

## With Me

NF

(Ladies and gentlemen  
Welcome to tonight's show  
Next up, we have one of the greatest  
You know who he is  
Hello)

Whoops! I must be losin' it  
They don't make medicine for as  
Sick as my music is  
Got no time for foolishness  
Who do you think you're foolin' with  
I been doin' this ever since I really knew what music was  
My music's a  
Well, how should I describe it?  
I take a rhyme then I make it shine  
In your face like a diamond  
I'm in a position in which I shed light 'til it blind ya  
Comes a time when your life  
This show your dream look  
Look what the time is  
Why is everytime somebody's bein' themselves  
Somethin' comes along  
Like TV says to be someone else  
Just bein' myself  
Oh Nathan, look what you've done  
Got no weapons or guns  
Shoot, I'm probably white as they come  
Got you on the run  
Yes, I guess I'm out of my mind  
Only time I've ever murdered  
Is when I'm writin' these rhymes  
God's what I'm on  
I ain't smokin' dope to get famous  
One of the greatest  
Like fifty cents, you can love it or hate it

Yeah yeah  
I got the Lord with me  
Yeah yeah  
I got the Lord with me  
I got the Lord with me  
This ain't a game to me  
Put your hands up if you feel the same as me

911, what's your emergency?  
Some white boy with a microphone just lyrically murdered me  
We've had that call six times this weeks  
And we still can't find him yet  
So you're gonna have to find a hole  
And probably just climb in it  
His rhymin' is so ballistic  
It's hard for us to track him  
And we're so far behind  
I don't think we're gonna catch him  
He's got that Jesus in his music  
Which to us is crazy  
Cause he ain't gonna make no money

Talkin' about that Jesus baby  
Maybe  
I'm back like you ain't never seen me  
Grabbin' a mic make this look so easy  
Chessy rappers are runnin' around  
Talkin' about they're wearin' a crown  
I'm wearin' them down  
Don't believe me? Fine  
That white boy that should be signed  
Above your mind  
With every single lyric  
Every single rhyme  
Some people look at you  
And think you're just a joke or nothin'  
Some people see me probably think  
That boy is smokin' somethin'  
I ain't smokin'  
I'm just out of control  
Here we go  
Q-Quit pretendin' you don't already know

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When I come through  
I'mma get you movin' back  
Better than ever baby  
You know how I do it  
Christ in the music  
Yeah, that's me  
Quit waitin' for me to change  
That's how it's gonna be  
Ain't about the money  
I would rather have my family close  
Sounds sweet little somethin' like candy  
Yeah  
And that's the way I roll  
Like Lecrae said  
"You either go hard or go home"  
I ain't playin' with ya  
Spit it like a preacher  
Welcome to the show boy  
I'mma special feature  
Moment of slow stuff  
Comin' out your speakers  
I make you go crazy  
Go crazy  
Let me see you move  
Yeah yeah...  
Let me see you move  
Let me see you move

Yeah yeah  
I got the Lord with me  
Yeah yeah  
I got the Lord with me  
I got the Lord with me  
This ain't a game to me

Put your hands up if you feel the same as me