

Token, The Hitchhikers

Shyea!

Ladies and gentleman, welcome your competition
With sound so militant, they all abolish in a six
Stepping to my balls is equivalent to swallowing cinnamon
Cause I'll probably be give you a coffin when you finish it
Huh, and now when all these kids are dissing
They turn communist in minutes
Cause they're stalling with their sentences
And they need you to get cracked like an almond is
I'm ominous with ominous, anonymous to diligence
They ain't a process in my discipline
And I don't like change, I don't even like changing a rhyme scheme
Homie, I'm polishing my penmanship
I'm a sick fuck like no condom
When you're hitting it along with having syphilis
And stop with all the messages like, "Dog, check out my song!"
"It's freaking awesome!" You just stalking on some Christmas shit
We coming so hungry and we giving industry puppets a run for their money
So what's the only thing to write if I brought some mean spitters in?

Yo, I'm abusing pens
While you struggle like the central nervous system
Of a quadriplegic trying to move his limbs
Crying from the truth within
I am like the eyes of a shooter
Firing with enough iron to renew a gem
Membership, enter it, horse around
In the wing span, that lift you off ground like Pegasus
Grounds at the precipice, look at all of me
Put you all to sleep for thinking that any amount ever rest
I never quit, this is what I do in the zone
Only known for keeping awake than funeral homes
Just to pop outta nowhere, I'm making an entrance
Ain't even a body count, I'm just taking attendance
I can recklessly, throw a rock with such a trajectory
That it circles the planet twice and knocks the person next to me
So fuck your destiny, I control ya
When I make you catch bullets from that one deuce like Amendola
Rock and roll ya, put you on ice against the wall like the hockey poster
Of Bobby Orr, a lesson you'll learn quick
Just ask Bruce Jenner, it's never too late for you to be turned bitch

Yo, four walls all around me
I feel I'm caving in em
Bombing ya'll like tryna get Osama out the caves again
I'm Mike Jack Thriller, mixed with thriller, Eminem
And shouts to Michael and Muhammad, it's likely I'm about to vomit
It's likely that I'm a comet, commodating you rappers with a gift
So when I pass you'll probably make a wish right after
I'm a shooting star, like the Wild West the way we shooting bars
I'm up late writing, while you texting making booty calls
It's usually caused, the world is mine, just like it's in my palm again
Check the government, running circles round you Urkles
Guess that means that I'm Stefan again
Synonym for awesomeness, I'm wild like a mosh pit
Inside the Marcy projects, while I'm chilling playing Possum
Like please do not-not bother me
I am not a gangster cause my weapon is psychology
Kill you diabolically, come back for remains
Kill the beat, scarred the track, it'll never be the same, yeah

I was sent to coach the game, to me it's X's and O's
I'm dope, you smell me, now there's blood out your nose
My bars is for the cons and my heart is for the pros

I stay getting high just to deal with my lows
I'm concrete, but when I crack you see a rose
I hit you with the fire, somehow you froze
Huh, this rap is the best thing I will ever know
So I promise to freestyle to you at every show
Green Night Music, my flow will forever go
I make hits to where you feeling every blow
It's chef boy Obvi, it's time to put my soup on
I'm waiting for a deal like I just used a coupon

Breh, breh, they say money's the root of all evil, well I guess that's true
Cause if it means I'm getting green, I'll stay in a bad mood
Leave yours and the chest of anybody that you trust, open
Coin use for travel, understand I'll let it bust Token
I remember not knowing what a real meal is
Now I'm in the zone where no one knows what a real deal is
I'm in a mode to kick the 4 and blow the chrome steel, bitch
I'm here to show, I am the show, that's what you gotta deal with
Kick like minotaurs, sick with metaphors, quick with fierce swords
Bitch, I'm a predator, looks at a predator
And I'm so used to catching heat, you swear I've visited Hell before
Underdog that's often the highest
Known to black out like officer violence
Passionate about my art of making ya'll pass away
Guillotine a fresh cut, I'm always down to catch the fade

Ayo, you out to eat to see me waiting on you, so you hating on me
Dappered in your suit and tie, but me? I got my apron on me
Fuck your bank statement, homie
The only number that concern me
Is the one your girl put on this piece of paper for me
If they perform to me, they pray to hit the stage before me
Got the ladies throwing bras and panties like it's Blades of Glory
You on the mic? I'm hearing hella crickets
Say you got soul, but you selling quicker than 20 Coachella tickets
Passed weird, and nastier than last year
Always down to have a little head like a draft beer
Add here to my story, now they selling ads here
'Member doing shows when only my mom and dad cheered
I'm with Obvi and Cat, riding Sinoma county
Yelling out the window like, "Why don't you people know about me?"
You gotta know I'm rowdy, pissed on the thought of doubt
On any beat I put my fingerprints on, yeah

You know that I'm always smoking, that's why what I spit is potent
See, the squad is like cancer, you'll die over the toking
We the real thing, you could never kill kings
And I don't need to tie a string on a tire to show you that I will swing
It's FLaw, I gotta keep it raw
Trying to move me backwards is only showing me it's war
If you getting out of pocket, Imma show you what's in store
Gotta be a shopping spree the way I'm killing em all
Getting sick of these toy soldiers, I wanna send em to the morgue
And free mankind from ever hearing they voiceover
Morgan? Freeman? Voiceover? God damn
But when I pop up on sight, it is not spam
With two friends, they give me the hot ham
I call em shitty dancers cause they do not jam
Man, now I could finish with a good joke
Or leave a suicide letter and end it on a good note