

RUSSIAN

Stunna 4 Vegas

Uh, uh
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I'm smoking West Coast Cure in a Russian
And I'm on a beat by Russian
Bitch I got my K's from Russia
Keep fuck niggas far away I cannot trust em
She digging my rhymes you a busta
I fuck her and dip but you lay up and love her
You hittin that hoe with no rubber
She just give me head we don't lay under covers

She fell in love with big stunna
She want a piece of the rich yougnin
He play tough but won't do and ain't did nothin
No attempts my little hittas wanna rip somethin
I might spend three racks on a fit fuck it
Whole thirty in my clip thuggin
Aye I won't change for nothin
You gone fall for anything if you don't stand for something
Where the smoke nobody got answers for me
I work for it wasn't handed to me
It wasn't no smoke when you ran into me
Nigga know he woulda got his ass handed to em
I'm matching the gas my tank full a fuel
He gone step on me must be April fools
You ain't gangsta cause you dropped outta school
I graduated still break the rules
And I'm still that nigga I'm richer than all my ops
He can turn to a plate if I make him food
I had a glock on me I ain't have A in school
I will not go back and forth Imma play it cool
Don't let Instagram get you distracted
Lil nigga Imma tryna clap you
I ain't trynna do no rap battles
I'm tryna leave yo ass stiff like a statue

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