

Blue Chip

Russ

Yeah, I just hit the joint before I wrote this
Record label rebel remember openin' at Omens
Always saw the whole shit, always futuristic
2018, I made the Forbes Cash Kings list
The wave of depression and anxiety for Christmas
But I can never drown, I rose, Kate Winslet
Gassed up, took a quick trip to my hometown
Girls that were curvin' me turned into my hoes now
Beat straight from Motown, shoutout Mr. Porter
B-Dot and everybody, get your list in order
This the album of the year by a long shot
Barkin' got your dog dropped
Please don't tamper with my bucks, Mike Alstott
I don't care what y'all got, bitch, this is my shit
You ain't 'bout to act like a baby in my crib
I wasn't invited, so I through my own party
Didn't let me join, so I got my own army
I spoke harshly, once or twice, boo-hoo, bitch
Didn't matter still went from, "Who?" to, "Who's who?" Bitch
Fuck a blue check, I'm a blue chip, reliable stock
I reached the end of my rope and I started tyin' the knot
And held on, Delle Donne, my game's ill
Lime with tequila or the heat to this J Will
Make skills appear like Magic, pass it
Always been a king, I'ma share it if I have it
I should wear my numbers on my chest like a nickname
Tryna make the paper flip, I only play Squid Games
New York Knicks fame so she deep throat
You're my D-Rose, then her knees broke, I'm the G.O
No bullshit (Heh)

I don't take word from a peasant who cheat the job
Never did I full prey to a reverend who preached a God
Never did I horseplay, adolescence'll leave a scar
Some people lost faith, had the presence to beat the odds
So many obstacles and hurdles for me to dodge
Put your face on a tee then ask, "Can I see a large?"
I'm passionately involved, I hope to free us all
But nothin' can cost more than somethin' that's free of charge
They know that we at large, eatin' shrimps in a lear
Can barely see the gods, get a glimpse of the glare
You attempt to be fair, put that wimp in arrear
Never cared what they think, never think that they cared
Don't need another felony but you gon' need therapy
When a couple shots make you shrink in that chair
Two drinks of that rare, can see no Azul
Me and my dude Russ lose what?
We got your advance spillin' out two cups
Pool putt, you ain't move up, get chewed up
Shoot what? The scoreboard broke, nigga, we two up
Woah Ran, slow down brother, they don't know Ran
You like a Black Panther blarin' outta them Bulls, man
Oh and, gun and my Lindsay, the Lohan
No scam, nothin' like Quincy, a slow jam
Program went from a ten-speed to a Broham
You don't owe Ran? That's big cap like the old Cam'
Yeah, catch my wind like a monsoon

Cookin' verses, shoot it up from a large spoon
Sharks loom, better get scuba gear and a harpoon
Or nigga, you can get chomped too