

Paranoid

Russ

I've been feelin' paranoid
I've been feelin' paranoid
Every day and everywhere I go
I've been—I've been feelin' paranoid (Yeah, Yeah)
Pistol on my lap while I write this
Never thought I'd have to rap like this
Gotta watch my back I'm strapped like this (Yeah, Yeah)

I ain't gonna lie, every night I got stress
I ain't gonna lie, I've been thinking I'm next
That's why I got a gun to the right and a gun down the hall and a gun to the motherfucking left
That's why I got cameras all over the place
Fame ain't as glamorous as everyone thinks
Lot of people wanna see me gone plus I got a lot of strippers from Atlanta all over my place
Brought a little on myself, oh well
And the joint that I'm smoking don't help
And the letters that I'm getting from the women I'm in bed with
Knew I should have fucked them at the hotel
Instead of havin' them pull up to that house
But like I said I don't like going out
'Cuz the times that we're in
Could have a good kid tryin
Kill me for some likes and some clout

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Thoughts in my head would put most in jail
Fame and the hate really don't mix well
If I get locked up, Milan post my bail
Gotta just chill, but I know myself
Liable to do somethin' nutty
I don't give a fuck if that's your buddy
I need to meditate where it's sunny
And just hum, like Cudi
Just stop for a second, slow down before it gets too late
And I fuck around and drown off the waves that I made
I be ridin' 'round my town and I don't feel safe
Let alone when I'm out, let alone out of state
Everybody strapped up, everybody stressed out
I think my nerves are contagious
I've been tryna play it cool but deep down I be feelin' like YG, bitch stay dangerous

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