

# RUSSIAN

## Stunna 4 Vegas

Uh, uh

Uh, uh

Uh, uh

Uh, uh

I'm smoking West Coast Cure in a Russian  
And I'm on a beat by Russian  
Bitch I got my K's from Russia  
Keep fuck niggas far away I cannot trust em  
She digging my rhymes you a busta  
I fuck her and dip but you lay up and love her  
You hittin that hoe with no rubber  
She just give me head we don't lay under covers

She fell in love with big stunna  
She want a piece of the rich yougnin  
He play tough but won't do and ain't did nothin  
No attempts my little hittas wanna rip somethin  
I might spend three racks on a fit fuck it  
Whole thirty in my clip thuggin  
Aye I won't change for nothin  
You gone fall for anything if you don't stand for something  
Where the smoke nobody got answers for me  
I work for it wasn't handed to me  
It wasn't no smoke when you ran into me  
Nigga know he woulda got his ass handed to em  
I'm matching the gas my tank full a fuel  
He gone step on me must be April fools  
You ain't gangsta cause you dropped outta school  
I graduated still break the rules  
And I'm still that nigga I'm richer than all my ops  
He can turn to a plate if I make him food  
I had a glock on me I ain't have A in school  
I will not go back and forth Imma play it cool  
Don't let Instagram get you distracted  
Lil nigga Imma tryna clap you  
I ain't trynna do no rap battles  
I'm tryna leave yo ass stiff like a statue

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