

# Russ, Are You Entertained (Feat. Ed Sheeran)

Are you not entertained?  
Are you not entertained?

Every time, every night is a loose one  
And every flight, you know that I put the crew on  
You say that I dropped off, well then tell me what you've done?  
I'm still in my winning phase, yeah, I been away  
Are you entertained? I'm gone

Yeah  
The God in me, that's what I'm constantly summoning  
I love the climb, I don't care where the summit is  
Funny when people be sayin' I peaked (Ha)  
Retired my parents, they live at the beach  
Models and freaks is my track record (Yeah)  
I made my homies my staff members  
Got myself lit to give y'all the light  
Usin' my mind to attract better  
At first, when adversity came I said "Why me?"  
Now I be starin' at doubt sayin' "Try me"  
Kyrie, I handle it well  
They still takin' shots, tryna hand me a L  
But I pass on that  
Anger, I try not to act on that  
I'ma just transmute it  
Put it all back in the music

It's feeling like I might just be on a roll  
I'm never sellin' my soul  
My records are platinum and gold  
It just keeps happenin', woah  
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My records are platinum and gold  
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Every time, you see me shine and move up  
My seat is reclined, the jet is G5, I blew up  
You say that I fell off, but tell me what you've done  
I'm still in my winnin' phase, 'Rari switchin' lanes  
Are you entertained? I'm gone

Well, I'm in the pub with the bros  
Lightin' up something that goes  
Nothin' is froze  
But when I put the kettle on, it's a number that nobody knows  
I stay off the road, live in the sticks  
Put my profit into mortar and bricks  
You know I got good advice from a couple guys  
To leave more than just stress for my kids  
Well isn't it blissful, baby  
Sittin' in like we made it?  
It's kinda mad how the game is  
You celebrate it and hate it  
But I don't pay no attention to the words  
Put out another one, let it burn  
Still on the list, you know what it is  
They puttin' me first, yeah  
Met Russ in [?] in New York  
Now we here, and I'm killin' the verse  
And every time, it's gotta be right  
And told me "Teddy, boy, take 'em to church"  
Ooh-ooh  
When you touch down up in London you know what?

Give me the stage and you're gonna see how it goes off

Every time, every night is a loose one

My seat is reclined, the jet is G5, I blew up

You say that I dropped off, well then tell me what you've done

I'm still in my winnin' phase, 'Rari switchin' lanes

Are you entertained? I'm gone