

Suitcase And A Passport

Token

I met this girl at my show
She went from standing front row
To laying down on my flow
She sucked me right out my soul
She put me all on her posts
She told the world she fucked token
But Ben was there all alone
Little did she know
Aye, sometimes when my mom wanna come to shows
Says she hasn't seen her son for a couple months or so
But I had the plan to be backstage with some hoes
Even if mom get sad I'mma tell her no
See, I'm a different man on the road
Even ask my homies who were there on the road
Fresh merch money in my bag, on the road
I'mma probably blow and have to go back on the road
Tour manager's name is Lee
One fucking job - cater to me
Good amount of money that I pay him a week
But I still can't tell if you love or hate me
Making money, never let the money make me
I'm paranoid about all of the money they see
So I hide it in my pillowcase when I go to sleep
Least I know I'll be smiling if they suffocate me
These girls always think I'm richer than I am, so I go with it
Asking me what celebrities I've met at shows and it's
Usually a lot less than they suppose it is
So I make up some shit 'til the chick is like, "no kidding"
Even when they ask for my real name I don't give it
When I tell my friends that they think I'm so tripping
Chick named Marie stole my chain in Winnipeg
Ever since then, I guess I don't trust no bitches
Later that tour I had a show in Halifax
Couldn't find my wallet and my tele, and this girl was feeling sketchy
So, she's the one I started snapping at
She freaked out on me then I found it in my backpack
I was like, "My bad", she was like, "Fuck you!"
I was like, "Where you goin'?", she was like, "Fuck you!"
I would've felt bad but I didn't have time to
I had another girl who was trying to come through
That's just tour life, how it's affecting you
?Girls, new place, new plus the revenue?
Every time I leave home, mama says to call her every chance I get but I never do
I tell her it's because I lost my voice from the show
Really, it's because I don't know if she'll recognize it
Lee's telling me what not to do when alone
But, lyrics are the only thing I'm memorizing
Best place to put the merch first thing that we look for
Merch guy got a piece of paper that he put the totals in
I read it so much, I'm feeling like a bookworm
Can't talk about this shit up on a single
My manager say, "Put your best foot first"
But my best night was a threesome in London
Back of the tour bus and me and my homie took turns
Then one of the chicks boyfriends banging on the door
So damn heated (Knock, knock, knock, knock)

She didn't care so I opened the window and told him, "Motherfucker beat it"
Flashback, sophomore year
My homie, Colin, he was fucking with a chick who had a boyfriend
I told him to stop because karma's real
Now look at me, how does that feel?
It feel like its supposed to
Cheating, new city with a bigger chip on my shoulder
Marie stole my tame, bitch you think you slick, don't ya?
This the reason I sing when I woke up
This the reason I fuck with my girl until we broke up
But it's what I asked for
If I wanted true love then I should've asked more
Had a lot of new friends on my last tour
The only ones that stuck with me? Suitcase and a passport

(Knock knock)