## 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

<u>...</u>

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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