

## SSX Tricky

Russ

Yeah

I been in that mode

Some smooth shit to drive around to, you feel me?

It's me (Come on)

Used to skip classes (Yeah), now we clink glasses (Yeah)

90's baby, my first crush was Trish Stratus (Haha)

Hat backwards, like Ken Griffey (Come on)

Christmas with my cousins in New Jersey, playing SSX Tricky (Yeah)

Mom had a Plymouth (Yeah), Dad had a Saturn (Yeah)

I leave worth on all of my verses, you see the pattern

Gettin' mad burned from wrestling with my fears (Yeah)

Saw this all comin' back when Mom shopped at Sears (I saw it)

Lapped a lot of peers, yeah, I'm showboatin' (I am)

It's been a fight though, let me talk to you like Joe Rogan (Yeah)

This Diesel belt is holdin' up these Jacquemus shorts

She say, "Okay, see you in five", but I'm not Lu Dort

Take the boat from Grand Tremezzo to Belaggio

And order the caprese and carpaccio

I been fighting demons like I'm Tanjiro (Yeah)

Learnin' how to co-exist (Yeah)

You know you got a hit when baddies make a post to it (True)

But you barely drop a song every half a year

Don't you know you get out what you put in just like Vladimir?

My path is clear, I mean at times it gets foggy (Facts)

I just have faith and let God be the X-Factor (Yeah)

The best rapper is subjective, but I know it's me (I know it's me)

Music notes inside the beads of my rosary (That's my religion)

This beat spoke to me and I intend to speak back

Made a promise to myself and I intend to keep that

Used to skip classes (Yeah), now we clink glasses (Yeah)

90's baby, my first crush was Trish Stratus (Haha)

Hat backwards, like Ken Griffey (Come on)

Christmas with my cousins in New Jersey, playing SSX Tricky (Yeah)

Now I'm at Barclays (Yeah)

Cardiac surgeon, I guess following the heart pays (Facts)

Had to part ways with people who weren't good for me

I lost myself I had to look for me (Yeah)

Wrestle with my edge like Booker T (True)

My brother cooks for me, employed him as my chef and my trainer

The gym's his office, tryin' to get him some paper, yeah (Yeah)

I think the Laker's got a game, I gotta play at The Forum

I get a house for performin', the promoter's Harry Norman

I feel like James Corden, I got stars in my car

This is a Rolls Royce, don't park it too far (Keep it close)

I wanna keep my eyes on it, while I'm eating burrata (I do)

Girl, don't use too much teeth, who are you, Baraka? (Haha)

Bukayo Saka, yeah, I had to get my wings right

Faith is a weapon in my arsenal, I'm in flight

Skin tight leggings, ooh, that booty's round (That's facts)

I be talkin' game 'til I'm old, Hubie Brown

Tryna shoot me down, because I aim high and you can't? (Pussy)

Millionaire off of music and lyrics, I feel like Hugh Grant

Used to skip classes (Yeah), now we clink glasses (Yeah)  
90's baby, my first crush was Trish Stratus (Haha)  
Hat backwards, like Ken Griffey (Come on)  
Christmas with my cousins in New Jersey, playing SSX Tricky (Yeah)  
Used to skip classes (Yeah), now we clink glasses (Yeah)  
90's baby, my first crush was Trish Stratus (Haha)  
Hat backwards, like Ken Griffey (Come on)  
Christmas with my cousins in New Jersey, playing SSX Tricky (Yeah)