

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
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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?