

Options

NF

Look, I don't know what's gotten into me
I could be off of my rocker potentially
Bigger I get, the more they thinkin' less of me
Don't be the one to insult my integrity
Put down the whistle
I'm done with you referees
Y'all don't know nothing
You think you ejected me
'Til I show up in the game, like, "Remember me?"
I gotta make it, these people depend on me
Ayy, that's how I'm living these days
Threaten my wife, keep digging that grave
I had a job making minimum wage
Told myself that I gotta get paid
Prove myself, yeah, get up my grades
Walk into class like, "Gimme that A"
Think I'm trash? Put a bag in your face
And I put you by the road like
"Look we're the same"
Here's a reminder that I still spit
Think I need to advise you to watch your lip
Or at least realize that I'm not no kid
Don't Google my name tryna find my crib
Write a pop song, then I write a song like this
Do a lot wrong? Doesn't matter, I learn quick
I'm an outlaw, my brain has no fence
Doesn't matter either way to me 'cause even if it did
I would destroy it (Woo, woo, woo)
Used to be employee, now I'm employer
Making big deals, now I gotta get lawyers
People tell me to relax and enjoy it
But when I kick back, I see warnings
So much time might pass, can't ignore it
Every time I rap and I'm recording
Might be my last so I absorb it 'cause

I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, yeah
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, yeah
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, woo
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, woo
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options
These are the options (Yeah)

Tool bag without the pliers
Intros without the choirs
New car without the tires

Music without the writers
UFC without the fighters
Smoking without the fire
Cigarettes without the lighter
Austin Powers, no Michael Myers, that's me
If I ain't got the bars, you see
Something ain't right like I'm incomplete
Outcast, yes, I'm a different breed
If you disagree, make 'em all retreat
Act like a boss when I compete
Take my thoughts into hyper speed
When it's all gone and I hit my peak
At least I'll know that I took that leap
'Cause life is a process
And I am not here for the nonsense
Losing everything
I worked for likes to weigh on my conscience
That why I block out the comments
Who's next? Who's next?
I don't know, I ain't been watching
Closing my ear to the gossip
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, ooh
No forfeit, my course different
Changed flows and I'm bored with it
More livid, never more driven, I avoid timid
Try to tell me I could never be the G.O.A.T. of rap
I ignore limits
I was born with this
You're trippin' thinkin' I'm slippin'
I'm enjoying this
Look at me, I'm on the tour selling more tickets
Even if the fourth record didn't sell a copy, I'ma do it like a hobby
I ain't quitting 'til the Lord tell me

I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, yeah
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, woo
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, woo
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options
I gotta make it or make it
I gotta make it or make it, woo
I gotta make it or make it
Man, these are the options, these are the options

Ayy, these are the options
Ah, these are the options
Woo, these are the options
Yeah, these are the options