

## Congrats Freestyle

Russ

Yeah, the more beef than the less bread  
Uh, quiet women give the best head  
Rappers doin' dope, went from trying to be like Hov'  
Now they'd rather rock and roll and be like Led Zepp'  
Linsanity the way I shocked the game  
Momma hoppin' out the Bentley, sister hoppin' out the Range  
Stop the blame for my entourage, just stop droppin' names  
And you gon' stop getting dropped and mollywhopped by the gang  
Do your thang, just keep me out of it  
My money does gymnastics, man, I'm tryna make some houses flip  
The sound of shit hittin' the fan turns me on  
'Cause I just been addicted to chaos since early on  
I've surely gone off the ledge a couple times by now  
Pandemic hit, rappers sellin' sex right now  
I don't gangbang, but trust me, bro, I'm set right now  
Real bosses don't need to chase a check right now  
It's for the best right now, you go broke so you can wake up  
You struggling, your labelhead is somewhere in Jamaica  
Eatin' jerk chicken, drinking Appleton rum  
Fix your mind state, that's when all the capital comes  
Fake titties feel like rocks, I like the natural ones  
I like a girl who gives me head without me asking for some  
Way to step up to the plate and take initiative  
Peace of mind, the only thing that's on my Christmas list  
Business is boomin', Ruben, I ain't stutter  
My career ain't reach its climax yet, I ain't Usher  
I'm not your brother 'cause we took a pic  
You must be higher than when Snoop handed me kush to hit  
Shush a bitch swiftly, shh, it's me  
I could teach you how to be a player, Chris Brickley  
Pick me ass bitches on the timeline making Alfredo  
Posting quotes they don't live by, thinking they Plato  
Y'all ain't foolin' anyone except the dumb ones  
Whole game is Wayne, Drake, Future, Young Thug sons  
I just skipped customs 'cause I took a jet  
I'ma eat forever, I took equity, you took a check  
Short term dough, not lookin' past your nose  
Lotta y'all don't listen to Nipsey and it shows  
You get around a bad bitch, you quick to make a post  
I can tell you didn't get pussy when you were broke  
Me, I keep it on the low 'cause the mystique is player  
I don't care about the hate shit, I was sixteen with haters  
Tryna diss me for paper, end up backfiring  
We gon' take your diamonds, make your eyes look like sapphires  
But I'm tryna chill on the violence  
Well connected, pressin' rappers at wireless  
Why you tryna fight me? You should try to fight your stylist and management  
I can't argue with people who think it's fly to buy the mannequin  
Low taste, don't talk to me  
Fuck a Uber, bitch, walk to me, show me that you want it  
Yeah, I brag about tickets, plaques and ownership, sue me  
Y'all brag about Moncler and Gucci on your body  
So how come I'm the only one who gets called cocky?  
As if rap isn't braggadocios  
At least what I brag about can get you bags  
Instead of handin' over cash to someone racist who just uses y'all for black  
promotion (Damn)

Way to stick it to the man  
You really showed him by putting cash in his hand  
Walked out the store then you post him on the 'Gram  
Now your fans are his fans

The cycle repeats, congrats, stupid