

# Token, Shavings

I've always been a touch strange  
Like why you confident you nutcase?  
You're awesome in a dumb way (don't be yourself)  
Arguments on sundays, psychologist on monday  
Momma crying up late (you need help)  
Toxins for a young brain, almost hit the drug lane  
Probably would of done 'caine when he was 12  
But now he's 7 with depression in his blood just need a weapon that can cut  
10 years where do you see yourself  
Surrounded by angry faces, saving hatred from being locked up  
But I just escape the cages, I'm trading places  
And I'll be damned if I see some of my anger wasted  
So I drop it on you like I had too much weight to hang with  
I lay the lamest, I degrade the greatest  
Still I fucking hate myself, been embedded in my brain for ages  
I don't even see the fucking page I'm painting, all I see is these eraser shavings  
I'm about to snort 'em up  
Yeah, now my brain is racing  
Laced it and rolled it with pages of poetry that my teachers said ain't creative  
Share it with the commenters on "Young Rap God" who claim they hate it  
I'll eat you pussies 'til your legs are shaking

(My minds always in amazement)  
My minds always in amazement, to forget every thought I have  
(Pray)  
I pray, but who do I pray to?  
(Eat)  
I eat but who am I prey to?  
I ought to watch my back

[Mom:] Ben! What's the matter honey? My God, honey, what's wrong?  
[Token:] They all fucking hate me!  
[Mom:] What? They don't hate you!  
[Token:] They all fucking hate me!  
[Mom:]  
Honey, what are you talking about? Sweetheart  
What do you want me to do honey?

I just want you to settle my fears  
I just want you to tell me I've never been weird  
I just want to meet God, can you tell him I'm here?  
I think he forgot  
Tell me when heaven is near, I'm ready to disappear  
I just want you to love me, by accident not because you feel it is necessary when you haven't for sex  
I just want to stay young when I see my reflection in mirrors  
Or make a living off of selling my tears  
Just tell me that I'm a good guy  
Mom it's been too long since I've really had a good cry  
I think the last time was when I watched that man die  
Reminded me of grandpa and then I realized everything will be lost and usually forgotten  
Brutally I just lost it  
Prove to me that I'm wrong when I lose a piece of my conscious  
Who's the reason for conflict?  
Truthfully they'll be solved when you and me in a coffin  
Death isn't an option!  
And death isn't a shot! It's a switchblade  
Everyday just trying to get closer to my heart I feel a thin blade  
But my heart is in my rib cage, caged like an inmate  
So I should be thankful for this day  
But momma knows I can break  
Momma knows why I never had all those sleepovers where my friends stay  
When I told her I kill myself at the end of all my dreams and I realized that's why I peed my bed till s

[Token:] No no no! Not again!

[Mom:] Ben it's oh- oh it's OK honey, I'm sorry

[Token:] It happened again!

[Mom:]

It's OK honey, I'm sorry but you need to get up for school

Its OK honey, it's OK

But you need to get up, try not to think about it

I wonder what my Dad's doing

Probably wondering what I'm doing

We haven't talked lately

I feel alone he is alone, I'm a cry baby

Only really talk to him when my therapist make me

This is crazy, what does he have?

What does he really have to call his own

He already feels he's out the family, I hear it in his tone over the phone

Asking what I've been up to trying not to bother

Thinking he's intruding but he's my father!

Why'd he have to leave, he was the soul of this family

With the jokes he would laugh with me even though in reality

We were going through tragedy, we were holding on happily

If I'm sad how sad is he? If I'm mad he has to be

That's too bad, and I don't want to go to school

I'm too sad, I'm too mad, I'm too spaz, I'm too fat, I'm too trash

Going to middle school next year I'm growing up too fast

I'm too wack, too weak, to speak to me, shoot me!

Ben! Come on, come on!

You need to be in school in 20 minutes!