

## Returns

NF

What is perfect? Not me  
I've been overworkin' for weeks  
I go home then purchase some things  
That I know will not fill my needs  
Have a dose of what I've achieved  
Then get lonesome and I critique  
Who I am and what I believe  
Make up standards too high to reach  
Untrained animal off the leash  
I'm in panic, but yet relieved  
Brought your hammock to hang with me?  
Grab a hatchet, cut down your tree  
Like a mannequin that can speak  
What I have in store is unique  
I just mop the floors with MCs  
I can't stop until things are clean  
I'm an amateur's what you think  
So you stand there in disbelief  
'Til I dislocate both your feet  
That's what happens, you step to me  
Not too graphic, but not PG  
Lots of action in every scene  
I'm kidnapping all of your dreams  
Hold 'em hostage and watch 'em scream (Ah!)  
Grab a side, I am what I advertise  
Don't matter how you put it, we live, then we have to die  
You might hate it, but you can't deny  
See, everything that I've been doing got me lookin' like a mastermind  
It's so vain, but I vandalize that I do what you fantasizin'  
Took a vision of my dreams  
And then found a better way that I can make it  
I've been looking, think I'm really 'bout to maximize it (Ugh!)  
There's bullets formed in my mind, they come out my mouth and (Pow, pow, pow )  
For anyone out there doubting or acting mouthy (Watch, watch, watch)  
Forget what you heard about me, I've been astounding (Got, got, got)  
Something for you thinking you might run circles 'round me  
Yeah, ain't this all I ever wanted?  
That's a fact, no, that's a lie, no  
I'm confused, yeah, I got problems  
What's the use? Yeah, let's be honest  
Screws are loose, I need 'em tightened  
Not amused, yeah, look what I did  
Brought you something, hope you like it  
So precise, the flow the nicest  
So productive, stop your whining  
Back in style like I was vinyl  
I make songs and they go viral  
Something's off if I go idle  
"Been so long," yeah, okay, I know  
Take your shoes off, you're in my home  
You got fans, but not like I do, yeah (I do, I do)  
Thankful, I try to be, can't contain what's inside of me  
They don't like this side of me 'cause I lack in compliancy  
I question what I can see if you're not playing my CD  
No expiring, I'll decide when I think it's my time to leave (Woo)  
Yeah, 'cause they won't retire me, it inspires me to be inspiring

When I'm low I feel like I'm spiraling  
Pushin' forward, look, I can't ignore it  
There ain't no I in team, but drop the T and A  
Sometimes, if I'm bein' honest, feels like it's only me  
No defeat, notably, better have it right if you're quoting me  
Write my name on your hit list, it might be the last time you wrote somethin' g  
Rip that cocky smile right off your face for thinking you're close to me  
Grab a can of gasoline, light it all over your self-esteem  
Selfishly watching y'all helplessly pretend you're on my planet  
Shoot you out of the sky like you're punchlines, you are not landin'  
Gun jammin', reach in your mouth and rip out your tongue after tongue  
Lashings, I hand 'em out like pamphlets in church, Pastor  
Show up to my funeral wearin' all black, and what's happenin'?  
I look around and wonder, "Where my fans at?"  
Oh Lord, they know me so well, they know I'm not in that casket  
Trash bag is probably buried somewhere full of my ashes  
My music's superb, playin' with words, play with my nerves  
They gon' have a list of issues long as my shirts  
Very absurd, very disturbed  
Stare at the Earth like, "This is not the place I was birthed"  
I'm generic, you sure?  
Oh, they think I'm very reserved  
'Til I open up on the beat like on my Therapy work  
I don't care what you heard, real scary, carry the verse  
While I'm wearin' my merch, stompin' on your arrogant turf  
Sit back and observe, nah, I like to actually work  
This life's so unpredictable, it just keeps pitching me curves  
I take a swing, I hate the things that make me feel like I'm dirt  
I've patiently been waitin', please, I think it's time for my turn  
My expertise are melodies, they talk to me when I'm hurt  
Just let me be, eventually someday they'll see what I'm worth  
I cross my I's and dot my T's, it makes no sense, but I've learned  
Normal to you is not to me, the outcast finally returns (Returns, returns)