

I'm Your Baby

Token

Internet trolls raised me, ads raised me
Nickelodeon raised me, Dan raised me
Superbad, American Pie, Hollywood Signs
Triple X search raised me, I'm your baby

Mom left my dad and never talked to a man again
Just to paint a picture how the marriage went
And that's just what I thought what every marriage was
I still would call it love, but I never saw them touch
And I know it wasn't sex, I only seen them kiss once
But married for twenty plus
When I was young, if it was nudity in movies
Momma put some anger to it
Little did she know that I wasn't a stranger to it

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I was infatuated with sex when I was six
Mom blamed it on the music, so CDs were edited
But it wasn't the CDs, the privacy intrigued me
You look when they say, "Don't look"
So I was eight, scribblin' pictures of a naked body
'Til the teacher found my notebook
She had to make sure my home's good
So I was put in therapy
Imagine a therapist studying an eight-year-old's rendition of naked breasts
I was always questioned
Especially 'cause I only grew up with women present
My therapist put down his pad during one session
And asked if I ever thought 'bout my mom and my sister naked
I don't remember what I said
I just remember the feelin' of realizin' my mom and sister were big-breasted
I broke out crying, I couldn't stop, and I didn't know why
It's funny which memories stick with you, I was nine (Keep goin')
When I was twelve, I started hanging with older kids
They would tell me things and they would show me things
Teachers always said I had a old soul
Must've been just my soul, 'cause my brain didn't know a thing
Our mutual friend led me to this older kid's house
We we're in his basement, two other older kids round
When my homie left, I should've left, but I stayed there
Didn't know these kids well, but I felt safe there
Shouldn't have felt safe there
Dirty conversations about the girls in their grade where
People lost virginitities, me, I ain't even kiss yet
I didn't even think about getting my- wet
That night I was talked into doing things I ain't wanna do
A lot of "I don't knows," a lot of "Come on, dude"
A lot of "No one's even gonna know," a lot of closin' eyes
A lot of long showers and no appetites

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I just started droppin' music at the time
Writin' love songs about a girl I hoped to find
Playin' Wayne tapes, knowing I could never say
"The first body that touched my body looked just like mine"
It's funny which memories end up sticking with you
'Cause I forgot it even happened 'til I turned twenty-two
Then it all came back and it felt brand new
Wonderin' if it plays a role in relationships I pursue
Or if it was just a distant memory that never left a mark
One night, my homie had some questions at the bar
He said, "Why do all of your girls look like fresh out of a magazine?"
I said, "It's just my type"
He said, "I feel you but I mean"
"What if the perfect girl is normal-looking?"
"Would you do something?"
I said, "What?"
He said, "It just feels like you're tryin' to prove something"
"And you know that everyone knows you well"
"So maybe you're tryna prove something to yourself"
"What are you still tryin' to prove?"

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