

Count up your portions, count up your checks  
Feeding your fam while you're coming at my neck  
When ya gonna freeze with the cruel dramatics?  
I'm not inspired by your foolish practice  
Butter your bullshit, set up your fence  
I'm just the chicken giving you the egg  
Soon you're gonna see that your breath was wasted  
Don't speak too soon on your doubts, you're making  
A big deal out of a little thing  
Why should I try to conform to formulated paths?  
When clearly all my instincts led to something more magical?  
Am I just a number? 'Cause it seems like that's your goal  
You push us past our limits just to watch decimals grow  
Oh, I need a reason why I'm looked at like a joke  
Until I prove you wrong like I've done time and time before  
And all your idle teaching and your criticism lack  
The potential to penetrate my solid golden path  
To decide what my future is, I'm my own clairvoyant  
There's no controlling me  
Imagination on ascend  
Take me to Venus, let me explode  
I'm ready to pop like a volcano  
Jump over me like you're playing hot lava  
Emotions on one hundred thousand, who's gonna  
Shake me like soda creme, but, of course  
Use all your words to distract from the source  
Of where all the growth on the paper happens  
Leave me alone in my own concoction  
Pricking all my fingertips to carve out many roads  
Pushing out the petals from the bud of what I know  
Am I just a number? 'Cause it seems like that's your goal  
You push us past our limits just to watch decimals grow  
Oh, I need a reason why I'm looked at like a joke  
Until I prove you wrong like I've done time and time before

And all my intuition says is, "Expansion comes first"  
But not just by material, I'm talking 'bout in here  
My heart space and my cranium must be loved too, my dear  
Don't push me to the edge until I'm useless and can't feel  
They replaced their search for knowledge  
With the reach of many material gains  
They lack the tenderness of the sensitive  
Empathetic bodies crying from the pain  
It's too late to grow their frame  
Of mind it seems that it's already made  
No use in arguing with someone who doesn't  
Wanna prioritize birthing of creation  
Am I just a number?  
Am I just a number?  
Am I just a number?  
Am I just a number?  
Am I just a number? 'Cause it seems like that's your goal  
You push us past our limits just to watch our numbers grow  
Oh, I need a reason why I'm looked at like a joke  
Until I prove you wrong which I've done time and time before  
And all my intuition says is, "Expansion comes first"  
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