

Keep My Wits

Russ

I keep my wits 'bout me
Especially right now, I got a rich bounty
I can tell that you don't give a shit 'bout me
I keep the same people that's been 'round me
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I can tell that you don't give a shit 'bout me
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Yeah, a lot's changed but I'm still the same me
I'd still rather make a song than go to KOD
I'm still a boss, I make everyone wait on me
I'm still tellin' mom and dad to put the weight on me, I got it
But according to the haters, they're a cheat code
But if they were rich, then why'd the cars get repo'd
Fuck the rappers who pretend to be amigos
But want to see me finito like Pacino and Carlito
Plus these women want exploitable dick
I can't let the pussy drive me off avoidable cliffs
I been there, done that
Got the T-shirt and burned it
I studied for this shit, I did the research and learned it
Everything I'm getting right now, I deserve it
Everything that's bottled up is coming to the surface
I can look and see that the world is malnourished
They're hungry for some real shit, and bitch I'm about to serve it

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Yeah, every week when the stats come in
All these bass and recorders turn to plaques and M's
I had to devise a plan for us to get high standards
I like wire transfers and [?] dancers, yeah
Gettin' on was hard, stayin' on is strenuous
Paranoid, I'm thinkin' everyone's disingenuous
Shots from the outside keep gettin' sent to us
We don't give a fuck about cliquein' up, y'all ain't friends to us
This is not pretend to us, this is non-fiction
I been makin' beats since y'all were bumpin' Sean Kingston
Never gave a fuck about my high school test score
Just bought a mansion and my high school's next door
Wave to the principal, wave to the teachers
I ran on the field, haters stayed in the bleachers
Now my show's louder than the football game
Now I'm goin' apeshit, I'm on my Jane Goodall wave

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I'm tryna clear my head more, I know that I don't sleep enough
I should call my dad more, I know that we don't speak enough
Adjustin' to the fame, sometimes he's not discreet enough
I'm tryna run the game, I hope me will be enough
But fuck y'all
Most of y'all talkin' ain't got the balls to do what I do
Don't worry about me, all my homies want to fight you
Power's omnipresent, I'm the stranger right beside you
The universe sees everything, trust me, it'll find you
Path to the billions in the road that I'm walkin' on
Rappers playin' dress-up, the game looks like Comic-Con
Y'all ain't sayin' shit, na na na, na na na
I'm Badu with the hits, on and on, on and on
Bet your girl's car got Russ in the system
You don't feel yourself unless there's drugs in your system
I'ma be 80 makin' hits, I'm not lyin'
I see a lot of people get rich and stop tryin'

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