

## Code Red

Token

I think I'm a role model to anyone who ask  
Teacher think I'm cheating, and she kick me out of class  
Daddy think I'm growing up, and I'm really kicking ass  
Mommy think I'm baby, and I really need a nap  
Grandma think I'm a good boy, and I'm witty when I rap  
But she don't know what the fuck I'm saying  
She can't hear me I'm too fast  
If she found out what I was saying, she would whip me on my ass  
And she would probably fall to the ground with a mini  
Heart-attack  
Fans think I'm talented and nifty with the craft  
Haters think I'm corny, and I'm cringey, and I'm trash  
Labels think I'm selfish, and I'm stingy with the cash  
I think they don't like me, they can kiss me on my ass  
Sister think I'm preoccupied, she miss me way too bad  
But she don't want to give me a call, 'cause I'm too busy doing raps  
Doing tracks, doing shows, doing hoes from the back  
Doing this, doing that, doing great, doing bad

Ay! Tell 'em I get the remedy and the potion  
I just taught myself how to better breathe in the ocean  
I'll be swimming through with the melody and the flow shit  
When I pull up alla' the enemy, they go, "Oh shit!"  
Everything I do is dark, and they tend to lead to commotion  
Then I be taking your heart, it's a felony for emotion  
I do it all for the art, but I presently got impulsions  
Profit, pussy, power. I definitely am indulging  
Definitely took my focus  
Definitely is the show biz  
Definitely lying to you, is definitely not the motive  
Definitely know some rappers who always study my flows  
And actin' like they don't know me  
Then definitely went and stole it  
Biting my shit little appetite bitch  
You would owe me quite a bag if I patent that shit  
Rapping ass kid with an ugly demeanor  
Like "Fuck my teacher", now I fuck my teachers  
I don't bust my heater  
I'm a young mind-reader  
I can tell you a bitch, I ain't a tough guy either  
I was just a little boy with a plus sized feature  
I don't ever get touched, I don't trust my preacher  
Nuts hang low 'till they touch my sneakers  
My socks aren't brown for my boxers on top, yeah  
They told me that I got it all wrong, yeah  
I can't hear you "Lala, la, la"  
Need some money for my daddy, and a life for my mom  
Got the pressure on my shoulders, but I'm walking all calm  
I think all the spotlight, make me wanna cause harm  
So it's always on sight, that is on a dot com  
Not to call me commercially  
Y'all take longer to worship me  
I'll be all in a murder scene  
Call the coffin security  
Y'all don't want to encourage me  
I'ma follow the person who causing all of the murders  
Like Holocaust did to Germany

Y'all impostors are irking me  
Costume on like you're working at Comic-con or the circus  
But I'm opposite, heard of me?  
I'm the guy that fucked you up, that walked you off to emergency  
Just to impersonate as the doctor prepped into surgery  
Knuckle up to maturity  
Toughen up to authority  
I don't want to kill all of 'em  
Just the fucking majority  
Run amuk on the orderly  
Motherfuckers ignoring me  
I might even be wearing that button up, do it formally  
Formerly known as:  
"Kiddie with no class", "Kiddie with no bitches"  
"Kiddie with no cash"  
Kiddie was so sad, give him a Prozac  
But he never took it, now he act how the pros act  
Now he's a no-knack  
Giving out toe tags  
Fuck a co-sign, I'm too cold for the collab  
Who will oppose that?  
I need to know that  
This was a bullet if you got nowhere to blow at

Y'all softer than a cookie dough  
If it means war I'll be following the bullet holes  
Fuck you mean I shouldn't go?  
You know what they say right?  
Better safe than sorry  
Better sorry than a pussy, though (pussy)  
Huh, all of y'all softer than a tootsie roll  
If that costs a pretty penny, my shit gon' be beautiful  
I'ma do it all alone but if I hit the jackpot?  
I'ma thank God, like "Halle-fucking-lujah hoe"  
Yeah, halle-fucking-lujah hoe  
I just hit the jackpot, halle-fucking-lujah hoe  
I was always yellin' and suckin' on a titty as a 2 year-old  
Ain't shit changed, that's beautiful halle-fucking-luja hoe  
How the fuck you doin' hoe?  
Oh I'm doin' good I'm just plannin' out your funeral  
I said "I'ma kill 'em in the studio", and they said "Over my dead body"  
I said "Boy, that's doable!" (Boy!)  
Uh, y'all sweeter than a sweet potato  
I know they depressed like everytime I see a hater  
Fightin with yo'self for  
I can be the mediator  
Shut your fuckin' mouth and maybe try to feed it later  
Maybe try to get inspired instead of all the jealous anger  
Maybe try to save a little instead of spending all your paper  
Maybe try to buy a crib instead of livin' in a trailer  
Maybe try to pull a chick instead of tryna pull a favor (Oh!)  
Uh, y'all softer than a Chia Pet  
Pussy like a cheetah girl  
I hope you don't PMS (Oh!)  
I hope it won't be a mess  
I know that you see 'em next?  
I know that you dream about me  
Wonder if you pee your bed (psss)  
Wonder when I'm gonna put my feet up on your seat and desk  
Wanna kick me out? Now that ain't the way to treat a guest  
I am not an old head  
I am not a new head  
I am just a Code Red, Code Red