

Orange Line Freestyle

Token

Sit back, I'm 'bout to begin—
Yo

Cancer runs in my family, so I have to see how I'm dealt
My mama beat it, but her dad didn't; I just try not to dwell
Before the world talked about mental health, I was eleven or twelve
Double-checking my dad when he went down for an extra-extra long nap
Just to make sure that he ain't off himself (Right)
I saw his stomach move; 'kay, cool, he's breathing well
Shut the door to his room, go back to watching Fairly OddParents
I had a hunchback like Mr. Crocker from all of that trauma that I was carrying
ng
But I don't feel much embarrassment; kinky sex been imperative
Mom and dad were some prudes, so I wonder how I inherited it
My grandfather kept sex toys, type to spice up the marriages
We found them after we buried him; I guess it's just how I channel him
All my flows are unique to me
Legal team on retainer like uneven teeth
My bro try teach me how to shoot; I told him, "Bro, I don't even beef"
Legal arms like LAPD; a license for this, a license for that
A license for this, I swear my dawg work at the fucking DMV
The new tour bus got few more bunks; it sleep sixteen and feed sixteen
"Sir, how do you afford this bus?" I write sixteens and speak sixteens
So many spoiled bitches inside of it, my bro call it a sweet sixteen
They call me goldy but I don't wear gold (Right)
YouTube recommendations got me feeling like a scarecrow (Yo)
Surrounded by corn, I'm willing to go to war; I just don't care though
Itchy trigger fingers, two fingers bend quicker than air quotes (Blip, blip)
Calm it, bro; I'm the cross between grown adults and these teen kids
I told lil' bro about Big L and I showed Funk Flex who Yeat is
He said, "I don't know that name"; I say, "Flex, you must live in a cave"
Then I spit for six minutes straight in one take
Then he said, "Toke, nobody does this shit in one take" (Man)
Not even Meek? Not even Banks?
Not even Tory, Symbra, Cory, Craft, Cordae?
I don't give a fuck, that shit don't matter; we not freestyle rappers
I'm not the guy on the corner rhyming words with strangers looking for appla
use and laughter (Yeah)
Shout-out Estee Nack; I used to hit the city for his co-sign (Uh)
Saw him up there with Westside Gunn; it's fun to watch the bros shine
I'm the first to drink; my bro's the first to smoke
So no matter where in the world we go, we escape from it in no time (Yeah)
We got two different moms, but he a sibling like my sister is
Our moms probably would've been friends if they discussed their tricky kids
Who over-obsess about one specific bitch that we should probably cut
But that's why me and him still get along; we don't give up on love (Right)
I know my grandfather didn't trust his son (Okay)
He'd rather burn down his pad than give it to my dad (Right)
Little does he know my father was the hero (Yeah)
If I inherit that crib, I'm bringing the Florida hoes I keep close
And I'm fucking them by the balcony 'cause the breeze helps me not cum too f
ast
And we pouring shots in the kitchen 'cause mixed drinks just make my hangove
r bad
And we'll do a toast to my dad, like he'd approve of how we living (Yeah)
But he wouldn't; whatever, fuck it then
I doubt that we even summoned him, goldy

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