

# Token, Sway In The Morning Freestyle

Okay, Sway, 50  
Let's go  
Let's go

I got rap in my blood, 10 years I've been harvestin' this  
So Much Wayne and Jay I got Carters in my cartilages  
Pistol whip, I'm harder than the shit that startled the clique  
The whit I spit is sharper than the shit my barber will grip  
I think it's him, don't argue with him, he's starving again  
When he left Sway, them labels wanted to partner with him  
Called him the new Eminem, I told them "Market my dick"  
I'm not another white rapper they tried to pin Marshall against  
I been in charge of this  
I'll never fall to the guard again  
I got arrested in middle school  
Bitch I was playing with Legos still  
Used to be going in cars and shit  
Then I got Honda's sponsorship  
I've been on fire, spark incense  
Art so articulate the Arctic is lit, it's marvellous  
Teachers had them arguments  
Used to be on a tardy list  
Now I'm on a different list  
Charts I think, Sway this a blessing  
I'm just happy I was let in, I got a notepad in my backpack  
Each page like a dangerous weapon  
I hold it like I'm aiming a Wesson  
Then they raise they arms, like they know the answer to the most complicated question  
I'm way too impressive, fuck it, way too impressive  
It's so obvious it even sound strange when I said it  
But if you ain't so receptive, just take a break  
Start paying attention to Sway's facial expression  
He spread the same exact message, way too impressive  
Fuck it, way too impressive  
Way I came in this game I should be caged and arrested  
For breaking and entering  
Barge in this game without raisin' a question  
Like Kramer I guess it's ironic I made a lane like I'm Benes  
Way too impressive, but this ain't no silver spoon  
Momma used to vacuum maggots out the holes up in her room  
What it do? What's the word, then?  
I rap like I'm tryna buy my mom a brand new crib before this fuckin' verse end  
Persevere type of person  
I don't persecute if the person's cute, nah, that's her personal purse, then, uh  
Gettin' flown if I'm headed home  
What a way up, fuck your brain up, methadone on the metronome  
What a change up, fuck a pay cut, envelope got a heavy bulge  
Money on me is the best cologne, man I smell alone, like a pheromone  
Getting dough, if the check is old  
Have an episode, like I'm ten years old  
Token, but I'm better known  
As the blueprint, to my many clones  
Got your bitch up on my ear, like a telephone  
City want me near, but I'm never home  
Baby, my career like a cemetery, whole thing set in stone  
God damn! Let me talk a little shit  
Mama knew I'd be a genius when I was a lil' shit

Real shit, kill shit, vacate the map, uh  
Mayday, I get my day made, if that  
Little bitch wanna play games  
I don't gotta gang gang  
I got a body guard who get pay day to scrap  
Take your bae, make her seis nueve

That's a 6 9, fuck it tre way is back  
Better songs but I maintain the raps  
Seeing them change you got a better chance seeing Sway change his hat  
Wait, I was never young I'm mad old  
I became a man when I realized my dad's broke  
Use to look up to rappers and now they plateaued  
So I don't got no-one to look up to except Toke  
Daddy still owe Mom money, they can't be that close  
So family reunions only happen at my shows  
Backstage the only holiday we have, so  
This shit is bigger than punchlines and fast flows  
But I think it's easy peasy  
I bite like I need a treat  
And I fight like I need a treaty  
Choose 'em like eenie meenie  
I think you might need my CD  
Bitches rubbing on the glass like they tryna reach a genie  
Uh uh, I never would keep it PG  
I keep it so dirty dirty, I might as well feed the needy  
I give em heebie jeebies, they won't like this rap  
Spit at this mic so long, it might spit back!  
Sway these mic's are frail as shit  
The type of flame I spit  
Will likely break the tiny frame of it  
The mic will split and I ain't gon' pay for it  
So, you gun' feel some type of way and shit  
Next time I come, modernize the place a bit, huh?  
I raise the bar like this shit is my son  
I hold it up and tell you midgets, "Jump"  
They used to say I was a gimmick, I admit it, I was  
But now they mimic, shit, I give you gimmicks a buzz  
Fuck punchline rap, I ain't a punchline act  
Y'all use it as a crutch, ain't no punchline in that  
Homie, there's a difference between my shit and that  
Listen to my project and then re-write your raps  
Then recite my tracks, listen to all of my shit got to  
Try to get better and if you get better, potentially we might collab  
Be like the scab, rip all of my shit off of the Internet buddy  
Because I think its the only way we like your tracks, huh?  
How they talking shit to me, like I wasn't twelve  
Doing ciphers out of Boston, in the streets?  
Making thirty year-olds look bad when comparing it  
They put age restriction just to avoid embarrassment (uh)  
Manic and arrogant, parents aware of it, ran into therapists  
They tried to make me stable but angel is nowhere in my narrative  
This man sin like Marilyn damn it the champion is arrogant, hilarious  
Closest that you'll get to being there with it and sharing it  
Is pairin' with Samaritans who stare at it, are there to lift the carriages  
All carryin' my chariot, or there for just repairin' it!  
Sway, last time I made your co-host cry  
I gave her a tissue and hugged her good-bye  
This time, I'm ripping tissues, and ripping arteries out of any rapper who try to do it like !!

