

Line Em Up

Russ

Operation touch a b
I heard that money comes in waves they say I drowned at 23
And I've been drowning ever since
I might need counseling for this shit
Because I climbed the mountain fast and all I found was just a cliff
The lesson there
Is getting there is way more fun than getting there
But here we are compliantly got INC's in Delaware
Dodged a couple Guinevere's
Thank God I got no Lancelot's
I'm a king I'm well aware
Of who's inside my Camelot
Couple women tryna bunk with me like threes a company
Yalls crazy ass might be my shot of don but not my cup of tea
Once a week I lose my cool I'm probably downplaying
Gettin head in my trailer before I headline got the crowd waiting
My fault that's just how I do sometimes I'm reckless
My fault that's just how they do it down in Texas
To the people I gave love to
Who turned around told me fuck you
If you don't heal what hurt you
You'll bleed on someone who ain't cut you
Wise words my momma sent
Why you think I'm single still
Ain't met a chick as solid yet
I paid my sisters college debt
I'm just out here being chosen
Doors of opportunity keep creaking open
Lotta women claiming I'm they boyfriend like they B Simone
When really all we shared was just a fleeting moment
Y'all completely broken
Please just leave me alone it's gettin kind of weird

One by one (Yeah), two by two
Line 'em up, line 'em up, line 'em up
One by one, two by two
I'ma knock 'em all down, down

Lord have mercy on my soul, I'm 'bout ship a couple of bricks
Ratchet by the Bible, on the dresser, call a preacher, quick
What we do to get this cake? Foul in every way we think
Lay down anything for food, quicker than the eye can blink
Flow, crazy, yeah, these shorties lickin' coke up off my dick
Fuck the street's a bitch, blasphemous to say this shit
Lord, forgive me, 'cause I know it's crazy that I had these thoughts
Brag stash in the glove compartment
Hand up in the latest Porsche
Of course, and while she gobble me between the jaws
Money on my mind, lust devil bleedin' through my pores
Savage with the way we live, sometimes escaping how we suffer
Spendin' money like we stupid, grindin' 'til it take me under
Keep my eye on every (Woof), cop the latest Maybach Zeppelin
Keep a [?] for the [?] state of the art, greatest weapons
And though we livin' reckless, always try avoidin' dyin'
Cross my heart and hope to live, while I hear my mama cryin'
Mama sittin' and watch her son just grow from such a little angel
Morphe into a creature, she don't recognize at the dinner table

Clueless and she can't explain
How the hell did I become it, nigga with this darkest that do shit and sickn
ess to her stomach
Fuck this shit sittin' on the surface
Mama know my heart is good
I'm ain't tryna save myself, I'm busy tryna save the hood
Yeah, I know that's what they say
Find ourselves in endless trouble
Leavin' youngins on the strip
Slide on couple hefty bundles
Grown-ups tell me that I'm shameful
How I claim I helped the people
Helpful as the ones creatin', Heroine
For a junkies needle in one hand, now the other
Like them niggas talkin' nonsense
Fuckin' pussy, [?] money, livin' foul without a conscience
Sniffin' coke, occasionally
Lace my weed when gettin' blunted
Balance out my mental, give a homeless man a crispy hundred
We had church on Sunday, while I'm out here livin' lies
And feel like the preacher lookin' at me, steadily replyin'

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