

Yung God

Russ

Young god when I ride up (ride up)
Not too many that could fuck with me (fuck with me)
Never hung up on bullshit (ah-oo)
I can't afford that type of luxury (ow)
How'd I get so faded (faded)
How'd I get so faded (faded)
About to do a show in Paris (ah-oo)
I swear I'm feeling like I made it (ow) Making deposits off of being a profit
Turning visions into riches way too big for my pockets
Baby girl I'm a star
I suggest you acknowledge
While you were scaling out your pot
I was weighing my options
I get no room in my pictures for bitches
I end up cropping
I've been moving and flipping and living life like I'm popping
I'm the young yeah I own her
Bitch and I'm not sober
Yeah, they had me on probation but I'll be done in October
C'mon
You don't have to love me (ah-oo)
But you gon' have to fuck with me (aah-ooo) Young god when I ride up (ride up)
Not too many that could fuck with me (fuck with me)
Never hung up on bullshit (ah-oo)
I can't afford that type of luxury (ow)
How'd I get so faded (faded)
How'd I get so faded (faded)
About to do a show in Paris (ah-oo)
I swear I'm feeling like I made it (ow) Society tryna' reduce me to simplicity
But little do they know that I'm designed by their definity
Not wrapped up in your rules
I'm intertwined the infinity
Baby close your eyes you'll realize that you're feeling me
Sip G-I-N flip these problems
Flip these hoes into 16's ah shit
How'd I get so faded (faded)
How'd I get so faded (faded)
You don't have to love me (ah-oo)
But you gon' have to fuck with me (aah-ooo)
You don't have to love me (ah-oo)
But you gon' have to fuck with me (aah-ooo)

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