

Real Man

Token

Shyeah!

Residing in a town where weed is glorified
It was nothing, shit it wasn't weird to see some boys get high
See Ben used to burn some, but currently his turn was done
Anxiety left Ben regretting his first puff
But sure enough, he still hung with the same dudes
He was cool with this, 'cause you got a blunt he don't hate you
He's the youngin in they crew
But you'da never noticed and the dude that was the oldest was the coolest and the boldest
See everybody loved him 'cause they knew when he was rollin'
Through to meet the homies, it was soon that they'd be smokin'
See he was the movement of the potent
QP's he'd be holdin and his new deals were the dopest
And him and Ben were tight
Even occasionally he spent the night, when he was locked out and couldn't get inside
He recognized Ben didn't smoke but this was something new
This gave him an idea that he'd bring up a few days later
The crew was rolling up some J papers
Taylor gang was playing, they exhaled in dazed anger
As the oldest one turns to Ben with hands hidden in his coat
Pulled out an O and said "you ever think of flippin' bro?"

Drugs, money, support, what else you need
Temporary money get that temporary self esteem
Drugs, money, support, just don't get brainwashed
Peer pressure doin its dang job, man whatchu talkin' bout
Let's get this money
Homie let's get this money
I gotta go yo I'mma get this money
Get out my face with your opinions, I got paper to be gettin' like a real man

He gave Ben his speech, seemin' almost memorized
All the attention in the room went to Ben's reply
He told Ben he got the heart it takes
The money hangin' out his pocket said let's start today
"Aye, you right homie
Matter fact I'm 'bout to blaze, take this plate
This chick by the bank say she need a slice homie
Have her take your number, tell her you're down with me
Dawg we bout to make a killing in this town, believe"
And how right he was
Ben didn't smoke his chronic so for the first time it was only profiting both they pockets
Ben begun to get addicted, the news spread quicker than Ben's temper if he didn't get money every twenty minutes
He single handedly changed the scene, so busy lying to his own mother became routine
But he loved it
He loved that they relied on him a fair amount
Came a long way from being the youngin no one cared about
They needed him now, so typical
No one expected little Ben to be sellin' shit, he felt invincible
And if he wasn't there was no reason to stress it

The oldest one gave him a knife, he said this is for protection
Ben had everything going for him...
A boss who had his back, a substance that always would attract
And the profit in a closet in the back
Pay no mind to the cops, until they caught him in the act when it was

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Oh, you a man, huh?
In the police station, hands shakin, but actin like you don't give a damn, h
uh
Your mom pulls up in a van, covers her eyes with her hands and all you think
in' is she don't understand, huh
Listen to that
You knew happy don't symbolize growth but a weak child fallin into a trap
I fiend for profit, deep involved in a loss of a stream of consciousness, al
l when hes too naive to watch and see the problem
Ignorance in a system pressured by peers
Holding a knife like your gonna use it, but you dread it with fear
Cause the moment you pullin out that, they pull out theirs
And you'll be leakin more than just sweatin some tears
Ahead of your years? Sure, but you ain't do your job dude
You think you lost touch with your friends, they think they lost you
Little did you know, you were losing yourself
Now you gotta explain to your friends and family you were someone else when
it was

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