

# 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  
Yung God when I ride upNot 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 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  
You dont have to love me love me  
But you gon have to fuck with me

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