

Token, Flamingo

Incognito (-nito)

Don't know where that he go (he go)

She go down, torpedo

I get long neck like flamingo (-mingo)

I be on top of the steeple (steeple)

I do it all for the ego (ego)

I do it all for my ego (ego)

I deserve a clap clap

Let me get a flashback

I was selling weed to all the kids out of my backpack

Just to let the cash stack

Put it in a trash bag

Saving up for studio money 'cause I'm a lab rat

I was in the back, back

Always getting laughed at

Principal telling me I was going down a bad path

Now everybody who was calling me a loser wannabe entrepreneur, telling me I'm a badass!

Ay, chip on the shoulder, chip on the forehead, chip on the canvas (canvas, ay!)

Ay, that big man on campus way too big for the campus (campus, ay!)

Ay, oh they want me to roll over and do tricks for the cameras (cameras, ay!)

Ay, I don't really got a ton of manners, all I really want to do is damage (damn!)

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I do it all for my ego (chill!)

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Nah, nah

I think you get nada

Can't afford a PJ but I fly in my pajamas

I rap about my problems

This shit, I don't tell Mama

Then show my fans like "Voilà!"

I'm so fucked up, haha

In school, I just heard "blah-blah"

Teachers said I'm artistic

Either that or autistic

Tomato, tomata

I wanna make some dolla

Don't wanna be like Papa

I wanna pay his bills like magic and tell them haters ta-da

Pull up to my dad when he call on me

Pull up with a bag like it's all on me

Pull up with a chick, now she on me

Stop tugging on my shirt, that's Givenchy

That's three plus three

That's six hundred for the t-shirt

Please keep it secret, don't call my mother

I copped that shit, won't cop another

'Cause mom still workin' a job this summer

And she belong at the beach

Toes all in the sand
Mommy told me since thirteen I was grown motherfuckin' man
Groupie in the van, baby on my hand, Lady and the Tram
Damn, maybe all the glam made me what I am
And pay me in advance, take a fucking chance
Brady with the hand
I spit at the camera, I feel like I'm Pac
After my own dance, I don't Millie-Rock
Step out of line then I be on the dot
I'm clean with the shots!

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I'ma do it only for the people who be lookin' at me like the competition and they wishin' I don't pop
I'ma get a 'Rarri and a Bentley and a Audi just to put them back of the video as a prop
I don't even know about the cars but I'ma get them all just to look in the garage
I'ma get a droptop just to be closer to God
He gon' be lookin' at me, he gon' be givin' me props
He gon' be giving me jobs
He gon' be giving me guap
He gon' be giving me bitches, they gon' be giving me top
I think I'm son of a gun, I think I'm son of a God
And I'ma be coming back if they put me up on a cross
Put me up in the chapel
Put me up in the castle
I'ma be on the horsey, put me up on the saddle
Tell me who want to battle
If it isn't a hassle, tell me who is the GOAT, and I'ma kill off the cattle
I'ma kill off a hero, now they saying I'm evil
To me though I'm like Dolly Lama
He float just like agua, agua
Depththroat just like anaconda
They want me to be down and under, but I jump right in with a cowabunga
I'ma come out clean, never doubt or wonder
I'ma kill them all, then I count the number
And I don't care if it's thousand gunners
And a semi automatic with the sound of thunder
I'ma get my cash like a bounty hunter
If you prayed for my fall you are out of luck-a
And my stomach growl like I'm out of supper
I'm power-hungry, this power-hunger
I eat whatever my mouth is up to
Drink sewer water right out the gutter
I'm a basket case, I'm a magic maker
Smooth as potato with an ounce of butter
I'm dirty dirty, you now will suffer
I make you cry just to shower under, motherfucker

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