

Hope ... Yeah, I'm on my way, I'm coming. Don't, don't lose faith in me.
I know you've been waitin'. I know you've been prayin' for my soul. Hope, hope ...

Thirty years you been draggin' your feet, tellin' me I'm the reason we're stagnant.
Thirty years you've been claiming you're honest, and promising progress, well, where's it at?
I don't want you to feel like a failure. I know this hurts.
But I gave you your chance to deliver, now it's my turn.

Don't get me wrong, Nate, you've had a great run, but it's time to give the people somethin' different.
So without further ado, I'd like to introduce my - my album (my album, my album, my album, ...) – hope.

What's my definition of success (of success)? Listening to what your heart says (your heart says).
Standing up for what you know is (is) right, while everybody else is (is)
Tucking their tail between their legs (okay).

What's my definition of success (of success)? Creating something no one else can (else can).
Being brave enough to dream big (big), grindin' when you're told to just quit (quit).
Giving more when you got nothin' left (left).

It's a person that'll take a chance on something they were told could never happen.
It's a person that can see the bright side through the dark times when there ain't one.
It's when someone who ain't never had nothin' ain't afraid to walk away from more profit,
'Cause they'd rather do somethin' that they really love and take the pay cut.

It's a person that would never waver or change who they are
Just to try and gain some credibility so they could feel accepted by a stranger.
It's a person that can take the failures in their life and turn them into motivation.
It's believing in yourself when no one else does, it's amazing –

What a little bit of faith can do, if you don't even believe in you.
Why would you think or expect anybody else that's around you to?
I done did things that I regret. I done said things I can't take back.
Was a lost soul at a crossroad who had no hope but I changed that.

I spent years of my life holdin' on to things I never should've kept, full of hatred.
Years of my life carryin' a lot of baggage that I should've walked away from.
Years of my life wishin' I was someone different, lookin' for some validation.
Years of my life tryna fill the void, pretending I was in - they get it.

Insidious is blind inception. What's reality with all these questions?
Feels like I missed my alarm and slept in, slept in.
Broken legs, but I chase perfection. These walls are my blank expression.
My mind is a home I'm trapped in, and it's lonely inside this.

Growing pain's a necessary evil, difficult to go through, yes, but beneficial.
Some would say having a mental breakdown is a negative thing, which on one hand, I agree with.
On the other hand, it was the push I needed to get help and start the healing process, see,
If I'd have never hit rock bottom would I be the person that I am today? I don't believe so.

I'm a prime example of what happens when you choose to not accept defeat and face your demons.
Took me thirty years to realize that if you want to get the opportunity to be the greatest version of yourself,
Sometimes you got to be someone you're not to hear the voice of reason.
Having kids will make you really take a step back and look in the mirror, at least for me that's what it did. I
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I wake up every day and pick my son up, hold him in my arms, and let him know he's loved (loved).
Standing by the window questioning if dad is ever going to show up (up)
Isn't something he's gon' have to worry about.
Don't get it twisted, that wasn't a shot. Mama, I forgive you,
I just don't want him to grow up thinkin' that he'll never be enough.

Thirty years of running, thirty years of searching.
Thirty years of hurting, thirty years of pain.
Thirty years of fearful, thirty years of anger.
Thirty years of empty, thirty years of shame.

Thirty years of broken, thirty years of anguish.
Thirty years of hopeless, thirty years of (hey).
Thirty years of never, thirty years of maybe.
Thirty years of later, thirty years of fake

Thirty years of hollow, thirty years of sorrow.
Thirty years of darkness, thirty years of (Nate).
Thirty years of baggage, thirty years of sadness.
Thirty years of stagnant, thirty years of chains.

Thirty years of anxious, thirty years of suffering.
Thirty years of torment, thirty years of (wait).
Thirty years of bitter, thirty years of lonely.
Thirty years of pushing everyone away.

(You'll never evolve) – I know I can change!
(We are not enough) – We are not the same!
(You don't have the heart) – You don't have the strength!
(You don't have the will) – You don't have the faith!

(You'll never be loved.) – You'll never be safe!
(Might as well give up.) – Not running away!
(You don't have the guts) – You're the one afraid!
(I'm the one in charge) – I'm taking the – (no)
I'm taking the – reins.