

Warm Up

NF

Yeah
Something for the fans
Yeah I'm the type to rent a hotel room just to feel at home
I'm the type to rent a hotel room just to be alone
I got an issue with people pretending they like what they don't
Please don't bring up my issues unless you gon' deal with your own
Please don't try to pretend like you keep it real, though
Yeah it's funny that you got a lotta money
But that money doesn't buy you skills, though
I don't care if I am on the billboards
On a killing spree
I'm about to kill more
Got a chain on
You paid a mill' for I mean what you people even live for?
I write raps, you steal yours, oh Lord (haha)
We just getting warmed up
Yeah, I said I was coming, I warned you
So close to the fans
I feel like they're right on my tour bus
You wanna know what I do in my downtime?
They come to my fortress
I apologize for all the corpses
It's a mess right now
But I haven't had time to put the rappers in the coffins
We ain't talked in like six years
Why you writing me now?
I just turned 100k down just to keep the brand looking right, now (that's real)
I ain't bragging about the money
I'm just saying I ain't controlled by the bank account
Or the bank amounts
I'm a business man
But don't touch my money
I don't play around
Lights out when the mics out
About to hit the West Coast
Hype crowds
I just put a record out
What you think I'm gonna pipe down?
Nah, I've been looking for a beat

Look what I found, wooI mean everything is coming out of my mouth
Tried to tell me, yeah, I ain't had the right sound
Oh, yeah, well
Tell me what you think now
Two records in the bag
I ain't done, though
What's coming next year?
Let me hear the drum roll
Don't flow
Anybody wanna be the one to make an issue out of nothing?
Imma hit you with my iPhoneI know
I'm a little out of hand now
I ain't looking for a handout
You didn't like what I was doing last year
Which is funny 'cause you lookin' like a fan now
Are you a fan now?
I kinda miss being broke
Now let me go back to my old days
When I used to walk into high school
And hand out my CD in hallways
I told all my teachers that I'd be a rapper
They smiled and looked at me, "Okay, that's a pretty nice dream, but you better get a real job.""Mmm, no way."
Yeah I live what you dreamin'
I could do this while I'm sleepin'
I ain't the type that will bring up your name for nothing
But please, don't give me a reason
I'm on the edge now
I ain't playin' with you
Never really been a fan of takin' pictures
I'm just being honest, yeah
I'll take it with you
Shows sellin' outBetter get your tickets, oh Lord!
I got a love for the fans
I can't express what it feels like
Sometimes I wonder if it's even real life
Sometimes I look at the past and think about how I got here in the first place
You know the glove is my birthplace
I don't wanna be rude
But I could get you on my worst days
Say nothing for me
Do it all the timeYeah they barely workin' while I'm workin' overtime
Last year they like, "Who am I?"
Now this year they like, "You the guy."
Here's a little something for your car rides
If they said I fell off

They all lied
Yeah, you know the logo
Better recognize
Yeah it's Real Music
'Till the day we die
Yah!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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