

# Streetlights

Russ

We're living in a place where it's okay to have no worth  
But is that shit okay and does it really work?  
I guess I've got some news for ya  
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And it may not be new for ya  
But here's some news for ya  
They'd rather hear you talking 'bout the

Bouncing, swerving, the rims is glistening  
They gotta see the wood 'cause the top is missing  
The bouncing, the swerving, the rims is glistening  
They gotta see the wood 'cause the top is missing

Uh, my bottle's top is off  
My fucking roof is missing  
I sit and write like twice a night until I improve conditions  
I give it my life, this fucking mic is like my proof of living  
Shoot, what isn't true? What isn't you? Is just a euphemism  
I make the Muslims listen  
I've got the Jews and Christians (What else?)  
I'm meditating like a Buddhist having Bugus visions  
That's too deep, you probably shouldn't fuck with me  
It's all good 'cause luckily your nigga's still

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Uh, yeah  
I'll be remembered for a million years  
It's DIEMON and we're more than just millionaires  
I'm lighting tour mind, you've had it up to here  
Disaster time, I'm mine and I'm about to smash this year  
Fuck, I've got tour girlfriends lining up  
And I'm 'bout to grind them up, you didn't shine enough  
You're stones are rhine enough so I could say "Your time is up"  
'Bout to go DIEMON  
It's all about the time and not about the time just

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I'm looking at the world through my glass of scotch  
Like "Hello Johnny Walker, where's your cash?  
Where's your watch?"  
Show your past, what you got?  
Oh, you ain't got that new shit?  
Man what the fuck, you ain't even gonna do shit  
You need to cop a blue whip, redbone  
If you ain't got that head home  
You might feel alright living life but you're dead wrong  
No Jesus piece, where's your [?] painted car  
They all call Reese's piece  
You ain't saying shit unless you speak to me like this:

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