Token, Still No Sucka MCs

Shyea!
I told you this shit was easy man!
I want silence for this one, shh
Aight

Every beat that is given to me I flip on like a acrobat 'cause I'm mad when I'm told
That a whack ass rapper's stacking the dough
When his Cadillac is passing my road,
I'll smash the glass with a hatchet I hold
You get asthma attack when you're jacking my flow
This black-on-black so fashionable
Every rap is crack, got that for the low
"Man I'm tired of this kid he doesn't even have bars, he can just rap fast"
Yo, who are you kidding?
The future you witnessed
The fruits of my labor are food for the village
No room for assistance
They say the body's a temple, I body musical gimmicks, so that's my newest religion -
Confusing the thinking of Jews and the Christians
No lunatic can just assume my position
No lucrative business can ruin my vision
What I institute's on YouTube in an instant
When I'm introduced, I chuck the deuce to your interests
Fuck an opinion, I got homework and stuff
My physics teacher is a babe, I gotta get that shit over and done
See it in your eyes, you rappers nervous when Token'll come
Hands so sweaty they can't even hold any grudge
"They don't give a damn."
Middle finger to anyone trying to control me. My team isn't big but we're handling everything. Peopl
But I don't rock a suit with a tie, I keep it minimal
Only suspender I know is my middle school principal
Forming these syllables-
Sort of a ritual
You're more normal and typical than brainstorms formed by Jersey Shore's whores with poor mora
I adore gore; therefore, absorb more horrorcore war than corporals and generals
They just know I'm focused
Ironic how my train of thought has loco-motives
"Oh shit"
If that's over your head than hold the phone kid
I got them yelling "holy smokes" like Catholics at the Vatican when the pope is chosen
"Woah!"
Shhh
"Woah"
I do it with ease
But I've been working my ass off since I was new in my teens
And to anybody who say I'm only buzzing 'cause I'm young, you're just mad that you're an adult an
I see the jealousy up in you
Look at the hate in the comments, I see the low self-esteem up in you
I see you making like any comparison barely with evidence sneaking around like you really ain't dis
Then I realized

Gangsters used to move ounces and reach for burners
Now gangsters only move mouses and reach for cursors
Nah, they ain't worth it
All around your studio I'll be lurking,
Waiting for you to slip so I can close the curtain
You're the bible to atheists
You're the rifle to pacifists
I went viral by accident, wait till I do it on purpose
Man it's Token