

Duck Hunter

Token

Hey, good afternoon, I got a room for the day
I don't spoon, but room service don't play
Every blue moon, people assume that I pray
'Cause her body's a temple, I'm diving in it everyday
Good afternoon, I got a room for the night
Duck Hunter 'cause I drown Goose in a Sprite
Front-runner, I don't call truce for the fight
Blood sucker, Imma get loose, but I'm tight

Good morning, America
Girl, don't act like it ain't normal to stare at ya
She told me she got six bodies before me
I'm sure she does, let's call it body dysmorphia
Fill her with kids like the cast of Euphoria
Bible on top and the cash in the drawer above
I'm in her organs, so she call me Portland or Astoria
Eye of the storm, I'm in the cornea
If I look down, just tell 'em "Pour me up"
Pistol in my brodie's bag, if you press him
His bag will start talking just like Dora's was
Swiper no swiping like my card declined
Made a ten do a split, I guess she's now a five
Hoodie so big, I look like soarin out my size
Put your soul in the air, like shoes on power lines

Told her I love her, but I just can't trust her
I dumped her and moved to LA
He wanna be me so bad
That his impression of me just blew me away
I slept around seven, I woke around three
And I feel like it's noon at eight
I left my children on top of her temple
I gave 'em a room to pray

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Two fingers in her like we made a truce
I can't call my women 'Boo,' 'cause I might get confused
And she know I don't like her like booze
Put my dawg on TV 'til he feel he Clifford or Scoob
Industry saw me how Brady left Patriots
I didn't lose since I came out the blue
My dude up to something, but I'm down for anything
Like "Fuck society," my cry does medicine
The bike is motored, that's without the pedaling
She down on one knee, that's without the wedding ring
Metal 'bove the waist, that's without the belly ring
He showed the ropes to me without the wrestling
You gave your homies up without the questioning
You turn in twelve, like what the fuck eleven bring?

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