

Token, Young Rap God

I'm beginning to feel like a rap God

No, fuck that, I'm beginning to feel like everybody rapping is a whack, dawg
Sound like they smoke too much crack and pot and I'm a crack pot on bath salts
If you wanna face off, I'll eat your fucking face off, face it your soft

And I'm hard as metal

Watch artists tremble

I'm sharp as the sharpest sharpened pencil

Raise the bar to stars and mars and vessels

You're starting to bark, your bite hardly settled

Tryna tell everybody you are the devil?

You're dark as yellow, you're hard as jello

You're smart as a mental retard in a special

Kindergarten class who keeps barking "Hello! How are you?!"

Sit the fuck down and listen the fuck up, as a push hard on the pedal

I'm respecting every legend but I'm tryna be better than everyone,

Wrecking Eminem on his own track

Severing the heads of everybody who's stepping

Bet I be getting a pen and pin 'em down when I get a note pad

"Oh snap!"

And I am not saying that I'm rapping better because I flow fast

I'm saying that I'm rapping better 'cause I'm rapping better and you should know that

Who told your old ass to tell your whole pack that they're spitting this shit raw?

"Huh?"

Mother fucker I will have you cleaning shit out of your draws while you're picking up your jaw

"Hah"

I'm jaw dropping. Like hot pockets, I stick you in a box

Called coffins when my songs dropping

Like what menopause causing, I'm mood swinging on you all

Speaking of menopause, you never will be fit to reproduce this

So I'm telling you men-to-pause, or death is your peace like Grim Reaper's-deuces

"Jeez Louise yo who's this?"

He's fifteen a freaking student?

He don't even need improvement."

Team's the Lethal People movement,

Killing with the words

Fuck everybody else, like I popular drug dealer I'm flipping every bird

If Em's the rap God I'm the minister

When I do it, bet I too am representing everything he's doing

You're developing a deficit you definitely never get the penmanship element present in my music

I ain't a human, I'm a mutant, from the moon this, means I'm never down to earth

So I can't sound out a verse, without me first, bragging 'bout all my work

Man, I sound like a jerk

You don't wanna hear me bragging 'bout talent you wanna hear me bragging 'bout money like ever

How bout first, I talk about the cars, narcotics, and guns?

Then talk about how struggling a town is in the next line and still give 'em a dollar for funds?

But I'ma' drop so hot you thought it was pot out the oven and you've forgotten your gloves

Fuck the industry, initially I gotta make a song to a relevant beat just to see you listen to me

I'm physically turning into beast, but ain't no beauty in it

I got acne and some fat cheeks but truth or fiction?

I'm the young rap God, and if so peep the new religion

Praying to Pac and then I study Eminem

And story telling from Nas and growing the flow of Rakim

Giving me ridiculous ability of spitting and delivery

So nobody can do it symmetry

I don't see any mini-me's

But it's not because they don't wanna copy because they don't have the ability to spit like me

You are literally never getting me

You're getting close to me, you're getting closer to a cemetery

If your aim is bumping into me your brain must struggle mentally

When I say I don't "like" you that ain't a fucking simile

It's Token, and you ain't gon' see an equal who gon' kille this beat

Rap God