

Vision

Russ

Yeah

Damn

Uh, I see the dream
I see the vision out my window
Blowin' on my Indo
Strokin' on an Nympho-
Maniac, she's claimin' that
She don't wanna' say it back
Tries to hide, to fight her pride
But she knows why I'm sayin' that
Yeah, so chill out when we slow dance
Flip out when we romance
And dip out when there's no chance
Cause I don't wanna' hurt your feelings
But I will so
I turn dirt to a buildin'
Watch my bills grow
I'm livin' the life, your givin' a right to chase emotions
Find time to make the most of all the signs if you approach 'em
Cause you don't wanna' turn around or look ahead
You wanna' burn a pound of kush blunts to the head
Lay back, Maybachs, trace back what I said
Save rap, take plaques, make racks when I'm dead
Lay back, Maybachs, trace back what I said
Save rap, take plaques, make racks when I'm dead, bitch

Watch the top go down
Blunt go round
All up in they cities
Flashing titties for they town
But do you gotta' problem
I bet you I can solve 'em
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Damn, I'm runnin' round in my own mind
I got appointments but I get there on my own time
Cause if I don't rhyme I'll miss out on a gold mine
I can't tonight pretty girl, you know it's show time
I gotta' mold minds, it's my responsibility
I tell her die but her response is what's been killin' me
I know I'm yours too, I don't wanna' force you
Cause you don't owe me Jack so when I'm back
It's just Jill and me
Meaning you and I gon' ride off in the sunset
I told you that before but Momma I'm not done yet
Your son's about to be the worlds next subject
All it takes is one text to put me on that one jet
Fly me to the promise land, all I need is one check
With twelve zeros, I'm your hero, don't be upset
Until that time, I'm a patient in the waitin' room

Hoping that they take me soon
But I heard 'em say I'm next

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Yeah, I make a beat and keep it, freak it, then I reap rewards
Used to be a secret, now I'm speakin' from behind the boards
A kind of sore, leaving ladies wanting more
Shock non-stop, got hot so you flaunting chords
Everybody tryna' live the life of luxury
Kick and sip and fuck with me
Slip the rug from under me
So fuck the subtleties
Rebuttal with a couple B's
I double up then funnel luck into my cup of dreams
Cause what it seems, is what it is, at least in this case
So fuck your schemes, I'm getting rich and leaving this place
I smokin' hope and focused on the road to get out
Shows about to sell out
Better hear you yell out

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