

# Marco Polo

Token

Dad told me doin' coke in college barely affected him  
If he was still alive, I'd get him better shit  
He never hit my mom, but he her reason why depression hit  
Every good man has an edge to him  
Every good man has an edge to him  
She know I'm gonna leave, she got me edgin' with her  
Didn't act like a baby, my nanny was a Devil sitter  
Devils under the ground, 'cause she kept groundin' me every winter  
Every summer, floor to spring like plumbers on the sink  
I stick my hand in drama, puncture off my rings  
The girl spoke to me more politely than how butlers talk to kings  
I fucked her all for kink, bitch  
Usher always sings, and rug burns always sting  
And my patience is always thin enough to jump to modeling

Back up 'fore I cause a scene  
And have your mom and them lettin' out awful screams  
It's me and Toke and ISO'ing niggas, don't gotta call a screen  
We Luka and LeBron James off the lean and a bean  
Smokin' on a spliff, full of your best friend  
My clip full on the west end  
No religious rituals, I just send  
It's just in, the south side villain back on the street with a MAC in his jeep  
And he clap if you askin' for beef  
You cats looking weak, you asking for peace  
Ask for the piece  
Then leave your whole mag  
Order your mask and your fleece  
And jump back in the Wagoneer and do the dash from police  
Heard he was stressed before we shot him  
I hope he passed in relief  
Pussy

Marco, lower that beam  
(Oh, he just hit his lights)  
I know what that mean  
(All his features are bought)  
I know what that mean  
(Now, he blame TikTok)  
Yeah, I know what that mean  
Ayy, Marco, lower that beam  
(No, it's a concept album)  
I know what that mean  
(Now, he mad at his label)  
(And his show was only filmed from one angle)  
Yeah, I know what that mean (Ayy)

I wanted my grandma to see my house, but she just passed  
I hope she's in heaven appreciatin' the view I have  
Mom never dated after my dad, I had no stepdad  
That's how I want all my bitches to be after I leave their ass  
Make them hate men forever  
I hate her rain legend never  
My page is they epicenter  
At eight, they ain't check my temper  
My brain just ain't getting better

They made me take tests to measure  
Like day-to-day Helen Keller  
My aimin' ain't ever better  
I may just break MJ's record  
Her days are straight rest in pleasure  
Like Labor Day stretched forever  
I was only a kid, I guess those ladies ain't sex offenders  
'Cause my dick was in grown-ups more than David Spade, Adam Sandler  
My anger raid wraith, and banners on stage like they back-up dancers  
My lady say, "Have some manners"  
She ain't a straight happy camper  
My bank's like extravaganza  
My saving grace says the answer  
I make mistakes, bad as the amateurs who raise they lay to Adam Lanza  
All my friends are dead, they got the face who they cast as Chandler  
Bathing like Matthew Perry, but it's Bathing Ape, have a gander  
There's sickness behind my bars, like inmates when they battle cancer  
My capital is conquered, I should change my name as New Hampshire

Perusing through the opposition block with pistols cocked to get a drop  
We hoppin' out the fuckin' whip, I'm sick of spinnin' blocks, my aim is bad  
Pop up out the bushes and I flame his ass  
Thought he was acting wild, but he wasn't lyin', I had to tame him fast  
I done put a beam upon his head, but this ain't laser tag  
I signed to Riot Nation, now niggas hate me like they Damon Dash  
He told his bitch to stop playin' my music, that shit make him sad  
An artist by composition, this ho payin' me to paint her ass  
I'm like Bob Ross but mob boss  
Let off shots, your dawg lost  
Hop in the whip, you haul off  
Raise a pistol, Holmes  
Me and my dawgs kill all of his dawgs  
I'm Victor Holmes  
We lookin' like some fuckin' chain-smokers  
How many Sigs was blown

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I don't do lines, I seen 'em turn my sister crooked  
My fourth-grade best friend is addicted and he looks it  
He just broke down the pills while I broke down the reasons why he shouldn't  
He slid 'em over to me and I pushed it (I push that shit away)  
I got boundaries, you didn't know? (I do)  
You gotta be a pretty girl to push shit in my nose  
Tippy-toes is what my dad chose to leave the bedroom with  
He acted way too suicidal for a child, so when I was ten and shit  
When he slept too long, I had to check on him (I did)  
Big respect to him (I love you)  
Ever since I watched the Godfather  
I don't like people sittin' directly in back of me  
My father showed me the Godfather

And that's the only thing he did that was fatherly (Don't talk to me)  
Talkative men bother me  
Too much time on your hands  
Go have some fun or stack some cash or something  
Bitch pass the cup, I need a happy buzz  
Vodka got me talkin' with a lisp  
It's not a Grey Goose, it's Daffy Duck  
Happy brooch, happy birthday (What's your lucky number?)  
Twenty-four always been my lucky number  
It's me and my sisters birthday  
And it's how many hours are in a day  
And that puts me in first place, so when Dad died on the 24th  
I took it as a good thing

What the fuck?