

Big Ben Freestyle

Token

I got suspended in fifth grade
For what they found in my backpack
Ever since then I decided to fill up a jean-pocket instead
We got a steep tolerance, 3 bottles a head
My bro just reached profit again
He was down but now he's an esteemed doctor with meds
My grandma keeps calling again
She got dementia, so I gotta remind her she's talking to Ben
And Ben sings songs that he penned
And Ben reads, draws, and directs
She remembered and cracked a big smile
Ahh the rich grandchild

The pants are hand-created and styled
Can't stress, we stand idol
Stand prepped, and stand filed
Money didn't just stretch
It had a cramp, stretched, and ran miles
My girl prefers the type of date
Where a man's dressed with glam and style
And I prefer the type of drunk
Where I can't text and can't dial
Might give this amex to my grandchild
I don't live like I used to when I was less established
But I still do got a kitchen drawer
Full of them ketchup packets
Cuz I still got messy habits
And I still like girls who tend to lash out
Now they just got some more expensive lashes
And they got more sense of fashion
But I still stay dressed in black with something oversized
To remind me of the shirt my father left me as a kid
Before the soldier died... R.I.P.
He was a writer too, but not like me

I'm the type of writer to treat my secrets like everyone's business
My ex a musician and all we do is trade subliminal petty-ass disses
So when she drop, I'm the first or second to listen
I give the girl so many streams
I should sign her to 'never too different'
I literally would, she really fucking good
My crib is in the woods, my whip be getting looks
I'm not even a car person, just a sentimental dude
I'm trying to wife a German
To make my German whip feel understood
I'm trying to wife a Swiss girl
So my hoodie feel less alone and more at home
The shot numb me so well
I almost thought it was cortisone
When I'm on tour alone, and I'm depressed before a show
I read the comments on shit I've released
I screenshot and zoom in to the avatar
Of who's the hardest critic on me
Usually a man who's old and pale
As my oldest and palest uncle
Explaining how my flow is a little offbeat
Then I picture his child, and that puts me back on my feet

The movie I live, I wrote, directed, packaged and streamed
Sometimes you gotta step back and just laugh at the scene

Grey goose in a large seltzer
I wanna be god's helper
I'm harder to get a hold of
So if my cousin got questions about me, my mom tells her
I'm trying to text my cousin
But she don't get no reception inside of a bomb shelter
She got evacuated
Makes my reason for not responding feel a bit antiquated
Label meetings always go well, but still seem exaggerated
But one thing they don't know is
That advance money put my sister in a brand new house
To stay sober in
So even though I was never priority, I still owe them big
And even though I'm the best rapper my age
I don't promote the shit
And I'm open to being wrong
But if I'm wrong, let me know who is
Goldy bitch