

Space

Russ

I'ts that west coast, best mode
Ride around and play shit
Dancing on the moon
As soon as I walk out my space ship
I make this
Music for myself
So fuck the fakeness
Either you gon' feel it
Cause you're real or you're gon' hate this
And my statement is my movement
I take it while you lose it
Facilitated dreams inbetween
And the shepard
Converted she put every single record
And my good is always better than your best
So fuck your efforts
I'm a young gun
Gunnin' for your spot motherfucker
I'm the unsung, drumming at the top motherfucker
'til I die still I rise above the evils
Out in California steady lighting up the cheesel
Reme... and chains on the veins in the people
Tryna end the pain in a world of needles
Temptation runs deep when the truth acts feedle [?]
And these beats my candles and my mind is the easle motherfucker

This can't be real this feeling that I feel, yeah
But don't you want it? don't you wanna have it?
Hanging in your face now you finally got to grab it
But I'm just me so how did I get this far? yeah
But don't I want it? don't I wanna have it?
Hanging in my face now I finally got to grab it

Flight light, brights lights on the runway
Rap dream, cash feen
Life on the one way
I sneak around with the devil every sunday
Rassle in these sheets as my beats freed the fodge way [?]
We let the sun raise
Energize the power
Pass a couple blunts then we fuck inside the shower
'til it's time to go
I let my mind at home
I swear the world is always dressed up in designer clothes
But I'ma be a billionaire
Yeah you can quote that
I'm about to blow off my lines call it coke-rap
I make the best beats, but everybody knows that
And I find my way without directions overrode nut [?]
So tell me where hoes at
I feel like acting reckless
I've been addicted in breakfast
We floatin' in that deep blues
See if something precious
And she's trying on her necklace made of diamonds and resentment
God damn...

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Yeah, ok my name stayed the same
But these girls camera frame
From changing the way they call it
I'ma walk it like I talk it
'til the show is over
I'm a fucking alcoholic
'til the show is over
And then I'm leavin' in a bucket
But I push it like a benz
Cause I'm breathing so let's fuck it
'til I get some mo inns
I'ma make a couple hits
Then I hit the dealership
Black car, yellow seats
Ridin' like I steal a bitch
I feel the itch to renovate my life
Seperate the past with the glass full of life
I might be living wrong
But it feels so right
I'm a ticking time bomb
And I'm blowing up tonight
Cause trust me, I've been patient
6 years in the making
Beats everyday since 9th grade in the basement
Got me jaded to my own shit
So I'm just faded tryin' to own shit
Groupies needed two of me
But I don't have a clone, bitch

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