

Keep On Goin

Russ

Fuck, yeah, I guess I...

I guess I could stop, a lot of people would probably stop

But I love this too much, man

I got too much I'm trying to do

From the morning I wake up

I start packing all my stuff

Tell the homies, tell the family

I gotta keep on going

From the morning I wake up

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Tell the homies, tell the family

I gotta keep on going

I don't know what day it is

I don't know what month it is

I can't love a girl because I'm way too much in love with this

Different states, different countries

Crossing different continents

Self-beliefs my diving board

I'm swimming in accomplishments

Haven't slept since '06

Main focus is stay focused

Santorini wine tasting plus I'm off Amalfi coasting

And took my mom with me because without her there'd be none of this

I think she'd agree, she probably needs a brand new bucket list

Eating off my dreams, I'm my personal chef

Seven women in one night, that's just my personal best

Sent 110 to the family, sent 15 to my homies so I don't feel bad about my chain on my Rollie though

Approach you with assumptions, I promise that you know nothing

My family legs got cut off from my bank account, keeps on jumping

So I, keep on going

This bigger than me, that's just the day one ambition in me

Real one, yeah

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Yeah, niggas saying all my bars high

They can't follow mine, tryna chase me like a jaw line

Shine like a gold mine so my bottom line grow four times in a week

Got a gold mind and it's go time, I got no time for the weak

This week been show time after show time, still finding my peak

Don't know what day it is, now, don't know what month it is

Trying to hold my girl down, I'm sure I love her more than this

"Now, Bassy why you always missing?"

"Bassy, baby on a mission"

So we gon' love cause haters rampant

Put that cancer on remission

Listen, followed my passion that led me to purpose

Took me so long just to find out my worth
I went from knee deep to beneath the surface, beneath the surface (beneath the hat)
Living above my lows, I'm living above my lows
The show sell out, but the boy won't
And God got us, these hoes don't
I dropped the hottest shit in '16 and they still sleeping
I'm just finna do that shit again, it's off of everybody head
You ain't gotta give me mine, nah nigga, pay me every fuckin' cent
I'ma let the squad handle all the rest and God gon' handle whatever left
And...

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I gotta keep on going

I keep on going, keep on going, keep on going, keep on going, keep on going
I keep on going, keep on going, keep on going, keep on going, keep on going