

# Hi Billie Eilish...

Token

(Something's in the—)

(Pink)

Yeah

Hi Billie

Pop-pop with the flow

Drop-drop get it low

Yay, yah, finna go

Top five, Billie goat

Clothes with design from Milan, my fit is bold

Bro did his time like a stopwatch, get him home

On lock with the hoe, hot box with the smoke

IRS probably see this little rich kid

Wanna freeze my cheese like a hot pocket in cold

Opening her walls till it's looking like a hall, Arsenio

Foie gras with a loaf

Chop-chop, bring the bros

White wine, finna toast

Whole day spit, but I'm nighttime with the hoe

Bro don't strip, but he might slide with the pole, pole, pole

Why your hype die?

'Cause my light hit the globe

Hide inside mine, you guys might get a glow

Find the WiFi and find my video

It's "Hip-hop Twitter" gon' have a field day

Bitch got Fendi on, know she feel great

If she wear True Religion, it's a deal break

Fuck it

Rappers get a little bit of money

Post a California roll and think they really doing something

Me, I got good taste way beyond the money

Put Balenci' in the suitcase, Chrome Heart be on me

Got a homie with a new piece, he Mohammad Gandhi

Cheerleader, it's the routine if he caught a body-ody-ody

He Megan wit it, I salute him for that

The god is moving, you gotta do hallelujahs for that

My broad is Jewish, shabbot, she give top as soon she back

My pop music will probably plop me new on the map

I drop you in your tracks

My guy shoot when he mad

He in arts and crafts class

He hot glue with the strap

My stock booming, in fact

If you think Imma fall below, you witness mission impossible

Tom Cruise in the cast

I'm not you, you can never be too different

Zoom, zoom with a few cool bitches

All different colors on the table like they balls in a game of pool

I'm the pool cue hitting

Millionaire

Hit me dog, yeah

Fair like Billie blond hair

Get me on air

Token got the voice to bring the bitches all with him all there

Then seduce 'em with a Giveon flair, yeah

I ain't surprised when they call it corny

It's corny I gotta do this shit for you to group me with these artists that

I'm out-performing  
How's your morning?  
I woke up in a ten thousand dollar bed with a Persian bitch  
Looking for the "cringy lyrical" starter kit  
But I could only find some rich person shit  
I got a album coming, sure you'll get word of it, uh-huh  
I swerve a bit and kick the curb  
Just like I did with her and shit  
The whip reverse, my pinky worth  
A couple k, I'm kidding bitch, it's just a third of it, uh-huh  
Kill the shit and skip the verdict bitch, the jury must be hung  
Hang it up like it's wet, you in-debt with me  
Got a bitch in fishnet, the kid went fishing  
When I rip the fishnet, the kid met kitty  
Got a ring on index, what big bread get me  
Shit, get the Windex, the whip, yep, filthy  
I'm slick, I slip checks to bitch next to me  
Not bitch, a princess, the king-bed fit me  
And it fit the chick's friend, the chick's friend with me  
Sift through big checks when interest hit me  
In a crib with big rent, and big men with me  
I don't give no chin-check, I'm rich, yeah, silly  
Bro hit me direct if it get sticky  
That stick, stick, stick  
What do my guys say? Click, click, click  
What the garage say? Whip, whip, whip  
What do all y'all say? Shit, shit, shit  
Toke coming for the shit  
Shit, pop in the bitch like it's "Mm, surprise"  
Y'all had a run but now mm, it's mine  
Fucking up plans and it's gotta be a sign  
Bro talk with his hands, like he tryna be a mime  
Toke back in demand and it's feeling like time  
Treat me like the champ in the ring, no friendship  
Whip so nice, that I don't take exit  
Brand new rim, re-tire, like pension  
NY block, and my real close friend is  
Ringo Star with a stick, he legend  
When they react to this shit when it drops  
They don't gotta do no pretending  
I don't got no fucking co-sign, I don't need a feature to be stable  
They gonna clown me for being different  
What the fuck did he name his label?  
T

(Pink)