

Token, Jurassic Cypher

September 24th, 1998 was the time that Satan tried awaking a beast out of its hibernation
The beast comprised of patience finally escaped the whom,
It held an umbilical cord connected to a mic and raised it high and stated,
Thou shall address me as Token
Though shall respect me as an MC and accept me as the best even if everyone neglects I am ready
I am the peak to praise, I push the pinnacle of product
Every point polished, no principles a problem
I'm priceless. You pussies pretend,

But you're piss poor from picking out your Prada
You're pitiful, play possum
And shut your fucking lips through your jaw bone
You got an issue get a tissue and sob bro
I'm the shit to a hot load
I'm sick to a small cold
Ain't with you, I'm Bigfoot to lawn gnomes
Got big news I just choose to not boast
You got misused bars like pitbulls have barks
And Hindus have Gods
And igloos have frost
And kids using smart phones
That's a lot yo. I don't ball so hard, don't need to be
Motherfuckers want to fine me like I parked my car illegally
Dropping bars trying to knock me off is like Hanukkah during the Holocaust when the Nazis called me
I'm nodding off, in need of sleep
But I can't stop at all, got bars and bars in need of beats
My mama called, she said stop and talk with meaning geez!
But fuck it, I've become a phenomenon for evil teens
15, yeah my fam is proud you guessed it
Until they heard my songs and they put me up on craigslist
So go get Token Takeover trending up on the blogs
Hashtag it after your tweet about nothing at all
Fuck it, don't call me dumb minded when the leader of the NRA doesn't blame guns for gun violence
And while they're blaming hip-hop
I'm gaining amazing relationships with no hate straight from hip-hop, it's all love