

# NF, The Search

[Verse]

Hey Nate, how's life?  
I don't know, it's alright  
I've been dealin' with some things like every human being  
And really didn't sleep much last night (Last night)  
I'm sorry, that's fine  
I just think I need a little me time  
I just think I need a little free time  
Little break from the shows and the bus rides (Bus rides), yeah  
Last year I had a breakdown  
Thoughts tellin' me I'm lost, gettin' too loud  
Had to see a therapist, then I found out  
Somethin' funny's goin' on up in my house  
Yeah, started thinkin' maybe I should move out  
You know, pack my cart, take a new route  
Clean up my yard, get the noose out  
Hang up my heart, let it air out (Air out)  
I've been searchin'  
What does that mean, Nate? I've been learning  
Grabbin' my keepsakes, leavin' my burdens  
Well, I brought a few with me, I'm not perfect  
Lookin' at the view like this concerns me  
Pickin' up the cues, right? I'm quite nervous  
Hate it when I lose sight, life gets blurry  
And things might hurt me  
It's prolly gonna be a long journey, but hey! (But hey!)  
It's worth it though  
Cold world out there, kids, grab your coats  
Been a minute, I know, now I'm back to roam  
Lookin' for the antidote to crack the code  
Pretty vivid; I admit it, I'm in classic mode  
Don't need pity given to me but I can't condone  
Talkin' down to me, I'ma have to crack your nose  
For crackin' jokes  
I'm lookin' for the map to hope, you seen it? (You seen it?)  
Been makin' a whole lot of changes  
Wrote a song about that, you should play it  
I get scared when I walk on these stages  
I look at the crowd and see so many faces, yeah  
That's when I start to get anxious  
That's when my thoughts can be dangerous  
That's when I put on my makeup and drown in self-hatred  
Forget what I'm saying, and  
Where'd the beat go?  
Oh, ain't that somethin'?  
Drums came in, you ain't see that comin'  
Hands on my head, can't tell me nothin'  
Got a taste of the fame, had to pump my stomach  
Throw it back up like I don't want it  
Wipe my face, clean off my vomit  
OCD, tryna push my buttons  
I said don't touch it, now y'all done it  
I can be critical, never typical  
Intricate with every syllable, I'm a criminal  
Intimate, but never political, pretty visual  
Even if you hate it, I'll make it feel like you're in it though  
You call me what you wanna, but never call me forgettable  
Leave you deep in thought, I could never swim in the kiddie pool  
Way that I been thinkin' is cinematic, it's beautiful  
Man, I don't know if I'm makin' movies or music videos (Videos, videos)  
Yeah, the sales can rise  
Doesn't mean much though when your health declines  
See, we've all got somethin' that we trapped inside  
That we try to suffocate, you know, hopin' it dies

Try to hold it underwater but it always survives  
Then it comes up out of nowhere like an evil surprise  
Then it hovers over you to tell you millions of lies  
You don't relate to that? Must not be as crazy as I am  
The point I'm makin' is the mind is a powerful place  
And what you feed it can affect you in a powerful way  
It's pretty cool, right? Yeah, but it's not always safe  
Just hang with me, this'll only take a moment, okay?  
Just think about it for a second, if you look at your face  
Every day when you get up and think you'll never be great  
You'll never be great—not because you're not, but the hate  
Will always find a way to cut you up and murder your faith (Woo!)  
I am developin', take a look at the benefits  
Nothin' to meddle with, I can never be delicate  
Am I even relevant? That depends how you measure it  
Take a measurement, then bag it up and give me the evidence  
It's pretty evident; dependable can never be tentative  
I'm a gentleman, depending on if I think you're genuine  
Pretty elegant but not afraid to tell you to get a grip  
Proper etiquette, I keep it to myself when I celebrate, ah! (Ah!)  
It's that time again  
Better grab your balloons and invite your friends  
Seatbelts back on, yeah, strap 'em in  
Look at me, everybody, I'm smilin' big  
On a road right now that I can't predict  
Tell me "Tone that down," but I can't resist  
Y'all know that sound, better raise your fist  
The search begins, I'm back, so enjoy the trip, huh (Huh, huh)