

# Token, Live It Up

We pourin' shots out  
Until we all fucked up, fucked up  
Always got the weed  
So you know the blunt's stuffed, blunt's stuffed  
This is my life, so I'm gonna live it up  
Roll more weed and pour a little liquor up  
This is for everyone that's only here to live it up  
Throw your middle fingers up  
If you don't give a fuck

These niggas think I'm ballin'  
Cause all the shots that are fallin'  
See drinking as a risk?  
No- this, I am all in  
One cup left  
It be automatic, you be stallin'  
My hangover callin' for the next mornin'  
Your life is like borin'  
I'm fly like I'm boarding  
My liquor's like foreign  
Yes, I'm on that ...  
Shot after shot  
Never do I let up  
Liquor knock me down  
Quickly I will get up  
Drink all our pain away  
Yes, it shall fix us  
Building from the ground  
Bitch I'm feeling like Bob  
Put my heart into my music  
So I make their hearts throb  
Got bars like Dove  
And Hov show me love  
With kisses and hugs  
Yes, I still shrug  
I really don't care  
I'll leave any club with my pants sagging low and my middle finger up  
Bitch

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We all playing games  
I ain't got no Crown  
But if I draw four  
Them hands hit the ground  
I got racks on racks on racks  
Got grass on grass on grass  
Flyest bitches walking in  
That's ass on ass on ass  
Um, I'm taking shots like I'm at the fucking shooting range  
Smoke a lot of blunts  
Chronic goes to my brain  
Clark Kent shit  
I'm trying to make a super change  
Yet, I'm dodging Lois Lane  
Cause she give the lowest brain

Smoking till there's no remainder  
Color in my head, I'm feeling like a painter  
Flip out in this bitch, I'm doing gainers  
I'm a taker  
Cause I take what's mine  
Take another shot  
I'm getting chills up my spine  
Drinking till I black out  
Never seen a shine  
Acting crazy like a mind  
Damn

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Start drinking in the morning  
By the night we are blacked out

...  
But we are tapped out

...  
But we smoke until we match out  
Yeah, I be stupid drunk  
I be falling over  
I need assistance  
Your girl, I call on over  
Rolling up some big shit  
On some big pif  
Defining law of physics  
You probably don't get it  
What goes up, must come down  
They don't know I be on clouds  
And my parents don't like my style  
I'm changing rules of life right now  
So fuck it, I'mma keep smoking  
Fuck what they thinking  
Vodka in my cup, I don't give a fuck what they drinking  
My eyes low  
I stay blinking  
Never catch me lying 'bout shit, Abe Lincoln

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