Token, In The Car Freestyle

I was grabbing drinks with a rapper
I don't name-drop and shit
But I could've had all of his fans
If I stayed on that shit
I could've freestyled more
I coulda been conscience instead
But I could see it on his face
There ain't no passion in it left
And I realize how could there be passion or excitement 'bout the music
When he's been doing the same shit for all those years I tried some new shit
Then a kid approached, didn't recognize me, but he did bro
He asked my bro to take a picture
He looked annoyed and told him "No"

I pray I ain't gon' turn bitter
Mom just paid the 3rd sitter
Worked too late to serve dinner
Then my dad lost the love of his life and his work with her
Funny thing when parents lose
They always raise the worst winners
I gotta brag about this shit
And rap about the vast amount of grassy mountains
In the back of the massive house
I'm backing out of it shit

Elementary school
I'm acting out and shit
I was 12 using a kitchen knife to get the black and mild to split
We use to pass around a spliff like life was hard on us
My friends were older than me
And they were the ones who started young

I told my homie break up with his girl at 21
And now he 23 with a bachelor degree
Not the Harvard one
Emotionally I'm guarded up
But I'm not biased to love
I was seeing that girl for 19ish months
I remember her being frustrated
Like why I didn't buy her much stuff
She brought up that Jewish stereotype and I had enough
It ain't because I'm Jewish
I don't like you enough
Baruch atah, adonai, you a dub
I barely carry cash
I grew up fast
I send a zelle to my bitch
Wire her money for the shirt, bag, shoes
another shirt, bag, shoes in case she a need a switch
So many wires on my girl
She almost feel like a snitch
Let's not applaud your independence
Like you boys had a choice
You woulda sign, failed like Kramer, Elane and George
That's why you ain't get an offer, I'm sure

Enough said
Feature requests in my DM
Get sent then unsent
Then sent then unsent
Then sent then unsent
They tried to tell me I fell off
But whoever's on, it on my dick
I rather lose fans then lose myself

I don't chase views
I chase how I view myself
I do it myself
And thank everybody like it was just them
'Cause I don't need another ego boost
I'm blessed
They got zero clue I'm next
I slurp some pino through the stress
And I don't need no group of friends
They always turn left on me
Like that key hole to my fence
You know in AA, they make the sober people do those steps?
I could probably make 'em relapse
Just by sniffing the casamigos through my breath

You boys are keto to the bread
And my shit tinted
So every window feel like a peephole to the Benz
If this was a race, I'd be the cheat code
I'd have medals over my head
Just like I'm teezo
I was a teen
I didn't rap like a teen though
So when I was getting big love from primo
I wonder if he knew I wasn't born until after Biggie was murdered
They would tell me I remind 'em of some of the greatest of all time
And I'd pretend like I had heard of 'em
But I ain't heard of 'em
I didn't know a Kool G rap song until I worked with him
I couldn't name a Wu Tang song until I did a show with 'em
But MF Doom, Wayne and Ye are the reason I'm the chosen one
Season up the flow a touch
You're dry and uninspired as the next man
We tired, get a writer to impress fans
Or hire few more liars to be yes-man
He speak on me but secretly admires like the bread brand
And I can tell
Dummy
Never too different
Goldie