

**XV****"Familiar"**

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[Verse 1: XV]

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

[Hook]

'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

[Verse 2: XV]

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 n\*ggas  
be on that extra shit  
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

[Hook]

[Verse 3: XV]

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 f\*ck the wagon, join the  
band

[Hook]

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