

OMG

Russ Millions

She thinks I'm cute, she said I'm lit
Too many birds, which one do I pick?
OMG, that bird is fit
Explicit, wanna squeeze her tits
Hypnotised when she use those hips
Mind how you use those lips
Foreign cars, only buss-down whips
When I'm in public, fans ask for a pic

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Don't figit 'cause you might get hit
Big digits in my bank, oh shit
Can't stop this, got hit after hit
Buss-down watch, take a look at my wrist
Bird get lif' up, tummy get dig up ridin' this
Bouncin' like Tigger
Ridin' out, fingers on triggers
Don't need niggas, just need more figures
Man can't talk about Russ, madman
Don't you know skengs get buss, bang, bang
East Central, where the darkies gangland
March on your block like an army
Chatterbox, way too talky
Minimum eight racks if I'm in parties
Russ got dick for you auntie
Badgyal movin' all naughty

This one's way too big, I can't hide it in Amiri jeans
If I crash this wap, I can bet ten bags that I clear the scene
Everyone's gone, yeah, everyone leave
Hold this arm, she's takin' this D
If somethin' gets dropped, carry on this beef
Can't fuck with a thug cah your man is a neek

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Six figures, rich drillers
We ain't goin' out like dem man
Up in the charts like I'm up in the A
And I still run from the fed van
Bad B's here are the 60's kweng man
Now they wanna step with a skengman
Eighteen K's, AP's and Rollies
Brodie, all of them love how my dreads hang
All of them know who we are
Do it no-face like Sia
No I ain't talkin' public relations when that boy step with the PR
And I don't trust no Keisha or Becky
I'm coolin' with brownskin, Aaliyah
Mind she don't get amnesia when I tell her hold the shisha

Gun lean but nothin' like Russ
Load it, lif' it and buss
Still take it there, still slide back through
Still doin' In Skengs We Trust
Two of dem boy turn packs
Mixed them spliffs with cookie and runtz
Sweet one talkin' 'bout "bae" but she know a man don't like cuffs

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Big racks, big waps, all of that