

Well

Token

Yeah

Lot of folks wanna a check off me
Not a lot wanna check on me
Talkin' to me like "where's my cut?"
Like I got treasure chests on me
Talkin' to me like "damn you changed"
Talkin' to me one mile a minute
Then they ask me for a picture though
And wonder why I don't smile in it

Put on my hoodie then put on my coat
Cover up my face so you didn't know
See me in public from my head to my toes
Probably me, you should leave me alone
Spent the whole week in the booth all alone
My manager want a song that is happy
Back to the lab to rewrite what I wrote
Maybe I cannot do this shit alone
Maybe I need me a ghostwriter too
Write me a song that I probably should use
Happy go lucky and sing me a tune
Maybe can help me with choruses too
Lord knows that isn't my strong suit
Lord knows I'm lacking attributes
Lord knows every time my manager call me
Mothafucka, I got this attitude

The worst part at doing things all by yourself
Is when they fall you cannot blame nobody else
I could be on a floor and dying by myself
And still be too embarrassed askin' for your help
I can't complain, but if I could I prolly would, so in that case
I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well (doin' well)
I'm bound to fall when I pick up on your call
I'm doin' well, I'm doin' well

I'm smart enough to write this song
But not enough to go market it
Rich enough not to worry 'bout it
But not enough to let mamma quit
I'm wise enough to know who I am
But not enough to know what I can be
Loud enough for them to hear me out
But not enough for them to understand me
I'm proud enough to brag all the time
But not enough to forget the flaws
Loyal enough to buy my friends a meal
But not enough to give my friend a job
I'm liked enough to not get kicked out
But not enough for them to invite me
Cool enough to bring a chick back
But not enough for her to really like me
Ay, free shit, free shit, all around my house just free shit
I'm famous enough to get shit for free
But not enough to get the shit I like
Reliable enough to kill the show
Bot not enough to show up on time

Believe in myself enough to grind
But not enough to not fucking sign
Ay, tell the label I need a crib
With a tennis court for mommy and a bed for my bitch
Both of 'em know my life is all up in the air
Right now this could be the biggest I get
So right now tell my manager bring in the paperwork
I know that it ain't about the money, sure
I know how the paper work
I know how the fame work
I know how the dudes work
I'm a success now, but still could be a loser

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