

90s Babies

Russ

All ya'll turning up, all ya'll getting fly
All ya'll having sex, looking for girls who ride
I don't really see me in you mothafuckers
So I'm not gonna be any of these mothafuckers

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From Atlanta but not by the sounds of it
We some dogs, we got some kush, blow a pound of it
Speaking of counting shit, the money's loooong overdue
Speaking of ex bitches, I'm loooong over you
Money hittin my account, they was hittin up my phone
Hit them all to buy a purse for my mom I'm feeling love
I blew past all you losers standing looking like dummies
I turned up, got my little sister looking like money (ya'll got this
game fucked up!)

90s baby, baby grew up watching television
But I had a vision now I'm on the television
I smoke hella weed, but I'm high with a purpose
Singing like gospel churches
All night laying verses
I tell her to believe, believe in something higher
All she tell me back, I'm preaching to the choir
And we goin' burn one, till we both numb (till we both numb)

When you wake up smelling like roses, let me taste your flower
I'm gonna garden all yo seeds, make the sunlight in you shower
Hit the blunt one time it's sour
Got some hours I owe the government
For fucking with some broken ass girls who need their mother
It's crazy how you justify bullshit as your day to day
Hindering yourself because your disposition? MAKE A WAY
Even with those crutches you can limp across the finish line
(Limp across the finish line...)

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