

The Game

Russ

Yeah

Now you can hear the gold just jangling
But, its still about the take over

It's like everything changed
But I still feel the same
I'm just tryna run the motherfucking game
I'm on that
Yeah I'll always be on that
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I'm on that
Yeah I'll always be on that, yeah

Where do I start damn, man my mind is racing
Hip hop awards getting chosen by some racists
I'm in the yo, with a bottle of some clear shit
You don't know the truth, you just hear shit
Homie's on a Learjet, upgrade from the block
If you too big, fuck fades they gon' use the Glock (use the Glock)
I do a lot for everyone around me, y'all don't see it
I'm in the club for half an hour then I'm probably leaving
I got paid, dip off with the gang
Got Bugus in the Bentley, got Herb in the Wraith
Got Tim in the Ghost, got a gun on his waist
Life or death, ain't no time to start reaching for the safe
So I play it safe
Real ones that would really go hit for me
Low overhead, no-one ever wrote a hit for me
I be making history, bigger when I'm dead
I'm so on (on)
But it's off with they head
Fuck MTV, y'all really snubbed me
How you choosing people with numbers that ain't above me?
Oh wait, politics
Playing at these colleges, getting paid more to perform than any scholarship
I'm lit, I'm gassed, I'm me, I'm me
Two platinum singles, two years they were free
As I'm writing this, I know that this ain't accurate no more
By the time that all y'all hear this I will most likely have more
I really did eight tours, headlined them all
Your contacts were bullshit, we redlined them all
I spent time in awe, on some amazed shit
Then an O.G. told me to embrace this
I will never waste this, never get complacent
Lotta these rappers got rich and got jaded
I'm still on the same shit, take over the game shit
I just can't relate to your wavelength

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I get everything for free, from your girl to my wardrobe
Half a million dollars smiling on my torso
I buy property, you just got foreclosed
Money running low, you gon' have to do more shows
But you know no one shows for your shows
So you do club hostings but you drink what you gross
Then you go back home, fall asleep frustrated
Girl laying next to you, whispering "Russ made it"
You asleep, you don't hear her so she sneaks out
And she pulls up on me and brings the freak out
I send her back before your eyes open
I'm her fix 'cause your life's broken
She might try chokin'
On something you don't wanna kiss after
Lifestyle of a young handsome rich rapper
It's all laughter, it's all big bucks though
Call the buzz "Vegas" 'cause it stays on a bus though
Girls gone wild, rich like Rothschild
I'ma make you sign an NDA, now you're on file
I'm the President, the CEO
People that I've never seen, tryna see me go (uh)
Billionaire minds in my circle that's a fact
Faded off Clooney liquor we don't know, how to act
If it's based off of fans, y'all should really do the math
If it's based off of sales, y'all should really count the plaques
If it's based off of pussy, y'all should really count the ass
If it's based off of money, y'all should really count the cash (uh)
Move around with duffle bags like Floyd does
Sometimes nothing makes more noise than poise does
Coin us the best movement of all time
Dreams too big to think small time
I'm just on the same shit, take over the game shit
I just can't relate to any B-level wave length

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