Token, Well

Yeah
Lot of folks wanna a check off me
Not a lot wanna check on me
Talkin' to me like "where's my cut?"
Like I got treasure chests on me
Talkin' to me like "damn you changed"
Talkin' to me one mile a minute
Then they ask me for a picture though
And wonder why I don't smile in it

Put on my hoodie then put on my coat Cover up my face so you didn't know See me in public from my head to my toes Probably me, you should leave me alone Spent the whole week in the booth all alone My manager want a song that is happy Back to the lab to rewrite what I wrote Maybe I cannot do this shit alone Maybe I need me a ghostwriter too Write me a song that I probably should use Happy go lucky and sing me a tune Maybe can help me with choruses too Lord knows that isn't my strong suit Lord knows I'm lacking attributes Lord knows every time my manager call me Mothafucka, I got this attitude

The worst part at doing things all by yourself Is when they fall you cannot blame nobody else I could be on a floor and dying by myself And still be too embarrassed askin' for your help I can't complain, but if I could I prolly would, so in that case I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well (doin' well) I'm bound to fall when I pick up on your call I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well

I'm smart enough to write this song But not enough to go market it Rich enough not to worry 'bout it But not enough to let mamma quit I'm wise enough to know who I am But not enough to know what I can be Loud enough for them to hear me out But not enough for them to understand me I'm proud enough to brag all the time But not enough to forget the flaws Loyal enough to buy my friends a meal But not enough to give my friend a job I'm liked enough to not get kicked out But not enough for them to invite me Cool enough to bring a chick back But not enough for her to really like me Ay, free shit, free shit, all around my house just free shit I'm famous enough to get shit for free But not enough to get the shit I like Reliable enough to kill the show Bot not enough to show up on time Believe in myself enough to grind But not enough to not fucking sign Ay, tell the label I need a crib With a tennis court for mommy and a bed for my bitch Both of 'em know my life is all up in the air Right now this could be the biggest I get So right now tell my manager bring in the paperwork

I know that it ain't about the money, sure I know how the paper work I know how the fame work I know how the dudes work I'm a success now, but still could be a loser

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