

# On the Run

K Camp

Bobby Kritical

Shawty got sex appeal  
I'ma have my best, yeah  
Lick on her flesh, yeah  
Squeeze on her breasts, yeah  
I need the big deals  
I need the big wheels  
Diamonds got big chill  
Pop me a big pill  
These niggas ain't real  
Tell her how I feel  
Life get unreal  
This how I live  
Everything A1, yeah  
Hold weight, this a ton, yeah  
Can't run out of fun, yeah  
Me and you on the run, yeah (Let's go)

Shawty got pussy like water  
I fell in love with your daughter  
Foreign hoes, came from the bottom  
Flip them hoes like a quarter (Flip)  
Paper on a nigga like Harlem  
I'ma let it ride like the model  
Fuck around, you gon' get slaughtered  
Got a nigga feelin' like Tha Carter (Yes, let's go)  
Got too many hoes that be callin' my phone, but I'm focused on you  
I be lookin' for you, I be textin' you, I be sexin' you (Sexin' you)  
She got her own and she still in school  
Lil' mama a fool, what's a player to do?  
Can't look like a fool, I'm just playin' it cool

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Kick it with the B's like Bun, yeah  
Can I get a piece of that bun? Yeah  
Hottest nigga under the sun, yeah  
Name hold weight, this a ton, yeah  
Shawty think he hard with a gun, yeah  
If shit pop off, he'll run, yeah

All them niggas ain't nothin', yeah  
Balenciaga runners, no sprint though  
Twenty-two hundreds for the Rick O  
Twenty-two hundred ain't shit, ho  
Twenty-two thrown on your bitch, woah (Bitch, woah)  
Play with them racks, yeah  
Fendi to match, yeah  
They say that I'm back, yeah  
Count it exact, yeah

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