

You and I—we've been through a lot together. And I look back and I just—uh—I appreciate all the times that we had together. You know? I remember just going down in my room and—you know—dealing—tryna deal with some things. And you've always been there for that. Always, just me and you

You and I been best friends ever since I was a young kid
Everything we did, where has time went?
Got a lot of years coming up ahead of us and ever since we met
I knew we'd get somewhere
But the fact is I ain't really, I ain't really know when
I don't really know how either
But I can feel the goosebumps my skin, writin'

I've been waiting for the moment
You and I can make it happen
Lot of people think we ain't gon' make it rapping
I ain't got a problem with 'em though they don't even matter
We ain't looking for the people tryna say that we the baddest

No, I never liked that
Came a long way never did it for the money
We ever make it big, I'm 'a give it to the family
Looking back now everything is lookin' funny

You and I in the room writing
Up late when the mood strikes us
We don't care if they do like us
Writing songs for the haters we ain't even got yet
Free-styling. Somebody turn the mic up

Talking 'bout things we don't really understand
Talking 'bout things we don't really comprehend
Me and you tryna get it we ain't quitting 'til the end
Now I'm standing on stage tryna give it to the fans
Ah!

We took that karaoke machine from my room and—ah. We—we put it up to the CD player and played the instrumentals
Man, we've come a long way, a long way

I made a lot of mistakes
You've been there for the whole thing
Help me with the drama
Rapping in the car outside daily
We don't care if it's the winter
We don't care if it's the summer

I remember writing raps with the curse words
I just wanna hear it, seems like everybody does it
Did it for awhile wasn't into all the cussin'
Tried to find who I was
Being everything I wasn't
Real life yeah!

Got a lot of anger
You know where I'm at
Put it all over the pages

And wrote it into raps,
Said that we could be amazing
If I give us a chance
Now I'm looking round like, "Yeah, look at where we at"
Look at where we at now we ain't made it yet
But they can hear us in the background coming
Some are gonna hate it, some are gonna love it
I'm 'a put it in His hands and let God do the judging, yeah

Remember me and you always had you in the backpack
Took you into school
Writing on you like it's not a lot of people in the room
See me scribble on a page but they ain't got a clue
Nah they ain't got a clue,

We're at the beginning hoping someday you and I can say
We made it and we did it
You ain't nothing but a notepad to me,
Who you kidding?
I'm just running out of space I'll be back in a minute
Turn the page, homie

You know what's crazy is? This just started as something that was an escape
for us. You know? And now I look around and there's a lot of people out there
going through the same things—you know?—we've been through. Now this music
we write is actually making an impact. It's crazy

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