

Holy Trinity

Russ

I feel it in my veins right now

My brain right now

I just need the money and the fame right now

(Fuck what you talkin bout, fuck what you talkin bout, talkin bout, talkin bout)

Yo

(Fuck what you talkin bout)

Yo

See I go hard as fuck

Call me God or call me Russ

I'm your highness

You can't find us

Anywhere else

So cough it up

Cause I'm losing my mind

Just to enter into you mind

So you better be there on time

Yea you better be there on time

Yea

So fuck your life

And fuck your sister

Mamma's missing

I've been up all night

Just trying to find Jesus

In this Vodka

One more shot

I'm going what I'm after

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(Fuck what you talkin bout)

I know I shut it down
When it's eyes on me
I know I fuck around
And I'm a you gonna see

We gon be the real mother fuckers in the world

To do it
To do it
Yea-e-eah

Oh

I gave my mind
I gave my time
What was it all for
So we can finally cross that line
Only to want more
Maybe the chase
Is better than the taste
But I can tell you already
We're gonna make this great

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Hell I marry, full of grace
And standing at the start
With a heart this full of faith
And I got them full of snakes

I gotta battle with these apples everyday
I'm facing temptation to get at them
I couldn't handle
And I'm hoping I could spark a mind
They say the truth is hard to find
I told the truth
I guess that's when I crossed the line

This paper that I'm rolling
Got me feeling close to bible
The snitches that I'm smoking
Got me feeling close to God

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