

The King

Russ

Yes honey, I'm schizo
I'm gong, gong, vila liza
Vita liza, Vita, Liza, Firjtkjdsa Liza

Legendary status, secondary is the cabbage
Arrivederci you fairies all y'all are barely average
I'm very savage when it comes to this
My blood is in my beats as if the keys were here to cut my wrist
I ran out of fucks to give, ain't no way I'm turning back
'Bout to heat this game with this flame, where's the furnace at?
Might have been the first to bat, but you striken' out though
And I'm battin, clean up while you reason with the [?]
Catch me with some alco, all for Columbians
Before the fun begins I reinforce what kind of fun this is
I'm just Kurt Cobain makin sweet Courtney Love in this
Paradox of power picture perfect purple succulence
All up in my lungs and shit, livin like I'm dead already
Maybe cause I am so when I speak you get confetti ready
I'm ahead of many let me demonstrate my tactics
Just her sippin' Henny, got machetes in my classics
Tell me who can match this?

Move out, move out
It's about to be a motherfuckin' shoot out, shoot out (Yeah)
Move out, move out
Cause my words'll fuck your world up and my beats will blow your brain so
When you hear my name, act accordingly
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I'm barking like a dog on my smooth instrumental
But dog is God backwards so I'm Zeus in the kennel
In this booth going mental
Envisioning the podium
The world is in the stands so in my hands is where I'm holdin' them
Shoutin' out to God, let me know if I'm controlin' them
Maybe with some Jays and some chains, they be noticin'
They can try and sleep, but these beats will osmosis them
I got a motive to promote with them
I'm the doctor, just be patient, I just got the diagnosis in
I'm focusin' on soaking in the reason that the hope is dimin'
What's provokin' it is flaws in the public
The people gettin' chosen got no flows and got no substance
Only got that club shit, how long can that last though?
Granted I get drunk and love the club but not for cash flow
Bunch of assholes whine about how they women drop they ass low
And yet they buy the music that these rappers use for lassos

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Okay this 8x11's gettin' smaller
Dreams are gettin' bigger 'bout to grab' em by the collar
'Bout to get some dollars, then some South Americans
Fuck first names I'm just worried 'bout a heritage
Says she's got swag, but she needs someone to share it with
Pour another shot, rollin' leafs like I'm Erickson
Maybe we'll experiment, only for a night though
Tell her brainstorm, blow my horn, I'm the maestro
After that it's back to makin' fire like a pyro
Gettin' love from the A, all the way to Cairo
'Bout to do some lipo
On this whole rap game
Cut the fat and throw it out back in the trash can
Livin' in the fast lane
Ridin' with my beat on
Couple mamacitas blowin' reefa in my Nissan
Soon to be a Gotti cause I'm stitting on you peons
And the fucking weed strong
That's what we on
It's Diemon motherfuckers

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