

# 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