

Token, ROOKIE

(Suave, what the f-)
Daddy taught me how to play
Daddy taught me how to play
Daddy taught me how to play
Daddy taught me how to play

Putting my hoe in my hat and my black jeans
Leaving the crib like I left a murder scene
Blood on my shirt like a jersey with the team
Leaving my prints like a runaway queen
So much weight on my shoulder, I'm sitting with a lean
I got a girl with a temper, so don't intervene
I got so many people that wanna join a team
To be next to a genius like Carl and Sheen
Putting my hoe in my hat and my black boots
Two fingers in her and I think we made a truce
Running in circles, I'm playing duck duck goose
She be heavy on my head like an antler on a moose
Really, I better sit down
Used to be the shit, how are you in the shithouse?
Used to run shit, how are you in a whip now?
Used to have a whip, how is it in the impound?
She don't got a kid, so she able to kid 'round
Give the bitch a binky like I'm calming a kid down
Imma stay single 'til the fat lady singin' away
The good thing, 'cause I'm a giver, I could give her away

The bad thing about a feeling, is a feeling can change
No matter who you end up with, they can wither away
A marriage is a lot of work and it's minimum wage
The best thing about a fling, you can fling 'em away (Pew)

Good girls always land flat on they feet
My girls always land back in the street
If you see 'em, send 'em my regards if you could
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Mama taught me how to steal a heart like a crook (Yeah)
Granny taught me how to treat the heart that I took
Daddy taught me how to play chess, so I keep 'em all in check
And I keep my queen far from a rook

I'm no rookie
Money in the pocket of my rhinestone hoodie
Growing up my tree where a pine cone should be
Shove it in my locker like a high school bully
Hoping and I'm praying that my life goes on
Got me carrying a weapon like I'm Sideshow Bob
She was talking way too much, I said I might doze off
(Bill Gate bitches making me Microsoft)
Bill Gate bitches making me race for a check
Elon Musk, 'cause I need space from my ex
Life is all a balance and a race to the end
So my nights full of fun with the days of distress
Good time, but it came with a bad woman
Fought the bill so many times that I'm flat footed
Mom need a new car with a fat cushion
She was working every day for every day my dad wouldn't
I been working every day, because who else is?
I'm goin' off, show it off, like a new outfit
She on the bed, spread eagle like a true 'Merican
She made a grand opening like a new outlet

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I'm no rookie
I'm no rook-