

# Not Supposed To Be Here

Token

Never Too Different  
Yeah, yeah  
Alright, yeah

At thirteen I joined cyphers in Boston, I took the train  
My first time out the north shore, before tour and the fame  
Surrounded by these black and Spanish dudes, middle, late twenties  
They could tell I lived a sheltered life, they still chose to respect me  
I was timid, they were braver  
I would spit, but they were better  
Talkin' 'bout much realest things  
Dead friends and gang pressure  
I would just rap about rappin'  
But they still were never haters  
Huggin' my mom when they met her  
Told her her son's gon' be major (Major, major)  
My dad wasn't the bravest  
So I looked up to those dudes as real men, my motivation  
Were more talented than me  
They set the bar that I was chasin'  
Fast-forward, I'm the only one who made it  
Now I'm not supposed to be here

My neighbors drive a Tesla, young daughter in the back seat  
Get mad when I whip fast down the cul-de-sac happy  
My other neighbors are a older couple, maybe sixties  
Probably worked their whole life to get that house and drive that Bentley  
Four levels, big door, long, tall stairs  
On the other side is the crib like theirs  
Three young kids, early twenties, no parents  
Every Friday night, eight other cars sit next to theirs  
And I wonder what they think  
Do they even know that it's just that one kid paying for it?  
The two others are his bros, getting used to a lifestyle they may never reach alone  
They think that I'm doing them a favor, but I don't know  
What happens when I wanna move or wanna be alone?  
Am I selfish? Do I trick my friends with life that ain't their own?  
Five-star meals, cleaning ladies are their norm  
I love my fucking dogs, I'd do anything for 'em  
I wanna take 'em with me everywhere, that's what I do it for  
But are they gon' resent me if one day I can not do it no more?  
Feel like I'm trickin' fate and all these blessings might disguise  
A spoiled kid with homies  
I gotta remind that we're not supposed to be here

It could be just coincidence or maybe fate planned it  
The house that I moved into with my money from Atlantic was my dream house  
Till I realized where I got the dream from  
It looked exactly like my best friend's house in seventh grade  
The same house I used to steal from  
When he was out of town  
I used to break in with my older friend and look around  
And take anythin' of value that I saw  
The most ironic part about it all is that the kid who lived there wasn't just a friend  
He was the only kid who convinced me to put my music on the internet

Without him, I never would be on these steps  
Now this house is just a stark reminder of the bad friend I've always been  
Liar that I've always been, cheater and deceiver still  
Lucky motherfucker, but know how to play the victim still  
They tell me I fell off and fans defend me, nah, it's okay  
I promise, I'm not even supposed to be here in the first place