

Token, Code Red

I think I'm a role model to anyone who ask
Teacher think I'm cheating, and she kick me out of class
Daddy think I'm growing up, and I'm really kicking ass
Mommy think I'm baby, and I really need a nap
Grandma think I'm a good boy, and I'm witty when I rap
But she don't know what the fuck I'm saying
She can't hear me I'm too fast
If she found out what I was saying, she would whip me on my ass
And she would probably fall to the ground with a mini
Heart-attack
Fans think I'm talented and nifty with the craft
Haters think I'm corny, and I'm cringey, and I'm trash
Labels think I'm selfish, and I'm stingy with the cash
I think they don't like me, they can kiss me on my ass
Sister think I'm preoccupied, she miss me way too bad
But she don't want to give me a call, 'cause I'm too busy doing raps
Doing tracks, doing shows, doing hoes from the back
Doing this, doing that, doing great, doing bad

Ay! Tell 'em I get the remedy and the potion
I just taught myself how to better breathe in the ocean
I'll be swimming through with the melody and the flow shit
When I pull up alla' the enemy, they go, "Oh shit!"
Everything I do is dark, and they tend to lead to commotion
Then I be taking your heart, it's a felony for emotion
I do it all for the art, but I presently got impulsion
Profit, pussy, power. I definitely am indulging
Definitely took my focus
Definitely is the show biz
Definitely lying to you, is definitely not the motive
Definitely know some rappers who always study my flows
And actin' like they don't know me
Then definitely went and stole it
Biting my shit little appetite bitch
You would owe me quite a bag if I patent that shit
Rapping ass kid with an ugly demeanor
Like "Fuck my teacher", now I fuck my teachers
I don't bust my heater
I'm a young mind-reader
I can tell you a bitch, I ain't a tough guy either
I was just a little boy with a plus sized feature
I don't ever get touched, I don't trust my preacher
Nuts hang low 'till they touch my sneakers
My socks aren't brown for my boxers on top, yeah
They told me that I got it all wrong, yeah
I can't hear you "Lala, la, la"
Need some money for my daddy, and a life for my mom
Got the pressure on my shoulders, but I'm walking all calm
I think all the spotlight, make me wanna cause harm
So it's always on sight, that is on a dot com
Not to call me commercially
Y'all take longer to worship me
I'll be all in a murder scene
Call the coffin security
Y'all don't want to encourage me
I'ma follow the person who causing all of the murders
Like Holocaust did to Germany
Y'all impostors are irking me
Costume on like you're working at Comic-con or the circus
But I'm opposite, heard of me?
I'm the guy that fucked you up, that walked you off to emergency
Just to impersonate as the doctor prepped into surgery
Knuckle up to maturity
Toughen up to authority

I don't want to kill all of 'em
Just the fucking majority
Run amuk on the orderly
Motherfuckers ignoring me
I might even be wearing that button up, do it formally
Formerly known as:
"Kiddie with no class", "Kiddie with no bitches"
"Kiddie with no cash"
Kiddie was so sad, give him a Prozac
But he never took it, now he act how the pros act
Now he's a no-knack
Giving out toe tags
Fuck a co-sign, I'm too cold for the collab
Who will oppose that?
I need to know that
This was a bullet if you got nowhere to blow at

Y'all softer than a cookie dough
If it means war I'll be following the bullet holes
Fuck you mean I shouldn't go?
You know what they say right?
Better safe than sorry
Better sorry than a pussy, though (pussy)
Huh, all of y'all softer than a tootsie roll
If that costs a pretty penny, my shit gon' be beautiful
I'ma do it all alone but if I hit the jackpot?
I'ma thank God, like "Halle-fucking-lujah hoe"
Yeah, halle-fucking-lujah hoe
I just hit the jackpot, halle-fucking-lujah hoe
I was always yellin' and suckin' on a titty as a 2 year-old
Ain't shit changed, that's beautiful halle-fucking-luja hoe
How the fuck you doin' hoe?
Oh I'm doin' good I'm just plannin' out your funeral
I said "I'ma kill 'em in the studio", and they said "Over my dead body"
I said "Boy, that's doable!" (Boy!)
Uh, y'all sweeter than a sweet potato
I know they depressed like everytime I see a hater
Fightin with yo'self for
I can be the mediator
Shut your fuckin' mouth and maybe try to feed it later
Maybe try to get inspired instead of all the jealous anger
Maybe try to save a little instead of spending all your paper
Maybe try to buy a crib instead of livin' in a trailer
Maybe try to pull a chick instead of tryna pull a favor (Oh!)
Uh, y'all softer than a Chia Pet
Pussy like a cheetah girl
I hope you don't PMS (Oh!)
I hope it won't be a mess
I know that you see 'em next?
I know that you dream about me
Wonder if you pee your bed (psss)
Wonder when I'm gonna put my feet up on your seat and desk
Wanna kick me out? Now that ain't the way to treat a guest
I am not an old head
I am not a new head
I am just a Code Red, Code Red