

I'm Here

Russ

I'm here

Yeah, the cash came, I ain't trippin' on a past flame
Even if they were dimes, you know how many 10's want my last name?
Is this the rap game or high school politics?
Bars could be on Maury 'cause they got a little pop in it'
Before I show up, that's when the deposit hits
You only want me now, that's what I have problems with
Five-star suites, Trojan wrappers on the floor
That's the aesthetic when you gettin' half a mil' on tour
Not bad for six weeks, plus I should receive my plaque soon
Shittin' on the game, I'll probably hang it in my bathroom
Last June I was broke, this June I made a hundred
Before and after, didn't change me though I stayed a hundred
Show me someone else who's doin' what I'm doin'
Singin', rappin', mixin' masterin', engineerin' producin'
That's every song with no exception, plus the catalog longer than a lot of veterans
Mention me amongst myself 'cause I'm the first of my kind
You live a Semi-Charmed Life, 'cause your third eye is blind
I'm a shepherd, not a sheep, but I heard it's my time
Was in the shadows for so long, I deserve all my shine
Got some women you would love to fuck, left on read
Got some homies 'bout that arm leg, leg, arm, head
I should call it a night, too many women can be dangerous
You let 'em behind the scenes, all of a sudden they start framin' us
I make enough to alter her perception of me
The older you get, the more expensive lessons will be
Gotta tighten up, move a little bit more militant
Comin' down your block, lookin' like we copped the whole dealership
Penthouse suites, but couldn't tell you what city
Same ones who stayed down with me gon' be up with me
See that's the code you uphold when you know what it took to really grow into the star you all
know so
When Bugus touch down, I got the Bentley waiting for him
In L.A., the next time I'll probably play The Forum
But for now, catch me selling out the Novo
No debut, no openers, I'm solo
You're trapped in the club 'cause you can't sell tickets
Your album flopped and you went ahead and fell with it
But fuck y'all, I'm a business man
I'm smokin' caviar cones in my sprinter van
On the phone with my lawyer talking about eight digits, yeah
Just to be safe, even my safes got a safe in it

False accusations, think I'm done with the groupies
'Cause one bad scene can fuck up the whole movie, so
Fuck these hoes, man I'm out the game
Plus they jump around quicker than House of Pain
Break the bank for the family, take everyone to Waikiki
My homies are big and African, knock you out in dashikis
To my family, I'm Russell, to these women habibi
Ex's know they played themselves when they see me on TV
Big money offends, small minds too bad
I give my girls a new life, you give your girls a new bag
Doin' interviews with Forbes 'cause the come ups amazin'
I got a new fetish for jewelry and expensive vacations
I got the industry shook, like, "How's he's popping like this?
How I don't know him, but he still got 60K on his wrist"
Now I can't go to the mall, 'cause I'll probably get mauled
And I lied, I wasn't busy, I'm just ignorin' your call
'Cause maybe I feel like you don't really deserve a response
'Cause you were curvin' me crazy when I was tryna get on
Now I'm fresh up in the game, and I already went gold
'Cause I gave them what they want now they losin' control
Had to do it myself, pull the trigger on my dreams
Always knew that this would happen, manifested everything
Now they gon' write about me, like they were right about me
Some people lookin' like they wanna snatch the white up out me
That's new to me, forgive me for bein' jaded to my race
But I been color blind, that wasn't just a mixtape
Yeah, one of eleven, yeah, I put out eleven
Produced, mixed, mastered, engineered, written by me
Yeah, this just the beginning though
Yeah, debut shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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