

LAYERS

NF

Yeah

I got layers to me
I got plans, I got goals, I got tricks up my sleeve
I got calls, I got deals, I got people to meet
I got drive, I got soul, I got everything
I got scars, I got heart, I got family to feed
I got people mad I ain't who they want me to be
I got people I don't know tellin' me what I need
Yeah, I got loved ones sayin' that they prayin' for me

I'm thankful for the prayers, I need more of those
Put my hands together, bow my head and thank the Lord for
Everything He's done, yeah, ain't none of us immortal
So while I'm still alive I got so much to look forward to
Addicted to the craft (Woah), got no time to chat (Woah)
Just a little something to hold 'em over for what's next (Woah)
Even when I guess (Woah), I get it correct (Woah)
Question my work ethic that's a question you don't ask (No, no, no, hey!)
Don't ever question if I hustle, work a double
Drop a bomb on me I climb right out the rubble
Not a struggle, tossin' me under the bus will get you muzzled
Pop your bubble (Pop), throw your compliments right out the window
So unique with this, I could flip the script and change the schedule
You'd still think that it, happened how it should of keep it subtle
Bunch of geniuses, put they heads together try to huddle up
But still they sit, confused about how I learn to juggle, hey
Toss around some concepts till I pick one
Usually I don't alter my traditions
Foreign to me hit 'em with the switch up
I just had to get this out my system
Been a handful even with a mouth full of hand soap, I still say what I want
to
Getting passed? No, better chance beatin' Usain Bolt in my sandals
To be candid, that's like puttin' minivans in NASCAR with a grandma
In the driver seat with her hands up
Show goes on even after the shows over
To get passed me you would have to kill me

Tossin' what you want aside for longevity, ain't meant to be
If it causes everything, to collapse and affects your heart heavily
What's worth it and what's not?
What's certain and which side will the coin flip to and land on?
When you guess wrong do you stand up or stand down
Even with a man down I man up well rounded
Held out for the right outlet
Nine houses couldn't make me feel home childish
Me left see the outcome every ounce of
My childhood played a role in how I
Wound up with an outlook so crowded
No knowledge, couldn't see through the piles of
My problems, still piled up
Past tense man I wish it was but I've come
So far so quickly, in it for the long haul it's routine
Only thing I'm cool with losing is losin' sleep
And it's only cool with me if it means I get to watch my dreams
Come true if I kept it brief, still you'd think it was a long story
Recording half of the things I think would

Take six years, prepare, 'cause the chance that you asked for
Might show up at your at your door one night like, "I'm here
Gonna let me in or just stare"
It's clear, yeah, six ain't enough that wouldn't come close
To the content between my ears
My layers have got layers
My layers have got layers