

# One Like Equals

Token

I deserve sympathy, I deserve rights  
I deserve mommy that tuck me in at night  
When I find out that life doesn't owe me shit  
Given that shit, I just wanna be liked  
I just wanna be friends  
I just want you to like me  
I just feel like I'm lost  
I just want you to find me  
I know success is indefinite but  
I just want it to be likely  
Like I just wanna be Kylie, cause

One like equals one care  
And when it's dark time one like equals one flare  
And when the stocks rise one like equals one share  
And when my mom dies one like equals one prayer, like

Lemme compare  
My mommy told me when she was a kid she thinks she was really, really popular  
But I don't wanna just think that I'm popular  
I wanna have more literal, tangible, fucking followers  
Like, I really wanna see that shit  
I really wanna be that shit  
Put my phone on vibrate like  
I really wanna feel that shit  
I really wanna show my artistic side, my clever side  
Bitch, get the fuck off my left, that's my better side  
Yup, I'm destined for success, let's be honest  
I'm chasing what successful people have in common  
My life is a business, I wanna own it and flaunt it  
I can't delete a flaw, it's not a rumor till it's a comment  
And I'm not pretty until a stranger say it  
And inside I might be sad but when I look in the mirror it doesn't reflect it back  
So lemme take a snap

I don't wanna go on her  
I don't wanna go on, see  
I don't wanna go outside  
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me  
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I don't wanna go on, see  
I don't wanna go outside  
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me  
I'll give it all to you, just give it all to me  
I'll give it all to you, just promise me that

I promised her she looked good and she didn't buy it  
She went back to the bathroom, I backed up and peeked inside it  
Never seen her so focused painting her face with a brush  
You can paint anything you want if you're creative enough  
Today she painted happy, took like an hour fifty  
She wanna be a model to finally be pretty  
Shit, why can't she do it? She know how to pose  
Daddy doesn't get it, she say cause he's old  
He say it's not a job unless it pays

So she got photographers to shoot her as she lays  
On the bed, he gives her money and praise  
Pop it out, post it up, get your money, ay  
Oh, look at her body, oh she a model / fitness / motivation / queen / entrep  
reneur so do not call her a hoe  
The classy shit did not get the attention that she hoped and she knows

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When the rent's due one like equals couple grand  
And the landlord is a hater if he doesn't understand  
Fuck it, man, look at all the love that I get on command  
I don't really be giving a fuck about what anybody saying to me anymore  
Look at me, mom, my life is a brand  
My life is a prop, my life is a fluke  
My life is a mine, I give it to you  
I don't even want it, I give it away  
Look at my picture, don't look at my face  
I pin myself so happy  
I finalize the process  
I sell myself the good product  
My private life is public  
For everybody to see  
Everybody to stamp  
Everybody except me  
Cause I don't know who I am  
Everybody just judge  
And not get mad about it  
As if I'm not the single fucking person who allowed it

And when I'm feeling empty I'll be everyone except me  
If you just accept me  
Why can't you just accept me?  
I could accept myself by myself, but then you might forget me

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