

T.O.K.E.N. Tuesday #1 (T) [9/10/13]

Token

LPOD, fuck you know about that?
We rap on a beat passionately you rappers be trapped with the cheese like a mouse trap
Count that, that was doubles, hear the triples
Better than ever you better remember
The penmanship etiquette better than everything represented
End your career, it's simple
I ain't got the swag of a rapper, no, not at all
I'm white, chubby, and Jewish with no SnapBack on. I lost
Proper posture, also I lost my marbles and on the top
Of my chin I got a white-ass pimple that I forgot to pop
I ain't gross, I'm sick, you got the pronunciation wrong
Underground, underrated, all are understatements
On a rapper diet, invite-'em-in and take in-vitamins
My mind's a box, meaning I'm out of my mind so I can't think in side of it
You pick up what I'm putting down?
Look out!
I got the profound books that amount to this crookedest sound
And I'm looking around
What you're putting down is a good amount
Of bullshit, astounding me
Annoying the shit out of me like laxatives you put in your mouth
But I'm pushing you pussies down
Cause you're warn out like the hooker in town. (Wow!)
Check it out, my verbals make a rapper slit himself
Bars like a prison cell, I'm giving life or giving hell
While you're singing jingle bells, I'm spitting sick as rabies
Sicker than syphilis with AIDS be
Finna be killing but you're missing like bullets that hit Jim B
rady
Crazy, is a synonym sending sinister sins
Cinnamon isn't similar to the sweatiness I'm spitting
LPOD, and we in this
It's rest in peace to you bitches
It's Token Tuesday coming to you every week take a listen
(One)