

NF, Motto

could write a record full of radio songs
Do a bunch of features that my label would love
Do a bunch of features that I don't even like-
Just to build up the hype, yeah
I could sell my house and move out to LA
Get inside of rooms with the biggest of names
Hire fifty people just to give me advice on the way I should write
Oh God!
Yeah, sounds like a nightmare, if you ask me
Yeah, went from my bedroom to the big leagues
You know how many times that I was told things-
Wouldn't work, but worked out, having cold feet
Didn't keep me from success, but delayed it some
I used to be the guy who'd kill to get a number one
I had to hear "that song's a hit!" before I thought it was
But nowadays I don't really give a— (What?!)

Oh God! (Yeah)
Might catch me at the award show-
Eatin' popcorn in the back row
Catchin' Zs with my hat low
No nominations, but it's cool though
Oh God
You might see me in the same clothes-
I had on last week, am I ashamed? No
Yeah, you heard the sayin'
"If it ain't broke, don't fix it", that's my motto

Yeah, I miss buyin' CDs at the store
And thumbin' through the cases tryin' to make a choice
Yeah, that don't make no sense to you? Well of course
See, one man's inconvenience is another's joy
Wow, wow, how are you unemployed?
Telling me to get a life, you should look at yours
Yup, congratulations, you can raise your voice
Hope you break both of your legs fallin' off your horse
(Oh, snap) This is the industry
Where it ain't how big you are, it's how big you seem
Where people sacrifice the art tryna chase a dream
Then they wonder why they music's lackin' creativity
Oh, yeah, would've gave anything
To be respected by the artist I was listening-
To, but not no more, them days are history
Skip the red carpet, you lookin' for me?

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Got my feet propped up
Leave my shirts untucked
I'm the boss, so what?
I do what I want
Oh God
You got the trophy, that's great
I'm happy for you, no hate
Still got a smile on my face

Chillin' in the back like "Ayy"

Oh God!

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(Woah-oh)

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(Woah-oh)