

Jungle

Russ

Hahaha, yeah
Yeah, okay

Yeah, okay
There's pussy on my cellular
Money on my mind
Music on my heart
Full of art, make me shine
I got know how's to flows now
And I'ma get my wish so
Fuck the clouds you bringing through
You can't rain on my window
I'm ashamed you'd even try
My armor's full of bullet holes
And honestly I'm getting sick and tired of always pulling hoes
'Cause everyone's the same
It starts out with a feeling
Then that feeling won't remain
After I'm done with the brain so
Where's my cup? Fill it up
I'm drinking to alleviate
Please don't try to mediate
Hugging curbs keeps me straight
I'm looking for some weed to bake
A beat to make so back up
Running through this jungle making rumbles, fucking tracks up

I'm feeling like it's lights out right now
Everybody pipe down
Hands to the sky if you living for the right now
Right now, right now
Hands to the sky, put your hands in the sky

Yeah
I do it for my brother, for my family, for my team
I do it like no other, I see Grammy's in my dream
So everything between is living life until it happens
Postpone the moment but I own it when it happens
Chosen as the captain, I know where the church is at
Hope is on my back you don't have to pressure that
I'ma bring the better map, God is all aboard too
Faith in my fate makes me great when I forge through
I missed the blow up, I'ma grow up to a king though
Trying on the the crown and looking down will help drink slow
So while this brown gets in me this crowd will get me
I don't have to specify, I set aside the envy
And keep moving on through the storm
Fuck the rain, fuck the norm
I don't give a fuck no more
Got some blunts inside the dorm
That's how I used to wake up, then I had to wake up
Change the scenery, I still got greenery to faze out motherf**kers

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Everybody pipe down
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Right now, right now

Hands to the sky, put your hands in the sky

Yeah

I can't lose it all tonight

It don't make difference 'cause tomorrow I'm gone get it

Watch me speak into existence

'Cause I'm a rookie with the talent of a veteran

Double-shift my craft, meaning Russ put the effort in

And yeah I'm better than everyone you listening to

This is from the heart, this art that I'm giving you

So grab your notebook, watch me sing this dope hook

(Big money, big money, big money)

I'm a don with the medallion, an Italian motherfucker

Making boss moves, it's in my blood, it's how a boss moves

So when I talk rude, smoke blunts, walk smooth

It's because I live it up, don't give a fuck if y'all do

And yeah I got proof that I'm gonna stop you

G-Shock the world, I don't really need to watch you

Pinnacle flows, minimal lows, winnable goals, syllable shows

My pivotal role is more than making beats

'Cause when I spit it blow

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