

Token, Run It Back

Uh

A lot of exaggerations lets keep it real, lets be honest

Yeah, right

Thirty from the show, take it then I go, lookin' like a lick
Now we play the game, how much can my pants pockets really fit?
And I gotta bag, and I leave my arm looking like a chick
And I put my hand in it so much, they think it's a tick
All of that from the word play and the concept (Bruh)
And I got the type of chick to make a chick turn gay, if she not yet
Body do the folds, and her toes doing curls, they like the bicep
When I had no cash, measurin' the bag
Used to put the scales in the back
Like a mermaid, that's a promise
I'm mature veined and obnoxious
First A, bitch I'm toxic, but the girls praise like I'm God sent
Maybe 'cause the diamonds lookin' like a fuckin' earthquake
Where The Rock's meant
Lock bigger than some caviar in the third age in my omelette
That's when I'm telling her to, "Quick please"
And I'm in her mouth like pinkies
So far that I might hit kidneys
Drop top, make the whip to a strip tease
Then I get plane tickets for the whole crew
Put a circle in the air like frisbees
Court case when I was fourteen
Shit got dismissed, I'm still free

So take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Please do not disturb (Right)
Sippin' on Hen, like bourb (Right)
I'm in her A's, like curb (Right)
I don't gotta say one word (Right)
But I take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Take it all back now, run it back
Please do not disturb (Right)
Sippin' on Hen, like bourb (Right)
I'm in her A's, like curb (Right)
I don't gotta say one word (Right)

I don't gotta say one fuckin' thing
Empty champagne bottles in the sink
Look at this life, tell me what you think
I know how to make an ego shrink
I just got a cheque from a video game
Bitch, I don't even know how to play
Fast & Furious cheques
I don't even know how to drive let alone race
Keep it frank, I'm a Benji Frank
Due to tenners when I count the face
Did a reservation in your button-downs
I'm in a hoodie looking out of place
Never take a girl to Hollywood
She gon' end up with some white around her face
Baseball, gotta steal the base
Flush it down the toilet just in case
Hollywood didn't change a thing (Nah)
Matter of fact it made me motivated
I was happy back when I was broke and patient

Now the count of cash is kind of overrated
Just, kidding bitch, I'ma stack it back up til the floor is broken
In my casket, have to have a golden plate
In case Lavish does a Van Gogh painting
Rotate it, most hated, okay then obey it
I can't be lonely, it's flow taming
So bold that his bone breaking, bones get it slow
Paid 'em, bitch
Show casin' I gotta screw miss in Norway to locate it
Hope that they donate it, bitch
Ain't nobody ever really did it like this

Ta-take it all back now, run it back
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