

Token, Hi Tyler, The Creator

Pink

Yeah, nah, nah this time, this time I got some shit to say

They call me whack soon as I start
Call me weird if it ain't bars
Call me gay if I put on some pink and stop tryna be hard
Say they want the real rap like Big and Pac put 'em in charge
But I could take that "Rap God" flow out my ass and they'd applaud
Without hearing a single word, word
Hop in the whip and swerve, swerve
They wanna hear I'm broke
But I made 20k off of the shirt, shirt
That was just 30 minutes, but rich spittin' is whack of course
They wanna hear them broke bars, 'cause no one's ever did that before
Please don't talk about cash no more
Or bending back backs on tour
It make me happy when they act like I'm bringing back rap of course
But then they mention rappers more
Like, "Man I love you, Mac of course, MGK, Em, and where the fuck is Macklemore?"

Man you make my earth quake
They love the corny wordplay
They call me sus 'cause I look up to Lil Nas X more than Nas and that's pure hate
My dad thought I was gay for years until he saw my girl
Ain't it ironic I'm the one who turned her straight
She might bounce back though, who know
Younger than me, but she always tryna show me new ropes
I'ma need more than a few though
I'm only three deep, pour me some Spade
I wish I knew Hov plus Ye
I still fuck to 808s like it's still '08

Popping like Tylenol and shining like Tyler nails
I'm white and I'm corny, I'm Industry's Saved by the Bell
My neighbour so far away, she don't see when I check the mail
My homie a magician, he turn a police officer to a little kid on the weekend at the beach collecting shells
Oh me, I'm doing well
My feet a new Chanel
Big suite, a new hotel
I treat the groupie well
Don't need the wife to tell
I leave the bride unveiled
I please the clientele
Lemme switch it up

Problem is a lot of motherfuckers take themselves a little bit too serious and bro it's not that deep
Make it as a rapper, but you end up playing a character, it start to feel like it's a 9 to 5 every week
Put a lot of work in and I beat the odds, so what the fuck I look like being here and not enjoying this
So if I wanna say fuck the people who afraid to see me grow, I will, I can afford this shit
Lot of people not giving me a chance, I don't trip
I ain't even start yet, fuck the catalog
I remember doing a festival with Tyler, when I met him he ain't know who I was, bro thank God
Big ass crib, three kids living in it
One pay for it though he's swimming in it
Album almost done, dawg, I'm bout to hit 'em with it
Never too Different bro, who got a difference with it?
Bitches, bitches, bitch in the bathroom doing a line
Most the homies they older than me but look up to me I got every single one of them if they ever in
Token 2021 is something heavy on my mind
Tell my bro to get his gun if I feel envy on my side
Which side? Who know this time
I do shit big time
My moves is incline
Drop you, no costume, it's just mine

Just me, it's me, it's T
Backpack rap playing a victim
Probably got a confederate flag back of the pick up
Posting on Facebook conspiracy theory lies
Blaming their loser life on any winner they find
Blue lives matter with a tramp wife, chubby dad
Same motherfucker that be anti-mumble rap
Acting like they wrote the rules for a black genre
Still mad about Obama
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