

# The Hitchhikers

Token

Shyeh!

Ladies and gentleman, welcome your competition  
With sound so militant, they all abolish in a six  
Stepping to my balls is equivalent to swallowing cinnamon  
Cause I'll probably be give you a coffin when you finish it  
Huh, and now when all these kids are dissing  
They turn communist in minutes  
Cause they're stalling with their sentences  
And they need you to get cracked like an almond is  
I'm ominous with ominous, anonymous to dillegence  
They ain't a process in my discipline  
And I don't like change, I don't even like changing a rhyme scheme  
Homie, I'm polishing my penmanship  
I'm a sick fuck like no condom  
When you're hitting it along with having syphilis  
And stop with all the messages like, "Dog, check out my song!"  
"It's freaking awesome!" You just stalking on some Christmas shit  
We coming so hungry and we giving industry puppets a run for their money  
So what's the only thing to write if I brought some mean spitters in?

Yo, I'm abusing pens  
While you struggle like the central nervous system  
Of a quadriplegic trying to move his limbs  
Crying from the truth within  
I am like the eyes of a shooter  
Firing with enough iron to renew a gem  
Membership, enter it, horse around  
In the wing span, that lift you off ground like Pegasus  
Grounds at the precipice, look at all of me  
Put you all to sleep for thinking that any amount ever rest  
I never quit, this is what I do in the zone  
Only known for keeping awake than funeral homes  
Just to pop outta nowhere, I'm making an entrance  
Ain't even a body count, I'm just taking attendance  
I can recklessly, throw a rock with such a trajectory  
That it circles the planet twice and knocks the person next to me  
So fuck your destiny, I control ya  
When I make you catch bullets from that one deuce like Amendola  
Rock and roll ya, put you on ice against the wall like the hockey poster  
Of Bobby Orr, a lesson you'll learn quick  
Just ask Bruce Jenner, it's never too late for you to be turned bitch

Yo, four walls all around me  
I feel I'm caving in em  
Bombing ya'll like tryna get Osama out the caves again  
I'm Mike Jack Thriller, mixed with thriller, Eminem  
And shouts to Michael and Muhammad, it's likely I'm about to vomit  
It's likely that I'm a comet, commodating you rappers with a gift  
So when I pass you'll probably make a wish right after  
I'm a shooting star, like the Wild West the way we shooting bars  
I'm up late writing, while you texting making booty calls  
It's usually caused, the world is mine, just like it's in my palm again  
Check the government, running circles round you Urkles  
Guess that means that I'm Stefan again  
Synonym for awesomeness, I'm wild like a mosh pit  
Inside the Marcy projects, while I'm chilling playing Possum  
Like please do not-not bother me

I am not a gangster cause my weapon is psychology  
Kill you diabolically, come back for remains  
Kill the beat, scarred the track, it'll never be the same, yeah

I was sent to coach the game, to me it's X's and O's  
I'm dope, you smell me, now there's blood out your nose  
My bars is for the cons and my heart is for the pros  
I stay getting high just to deal with my lows  
I'm concrete, but when I crack you see a rose  
I hit you with the fire, somehow you froze  
Huh, this rap is the best thing I will ever know  
So I promise to freestyle to you at every show  
Green Night Music, my flow will forever go  
I make hits to where you feeling every blow  
It's chef boy Obvi, it's time to put my soup on  
I'm waiting for a deal like I just used a coupon

Breh, breh, they say money's the root of all evil, well I guess that's true  
Cause if it means I'm getting green, I'll stay in a bad mood  
Leave yours and the chest of anybody that you trust, open  
Coin use for travel, understand I'll let it bust Token  
I remember not knowing what a real meal is  
Now I'm in the zone where no one knows what a real deal is  
I'm in a mode to kick the 4 and blow the chrome steel, bitch  
I'm here to show, I am the show, that's what you gotta deal with  
Kick like minotaurs, sick with metaphors, quick with fierce swords  
Bitch, I'm a predator, looks at a predator  
And I'm so used to catching heat, you swear I've visited Hell before  
Underdog that's often the highest  
Known to black out like officer violence  
Passionate about my art of making ya'll pass away  
Guillotine a fresh cut, I'm always down to catch the fade

Ayo, you out to eat to see me waiting on you, so you hating on me  
Dappered in your suit and tie, but me? I got my apron on me  
Fuck your bank statement, homie  
The only number that concern me  
Is the one your girl put on this piece of paper for me  
If they perform to me, they pray to hit the stage before me  
Got the ladies throwing bras and panties like it's Blades of Glory  
You on the mic? I'm hearing hella crickets  
Say you got soul, but you selling quicker than 20 Coachella tickets  
Passed weird, and nastier than last year  
Always down to have a little head like a draft beer  
Add here to my story, now they selling ads here  
'Member doing shows when only my mom and dad cheered  
I'm with Obvi and Cat, riding Sinoma county  
Yelling out the window like, "Why don't you people know about me?"  
You gotta know I'm rowdy, pissed on the thought of doubt  
On any beat I put my fingerprints on, yeah

You know that I'm always smoking, that's why what I spit is potent  
See, the squad is like cancer, you'll die over the toking  
We the real thing, you could never kill kings  
And I don't need to tie a string on a tire to show you that I will swing  
It's FLaw, I gotta keep it raw  
Trying to move me backwards is only showing me it's war  
If you getting out of pocket, Imma show you what's in store  
Gotta be a shopping spree the way I'm killing em all  
Getting sick of these toy soldiers, I wanna send em to the morgue  
And free mankind from ever hearing they voiceover  
Morgan? Freeman? Voiceover? God damn  
But when I pop up on sight, it is not spam

With two friends, they give me the hot ham  
I call em shitty dancers cause they do not jam  
Man, now I could finish with a good joke  
Or leave a suicide letter and end it on a good note