just need to be protected now (Yeah)
My boy just got himself a little pistol, he might shoot it at you
Who am I after? Anyone I gotta stick or put on my pupu platter
Used to chatter but I get way too much pussy to be a YouTube rapper

Shoot you actors
Not with the way Hulu captures what a Jew crew mastered
Doo-doo, blast your block with the K
Cuckoo clappers from a SooWoo chapter (Yeah)
Tell me how you wanna do it, should I nuke you bastards?
Or, should I go and get 'em with a Count Dooku slasher, do you faster?

Who'd you rather go against?
I control the web like a computer hacker
I been abusin' rappers since animal crackers and Chutes and Ladders
Put 'em in a comatose and I'm goin' ghost, feel like I'm cool with Casper
Torture everybody

Put 'em in a group on camera like it's a ooVoo gather
Why they gotta choose me to try to hoot to Mathers?
Guess I'm the truth and a boost to Zeus, who's gasser
But buku flashers on social media said I drew truth backwards
Fuck your poots loose with a dook' chute smasher, I'm solid

I just demolish, please tell the pilot I switch the climate
I'm way too cold, I'm two degrees, it's like I'm switching college
But ain't no need for school if guns can teach you trigonometrics (Bah, bah)
Curb stomp the only way I'm kickin' knowledge
I don't preach, ladies say, "I love you," when you sort of poppin' (Haha)
You take them for their word and then they take you for your wallet (Thank you)
How many syllables can he fit within a second with no content?
Use your own logic, no comment (Ahaha)

No more violence
I just kill 'em to enjoy the silence
I got my hand on the button still
Don't know why I'm runnin', but I'm runnin' still
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Jesus Lord, relieve me more of stress, I need some more revenge
Distort your neck and force a stretch, like prehistoric Rex
And don't ask me to be your guest feature, more or less
Your new song got four plays like a tease before the sex, you need some more success
I'm still a teen of course, I need endorsement checks
Tech? (What up?)
I heard you made the Forbes, I need you for some bread
And I don't treat my girls like queens
I treat 'em more like kings in chess
I keep the whores in check
I feel like Jesus when you leave me bored to death

Ayy
I don't know why anybody wanna come and get it from Donte (Donte)
That thinking is dubious, I am Vesuvius, partner, you're Pompeii (Hot)
Calling me coward, I'm coming as crazy, calamitous Kanye (Whoa)
Got a gargantuan gun, I'ma get the grown-up gropin' Grande
Blah blah, chuggin' agua after rap beef

Why they pause? I'm the faja, bah-bah, black sheep
Nigga, that's weak, fucking raw in the car back seats
Where they take their rah-rah rap sheets
Ha-ha, caca, cats keep, crack peeps
Pipes, pips, and I'm glad it's night
Grammatic geist gets status wiped
Coming against me is bad advice
You don't wanna lay up in a poison predicament
Gone away just in a sort of maleficent
Dorm of sadists, I'm the opposite, people say I'm a Deus (Wait)
I been on my Rambo
Killing 'em off in my camo
And I be coming equipped with the ammo
Pulling 'em out of the bando
Never your rhyming no can handle
No more violence from your Sambo
And a big silence of the Lambo

I bring silence from the panel whenever my mic is handled
Ain't no match, you can't light the candle
One of a kind, I'm the prime example
Talking about me, be slightly careful
Comin' to my city is quite the gamble
Better hope that your flight is canceled
Make you scream 'cause I like the sample, wait
This man'll, dismantle
Put your head on this mantle
I see BS on your channel
Get outshined by my shadow
I don't battle, I do not pretend
Don't even rap like this if I'm not with Tech
Tech, I got your back, a back architect
The way I built this shit from the YouTube, kid
I'm done, fuck

No more violence
I just kill 'em to enjoy the silence
I got my hand on the button still
Don't know why I'm runnin', but I'm- go

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Look at all that hate I generate
I don't feel apart from featherweights
Maybe try when you in better shape
Oh you fuck that cup up every day?
Oh you drink that cup up every day?
Got me thinkin', hold up, anyways
What the fuck you got to celebrate?
How many losses do you tend to take?
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Nine, ten, eleven, maybe twelve a day
That's so sad but gee, what can I say?
Cry me a river like the Everglades
I might swim that bitch and get away
I got the whole world to penetrate
No more YouTube rap, goodbye