

# Necessary Evil

Token

Jesus Christ, I can see in his eyes that he's conniving  
I'll be defiant till achieving highness like Leonidas  
I speak my mind and these demons are preaching silence  
You're marketed like the industry's slut, and I'ma treat you like it  
Get slapped up, kiss ass punk  
Get snatched up for trying to distract us  
Distract this! I'll bury you, that's established  
You know the shit that make you think that your shit's whack? Well, this tha  
t shit!  
Ditch that shit, you'll never create a legacy  
You're the lamest lame will ever be  
They want me to name an enemy  
But why would I end a career they ain't even start yet? That's a waste of en  
ergy  
Pay attention; we create our pedigree  
While they especially are praying desperately to cage us mentally  
They eventually will taste the recipe of angry tendencies  
So page the deputy  
I'll make sure they will credit me

When the sky falls down  
When the clouds on the ground I'll be in the studio making the sound to it  
How could this be?  
I'm the necessary evil when you're telling all your people 'bout me

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And we don't fuck around  
You don't actually burn calories when you go run your mouth, so why you swea  
ting so hard?  
I am the underground, they see the roots in me  
They root for me, my routine is being the rude teen  
Who's he? "Token" I'm different than you chumps though  
Do I brag about the money, clothes, drugs, hoes  
While musically losing control?  
Do I perform a 30 minute set while only using one flow? Fuck no!  
That's where I draw the line  
They're loving the intellectual homicide  
Only really care about the dollar signs  
Anyone who is gullible qualifies  
They colonize all your minds and occupy each thought they find  
Everybody looking like a puppet to me but everyone too stupid to see it; I'm  
not surprised, nah  
I am the stop to this  
I am the prophet not only intent on profiting  
But still psycho to my psychologist  
He said the only person fit to battle me is my second personality  
So I bodied him

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Token is a visionary in a fairly twisted, scary, scripted parody  
And he carries emissaries fit to bury sissy fairies  
In the very cemetery he's getting married to the dictionary at  
That's how he kills canaries - Bla!  
I kill a rival on arrival  
Ever since I went viral they call me vile  
And I don't use the word faggot anymore cause critics twist my words into a  
spiral  
Just tell them I'm feeling homo-cidal  
I don't know polite  
Man I'm telling you rappers, you don't need to keep up, you can look at me l  
ike a poltergeist  
If you need a ghost to write  
I'll blow your mind  
If I don't, I'll blow your mind  
I ought to make them an ultimatum  
They automate them and control what they say  
That controls how you think, that's controlling your day  
That's controlling your life  
So cut your strings; I'll show you the knife  
We're needed in this game; I don't give a fuck if they like it

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