

## Run

Tyler, the Creator

Fuck you running for nigga  
Aye nigga, come here nigga  
Let me try that hat on  
I told you come over here stupid bitch  
Come over here with that weak ass hat

All y'all niggas smoke y'all brains out  
In the car, car light, took the lame route  
Going nowhere fast if you think that you not gonna hesitate to  
pull the thing out  
And let that drop top the trunk [?] pop, pop  
Let his top drop, took another lame out  
Oh you'd the big nigga, take a hit nigga  
Well I hope you understand you ain't shit nigga  
Cuz a nigga so rusty  
that you comin' for the bang out  
Now the gangs out to get you but you stuck in the same house, n  
igga never came out, why

See you a real nigga cuz you killed him  
full of niggas  
A lotta  
Boy you hang out  
Cuz you never ever see me with a chain out  
I don't need truth  
blah  
think they gonna eat you  
Better look the other way if you ever see me  
And run as fast as you can  
Nigga