

Yung God

Russ

Yung God when I ride up
Not too many that can fuck with me
Never hung up on the bullshit
I cant afford that type of luxuryHowd I get so faded
Howd I get so faded
Im boutta do a show in Paris
I swear Im feelin like I made itMakin deposits off of bein a prophet
Turnin visions into riches way too big for my pockets
Baby girl Im a star
I suggest you acknowledgeWhile you were scalin out your pride
I was weighing my options
Like aint no room in my pictures for bitches I end up croppin
Ive been movin and flippin and livin life like Im poppinIm the yung yacht owner
Bitch and Im not sober
Yea they had me on probation but ill be done in Cctober
You dont have to love me love meBut you gon have to fuck with me
You dont have to love me love me
But you gon have to fuck with me
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Never hung up on the bullshit
I cant afford that type of luxuryHowd I get so faded
Howd I get so fadedIm boutta do a show in Paris
I swear Im feelin like I made it
Society tryna reduce me to simplicity
But little do they know that Im designed by the divinityNot wrapped up in your rules
Im intertwined with the infinity
Baby close your eyes
Youll realize that youre feelin me
Sip G-I-NFlip these problems
Flip these hoes into 16's ahhh shitHowd I get so faded
Howd I get so fadedYou dont have to love me love me
But you gon have to fuck with me
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