Token, The Hitchhikers

Shyea!

Ladies and gentleman, welcome your competitioning 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 dillegence 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

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

So what's the only thing to write if I brought some mean spitters in?

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 guicker 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