

SMALL TALK

Russ

Got me fucked up (Got me fucked up)
Got me fucked up
Got me fucked up (Got me fucked up)
Got me fucked up
Got me fucked up (Got me fucked up)
Got me fucked up, got me fucked up
Got me— Got me— Got me— Got me—

Stop playin' with a boss like that
I don't react well when you talk like that
Put the money on the phone then call right back
I don't really wanna do the small talk like that (Yeah)
Stop playin' with a boss like that
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I don't really wanna do the small talk like that (Yeah)

Run it up, run it up, yeah, that's a motive
But mostly I'm focused
On being the coldest while being the hottest
They say I'm not modest, I say I agree, y'all don't got it, I got it
I'm not sparin' feelings
Y'all want me quiet, bitch, I made millions
I'm 'bout to go riot, see, that's how I really feel
I think you would, too, this reminds me of Wrigley Field
Different team, same game, but it's "Fuck you"
As long as you're on the other side, I don't trust you
You don't love me, bitch, I don't love you
You don't gotta lie, I won't sit around and judge you
One, two, three, four, five six, that's just not enough M's
I got to pay for my whole family's rent and then some

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Please shut the fuck up
If you don't have the deal ready
I don't really want to waste my time
My lawyer told y'all better have ten mill' ready
But it's cool, I ain't trippin', I'm eatin'
Every day of my life it's the weekend
Got my own weed that I'm chiefin'
They be hatin' on me for no reason
Now I'm lyin', guess I gave them a couple along
With the blueprint, I gave them the hustle, boo-hoo-hoo
Y'all should get over it
Promise you I'ma be Hova rich
I ain't put a stop for you, take shit from you
Who the fuck are you? I'm me, bitch
I don't give a fuck what anyone else may be
I bet on me, bitch

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