

Enjoy The View

Russ

Yeah

My voice a lil' raspy but

It's all good, let's get it (Bink!)

Yeah

'Kay, I'm up 'til noon, strategizin' and overthinkin'

Dancin' with my doubt, agitated, I know the rhythm

I know I'm trippin' 'cause I'm not trippin'

This is not the last dance, this is bullshit I'm not Scott Pippen

I'm that kid from Carolina

Then I moved to North Atlanta, where I planned to verify my

Visions, of me, sittin' lovely

Bitches, love me, rich and, comfy

When I say, "Rich", I mean quality of my soul

I got it, solid, like the quality of my gold

Grab a leaf gettin' rolled, delusions my second home

Fuck a metronome, dancin' in La-La Land, Emma Stone

I set the tone for DIY, Jim Jones, we fly high

Ballin' when I'm fallin' though my fake nose could my eyes

I see my prize in the present moment (Present moment)

But my ambition rarely lets me hold it

Ain't sense emotion, I can't help it, well I probably can

Am I a man that younger me would love? I probably am

I got these hands, elbows and knees, legs and my feet

Training three days a week for rappers who think it's sweet

You'll get beat, fuck the drama, knock a thespian out cold

Plus it's always straps around like lesbian households

Gotta get out the house more, it's love in real life

Couped up for too long, forget what the fuck it feels like

I feel like it's all waves, just gotta maintain perspective

When you're up, appreciate in the game can change in seconds

That goes for when you're down too, so relax, these tracks

Are guides to find your treasures, this ain't songs, dawg, these maps

Be fast, and you just join the scenery, slick that

Drive slow, just enjoy the scenery instead (Shit, real shit)

I've been goin' hard lately

I've been seein' stars lately

But I'm holdin' on (Holdin' on)

Yeah I'm holdin' on

At least I'm holdin' on, at least I'm goin' strong

Ain't no other choice I've got

Just enjoy the view

Tryna just enjoy the view

Watch how they tweak off the watches-es out the faucet

Grown men supposed to be manly but ridin' sausage

Paper chasin', swollen ankles, I'm exhausted

Like busy streets, they never sleep, you shouldn't have crossed us

Off-White, locked four fevers, we call it Slauson

Everything red to the socks like we in Boston

Caution, I'm one of the illest, I'm feelin' nauseous

Calculate the earnings, how we lost it on this dog shit?

The circle are slimey and we all bosses

Racially profiled in the 'Ghini like I ain't bought it

Don't hit my line about your deck 'cause I ain't got it like

I ain't got the patience to sit at a city college, yeah

Relationship with the trenches is very toxic
They told me let it go but that ain't logic, nah, that's nonsense
I feel like I'm adopted, I was raised by 'em
Many principles that supplied, I was saved by 'em
When Boog' got shot, I never left his side, I stayed by him
Starin' out the window like livin' ain't all that simple, yeah
Smile now, cry later, you see the dimples
Positions I fulfilled for the people makes me official
And I can't help but feel for the people locked in them kennels
High rise views from a cell, it fuck your mental
This white zombie I'm smokin' F'd up the rental
Ain't discussed much with Russ, said, "Send me the instrumental"
Let me bite down, no better time than right now
Pressure bussin' pipes, when I take flight, I bet they pipe down
It's legends that's still livin' but their catalog has died out
Ain't no disrespect with much respect, it's time to sign out
Fourth quarter, no time out, 'member I ain't make the tryouts
Independent route, it ain't no deal I had to buy out
All the opposition's hidin' out, yeah
Ayy, let this motherfucker ride out, yeah

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