Token, I Can't Help

Yeah, yeah
I can't help but talk by myself

I can't help but talk by myself just to feel less discouraged
Can't help but picture my ex when I sleep with my current
I can't help but help my homie bring his dreams to the surface
Can't help but hide my bias, I know dreams can be burdens
I can't help but tell that girl she got to leave and sleep at home
Can't help but know what happens when you don't leave me alone
Can't help but need space, can't help but wanna thrill
Can't help but tell people I love I love them still
I can't help but feel much better when I'm drinking some
Can't help but know a problem before it turns into one
Can't help but frustrated when I look in the mirror and see parts of my dad inside
Gotta remember I'm living his dream, I should see dad inside
I can't help but wonder if I'm really supposed to be here
I can't help but be the one though
I can't help but judge myself
I can't help but smile when I cover the homie's bills
Can't help but smile more when I know that he no longer need my help
Can't help but cry sometimes, I can't help but lie sometimes, can't help but believe in God
Especially when in the zone, especially when I see my home
Especially when I know I've grown, especially when I see my boy locked in with Ye
Especially when my heartbeat wake my body up
And instead of going to pills I'm going to walk my young
Depressed ass back to the studio and end up feeling good as new
And new is good, it's beautiful, this shit so beautiful

I can't help but sing along
I can't help but right my wrongs
Whole time knew it would come along
Whole time knew they'd know my songs
Can't help but look at my little niece and know that she gon' live in peace
Can't help but know that I'm gon' get my mom the house she wanted in Greece
Can't help but look at my lil' bro and know he gon' be out the streets
Can't help but get my fans the music that they need in meet and greets
Can't help but help, I love to help
The help is needed

It was kinda hard at the beginning, I was nervous
But he was so chill about it

Can't help but to feel like I'm self absorbed
Can't help but to feel like I want more
Can't help but to feel like I'm not sure
Can't help that I want that Aventador (Baby what car is that? I've never seen that car before)
Can't help that the game is a checkerboard, like who you checkin' for
Can't help that I feel like the real McCoy
Can't help that I separate the men from boys
Can't help but to ignore all the noise
Can't help it but I gotta be self employed
Can't help it but I gotta build and destroy
Can't help it but I gotta fill in the void
Can't help it but I still feel like Tina's boy
Can't help it but I feel like Mr. Lyor