

Waist Down

Token

Back in the day, all anyone did was overlook me
Now, when they look down, they tryna' pass the crown to where it should be
Define a rookie
Define it, I've been a boss since 13
No wonder why no one understood me, all goodie
All gravy
Y'all say we've gone crazy, but we ain't gone anywhere
Except the places that pay me
Where everybody just praise me
So if you ain't with A-team
You can suck a dick, get rabies, and then die
Yea, right there
I got a new idea
I got a brand-new idea for you my dear
If you don't like being called stupid, stop being stupid, cause I'ma' fuckin'
g call you stupid if you do that there
Yea, I got some rappers confidence
For every fake fan with a backwards compliment
Master actors who matter not a bit
Bomb has been set, detonation approximately now

And I've been plotting on the low
But I don't really want to keep it on the low no more
So I'ma' need all of your hands in the air the goddamn second that I decide
I want to go on tour
Saying I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck like I'm paralyzed from the waist down
Waist down, waist down, waist down
Saying I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck like I'm paralysed from the waist down
Waist down, waist down, waist down

Way down to rockbottom I send y'all. Token is a genius
I don't give a fuck; I'm on some paraplegic shit
You feel me? I ain't feeling y'all
I got no feeling in my legs, wheelchairs I pop a wheelie on
I am really on
17 and I got funders with their hands out talking 'bout a million
But I don't take no handouts off air
You don't need to scratch my back; I got me a massage chair
That's right. Everybody act like they're living the exact life
Everybody tryna' be like everybody, no one tryna' be an individual and that'
s like
Getting a flashlight to mask light
A blackeye to have sight
A bad guy to act nice
A traffic light to crash bikes
An appetite to snack light
An afterlife to flatline
A rabbi to baptize
And bragging on the Internet just means you got a fake ego filled with insecurities killing you and that's why

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Oh, is that so?

The second I start having fun, Token's an asshole
They said I be doing the same shit, everybody wants something that's new now
, well right when I change it up, I'm whack though
Oh, that makes sense, I got it
Everybody have some fun, except the artist
Everybody loved me when I recorded out of the closet
Then a blog picked it up, yep, that's garbage
Oh. I got some rappers confidence to every fake fan with a backwards compliment
ent
You think I slid that line in there with no consciousness?
I see the fake fans, I'm who they want a problem with
Like I ain't giving my all to this
When I am trying to alter this
Questioning all of my motives when I'm just trying to make momma rich
And I just want to see daddy happy, they just want to see bars and shit
Consequence calling this confidence cockiness, God forbid
God forbid I'm comfortable enough to switch the scene
Sometimes I don't want to walk down a little street
With metaphor metamorphosis and similar similes
Sometimes I want to fuck around dawg, I'm seventeen
Sometimes I don't want to be serious
Sometimes I don't want to be Mr. Lyricist
Sometimes I wonder why they judge me
Sometimes I want to put a jet engine on a wheelchair cause I think it's fucking funny
And now they're wondering if I'm still really that hungry
They're wondering if I'm getting comfortable, I feel uncomfortable cause a second ago you motherfuckers loved me
And I've been working harder than ever to get to the next level of flights
You're either afraid to let me go or you're afraid of heights
Waist down, waist down
Let me spit a simple hook for everyone who ain't staying around
They want me to pigeonhole myself and fall
Show me where happinesses is cause, it ain't with y'all