Token, Household Name

Can't go to my house 'cause I wanna be a household name
Only relax when I'm back on a plane
Stewardess is like a new mom
Daddy like the pilot I don't see him anyway
Household name
Baby who am I to complain?
Don't know who I am but I still find a way
Little bit of fame, they can make me go insane
But I still want the hoes, so bang, bang!
I don't believe in love if they never go through pain
The colour is only pretty if it really leave a stain
I measure how much she like me on how hard she pull my chain
So if I can't breathe, I'm doing the right thing
Dang, givin' all to you until I'm drained
I don't know what else is comin' but a lot of overcame
Everyone around me doesn't know my real name, but
They wanna make me a household name

Household name
Mommy just called, but I let that rang
Tell her I'm busy and I'm doin' my thang
Losin' myself and losin' my ways
For that household name (What he do? Where'd he go? I don't know. Everywhere, on the globe)
For that household name (What he do? Where'd he go? I don't know. Anywhere, but home.)
For that household name
Household name
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A prodigee, the prodigy
I motivate 'em properly to grow and make a following
I cultivate the property, I'm overpayed entirely
I'm holding a monopoly, I'm [?]
My throwaways are quality, I'm known to make 'em call on me
The golden age prophecy, but don't parade my modesty
It's overrated, honestly
They know my name, but not the meaning
Token's a anomaly, I don't relate to y'all I mean
You owe me an apology
Got him
I'm the one who block him
Stop him
Playing pasta then he played the possum
Possum, played the pasta, eat it with my penne alla vodka
Brrrp
Shot him, put him in the coffin
Coughin', got him, spit at you like a lama as-salamu alaykum
Then I lake him drop him in the water, holla
Back to my squad I'm back
This is what y'all don't have
Still unsigned but that might not last
I know fans don't wanna hear that
Lawyer said it's too good to pass
Cost thirty thousand for him to say that, facts
They say I'm to heavy with the brags
But it ain't a brag if I don't think it's cool
Really I think it's a problem
Brrrp
Shot him
I'm the one who block him

Welcome [?] and he stutter like he Gollum and he shaking like it's Harlem
And look at the way I flow like water
Make you go way below, Davy Jones' Locker
Lock him
Time you got to follow me
I'm not really a prodigy
My manager is calling me
But he don't know that honestly I don't know what I wanna be, ironically
Like all the people want from me is probably to want to be a motherfuckin'

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