

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 reac
h 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 jus
t 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