Why?

'Cause I've been assertive with the moves  
Listeners I better bring to church, I'm like a minister up in the booth, uh  
Introverted, but a different person when your chick is turning to my coop, uh  
Got a couple people doin' what I wish, I'm Timmy Turner with the crew  
Timmy Turner with the crew, Mr. Burns with the loot  
Larry Bird when I shoot, I'm the kernel when I pop  
I'm the colonel, I recruit different workers to the crew  
You? Little person with the view, lookin' up to me short  
Wife the bitch on tour, live and learn, yes I do  
Hit the curb I got to zoom, kill and murder when I do  
With a verse I write your tomb, in the dirt you got to move

Like I'm flirting with death, bitches flirting with me too  
Ain't it hot when I flex, it's a furnace when I do  
Bring a burner with it too  
If I die right now, I'm giving birth to all the youth  
Tell em follow they truth  
Tell em do what they love  
If they wanna be a rapper  
Fuck em all if they judge  
But if you see me walkin down the street and you just  
Decide to walk up to me and you rap to me and you suck  
Ima tell you whats up  
Hard work pays off im living proof of that shit  
They saw my freestyle said I just do this rap shit  
Then the project dropped, fans think the music classic  
I didn't say shit I watched the critics do a backflip  
Backflip, bomb-bastic, who gon' bash it, yur too late  
I respect my legends but I don't diss the new wave  
This for everyone who say the fanbase I'm with isn't deep  
Youtube rappers can not sell tickets like me

Picture me, lil dork from the Youtube  
Pull up to your city showin it more love than you do  
Florida, California, then Georgia I flew to  
And your stuck you poor fuck my tour bus go vroom vroom  
Vroom vroom pay the tolls, round the globe is where I took the group  
Bus driver is 62 and I make sure he get pussy too  
Photos of me at every show goosebumps when I'm lookin through  
Every label at my doorstep can't be interscope cause I'm bulletproof  
Momma told me not to trust these bitches no telling what they wouldn't do  
So I gotta put a hat on for the kiddy feeling like a puss n boots  
Momma lookin at my bank statements pray to god that they put to use  
Used to rap about bullyin now I'm showing you what a bully do  
Ill fuck around...ah...shit

Ayo can I do somethin' accapella?

Yo see I rap like I got it figured out don't we all  
But I can tell you bout a few times that I felt lost  
I brag about being independent feeling like a boss but I'm still worrying if daddy's lights are getting  
I know it ain't about the money its about the cost  
So everyday I look in the mirror and I pray I don't see a fraud  
Remember I made a song about a school shooting  
When it dropped it went crazy and I started feeling a hero when I talked  
Then the parkland school shooting happened and the cops and Emma Gonzales are the heroes and  
I didn't know how to tell y'all...  
I read the Florida report and I saw my school shooting video was the last video Cruze ever watched  
And that shit make you wonder what purpose do you lack...  
People died I'm having flashbacks that I've never had  
I put my truth into a project but that what I couldn't grasp  
Between somewhere what I called it  
Somewhere I don't know  
Between somewhere doin' freestyles and brag about a couple flows  
Then pourin my heart into a project they don't even own  
Between somewhere out in New York living my dream I've been told  
Sway...thank you for having me on your show