

Token, Somewhere In Between

Yeah, no matter what plane I'm inside of and what ocean I'm on top of
Distance from everything is still the problem
Everyone I need is down thousands of feet
And everyone who's with me now, I pay him to be
I'm in Germany with merch money in my lap
But all I think about is my mom is home with a bad back
And every Monday she's hunched over dragging out the trash
That should be me
But she won't say it 'cause she don't want to distract
I don't even talk to dad I think that whole thing is ruined
He don't reach out 'cause he feels like he's intruding
But I don't reach out
'Cause everytime we catch up it's so obvious these are things
We shouldn't just be catching up about, like
What country you in? What house you are staying in?
What's your managers name again? How much you paying him?
I don't blame him though, I don't keep him up to speed
If I'm not a bad son I'm probably somewhere in between
Now when I get recognized in public they say I'm stand-off'ish
Really I'm just awkward when I'm talking
When you see how shy I am you probably think that I ain't poppin'
So when you call my name, don't call it again if I ain't respondin'
But my producer hang with artists who are way bigger than me
And they get recognized every time on the street
So when I'm with my producer out to eat
I pray a fan approaches so I can make him say
"True, he's doing his thing too"
Shit I ain't famous I guess I'm somewhere in between
If I was famous I wouldn't have to promote my song on this livestream
'Cause my manager told me to, he said my plays aren't the best
So I fake a smile to hundred of fans like
"It's my fastest growing yet!" Look I'm happy, don't forget!
Mom's back is broke again! Still tryna get me on pills that control the stress!
How I'm supposed to tell my older sister that I'm still depressed
With merch money in my lap, but she ain't made a fucking dollar yet
Today I read a comment telling me that I'm a gimmick
With controversial storylines to get attention
A few fans came to my defense like we were boys
I wanted to tell those fans that maybe he has a point
I wrote a song about a kid who got bullied it's called Exception
And the part I didn't mention, was Andy was a real person
And someone I befriended then I left him for another group of friends who used to torment him
I made money off of Exception and off of Andy
In interviews they treated me like a hero
I wrote a song about how fucked up social media was
And started dating a chick who wanted me to post her to get her followers up
So no matter how many fuckin' comments that I read
Tellin' me how much that I've helped them to grow and follow their dreams
I'mma still feel like a coward, the hero just ain't me
But to make them feel better just tell them I'm somewhere in between
Between somewhere

Ay

Success is coming in heavy, I think I'm changing already
My life is intimidating so Francis wanted to impress me
Some wear Supreme to impress, some bring a gun to oppress me
And none of that does impress me
Whether if it's love or envy
Mark was tryin' to get me with Em, I told him I wasn't ready
Maybe that was a mistake
Maybe I would've blown up already
Wonder if Interscope was mad that I didn't pick up when they called again
Subliminal disses from legends are still compliments
Tour money had me talkin' shit

'Till I spend sixty thousand on clothes and went broke
Manager screamed at me, watch your tone
See, with couple thousands in crowd tellin' me "yes", it's hard to tell 'em "no"
I'm still in Germany with merch money in my lap, bitch
I'm countin' it even if I already double checked
There's no better feeling than holding your parents rent
I know I could still fail, but they only see success
And I'm somewhere in between it
This plane is too high you can't reach it
No service, no service, no service, I got no plan
Ain't nobody knockin' on my door except the post man