

Utah Freestyle

Russ

Damn, this beat is crazy
Who made...? Oh, I did, haha
Let me just update

I've been balancin' my chakras in the mountains out in Utah
I know I'm the greatest, that's the energy I move off
I don't even gotta play the game like Luol
To still get paid more than you all
I might buy a new loft just to entertain hoes
I rarely fuck with white chicks, but shout out to the Wayans bros
Every woman's beautiful, I'm just givin' personal stats
A real boss, I fund it from my personal stash
I'ma touch a hundred million by thirty-five (No doubts)
And next year I'm goin' platinum like thirty times (Uh-huh)
And if my twenties told me anything (What?)
It's stay away from people who put money over everything
That's a liability, me and doubt severed the ties
I be talkin' to myself to get expert advice
Can't be stuck in the past and put my heart in a trance
When I stumble, I'm aware, that's just part of the dance
Prosperity, that's the clear visual, right?
Got my girl tapped into her spiritual side
I'm the G.O.A.T, I give people hope
I make people feel like they're rich when they're broke
I'm slittin' rappers' throats, kill 'em all, fuck 'em (Fuck 'em)
If you don't show love 'til I'm dead you gettin' jumped, and
I'll be cheerin' them on from my casket (Ha)
Haven't seen a rapper who's talked shit that we gave a pass yet
Access, I still got the same as the major labels
They wait 'til you got a table, then they take the table
Through the speakers, I give life to the dreamers, so it's deeper
I don't got fans, I got believers
Put my face on t-shirt, I ain't even dead yet
Just made a hundred thousand, I ain't even leave my bed yet
Nothing went right, so I went left
To myself I said, "Yes," a B is in my head and my headrest
Women fall in love with me
Bosses know what's up with me
You don't gotta fuck with me, I fuck with me
Luckily I'm free, regardless if they mass-hated
Unlike most of these rappers who economically are castrated
'Cause y'all don't own your music, y'all don't have a fuckin' voice
'Til a promoter hires y'all, y'all are unemployed
Livin' check to check, that could never be me
Like Hov said, "Own your own or you can never be free," stupid
The level up is what y'all currently watchin'
Y'all are regional, me, I've been currency swappin'
Y'all are seasonal, me, bitch, I'm currently poppin'
I got the power so you know at times the journey's exhaustin'
My bank accounts are fat, bastard
I'm a member of some gold and platinum plaques
I ain't lyin', Matt Stafford
The bag snatcher, last laugher, ass slapper
Pressed a couple whack rappers
This game is full of backstabbers, not back scratchers
When my back itched, I had to use the wall and bounce back after
Ridin' in the Ghost, ask Casper

Model givin' throat, she don't got a gag factor
The gas that I own could fill a whole grass pasture
My story isn't finished, this is not the last chapter
Your money's young, it's too short, dawg, you got a bad password
The devil's in disguise, can't use your eyes to unmask her
Gotta trust your gut, listen to your intuition
I'm the shit the game's missin', ya-dee, ya-dee
Y'all get it, ha

CHOMP 2 on the way, maybe I'll put this on there, I don't know
G.O.A.T (G.O.A.T)