

Look, since the day that I opened your ears
I know that it's weird, it feels like you've known me for years
When all I had was my songs, I was hoping you'd hear
Then you became a fan then I feel like I owe you a beer
So when you at my shows, I throw you a cheers
Couple of meet and greets and take a peek and hope I appear
And it's hard when you close to the fear that
The more that you're near that, the less it's sincere
And I know, I know, I know it's all part of my career
To be a star on the track and the final frontier
Don't gotta ask for a thing, people just volunteer
In return for some daft and they call it our square
But it's hard when I'm chilling, trying to talk to my peers
And my friends and people just interfere
Like where's your backpack? When you getting on Gears?
I love the love but I hope that I'm making it clear

'Cause it's hard in a room full of people I don't know
And every single one feeling just like me
And sometimes it's cool 'cause they just might be
But really knowing me is so unlikely, you ain't familiar, you ain't familiar
You ain't familiar, it's difficult when all the people that feel ya
Just don't look familiar, I'm so unfamiliar

Girls backstage, hanging out, my crew cool so they safe as sound
As they wait it out for the minute I finish and then I take a bow
The ho agent daydreaming of us making out
I get off stage and Sez tells me to take a towel
I can't, now I'm taking pictures while my face is drowned
And it's the best feeling when they say X is killing them shows
It's excellent to know that they mess with it but niggas be on that extra sh
it
Asking if the girl I'm sitting next to is who I'm messing with
When people call me by my real name, they don't know me from 21 Jump Street
It just feel strange, I'll never change, please mark my words
The dressing room will never re-
do "not disturb", I will never tell you to curve
I just want you to observe the fact that I'm reserved

I will shake every hand, make every fan feel like they the man
'Cause they gave me a chance, may who I am as they hang from the stands
Screaming Vizzy, Vizzy, Vizzy is my favorite jam
And blowing up was always part of the plan
So it shouldn't be strange that all this began
Sawed up the Earth, heart of the land, that's all I tried to be in the end
But everything I'm not made me all that I am
Everything I never got is all in my hands
Trying to blow up out the pot, not a flash in the pan
So I holla when I can, I hope you understand
When I can't re-tweet every tweet, reply to every demand
My clone hasn't got here, I'll tell you when it lands
Until then, it's Flyboy Club so fuck the wagon, join the band