

## Roadrunner 2

Young Scooter

[Verse 1:]

5 O'clock, early birds fly down south  
These niggas hate so much they want to stop my route  
[?] 55 bricks, I put em on the Greyhound  
I'm a certified street nigga, I had to stay down  
Told that nigga take it back, we play them games now  
Why you rap about the streets, you got a pussy nigga sound  
I'm a black migo boss, nigga I got pounds  
And they so cheap, I pull up in your town  
Whatever city I'm in I love to flex like a bitch  
I got out of jail and went right back to the bricks  
All my jewelry together costs like 15 bricks  
Young Scooter, I put dope in every street is on 6

[Interlude:]

You know niggas be saying that nigga talk bout a lot of dope  
I wonder is he really doing that shit?  
Yeah the streets gon vouch for me nigga  
Young Scooter  
I really do this shit, I rap on these beats nigga  
I told you that, count up!

[Verse 2:]

Every day at 5 O'clock the bales pull up fresh  
We never close down, you never know what's next  
You tryna run the spot you got to have some respect  
A nigga play up under you and take your check  
I never been robbed, I got too much finesse  
But anything can happen so I make moves like chess  
The streets ain't shit so I just play it how it goes  
Throwing bales out the project window  
20 West and Birmingham, the bricks on the way  
Don't worry bout the instagrams, they come with the plays  
I got to charge a 30 cause it's one state away  
Free bands for the [?] when we get back to the A

[Outro:]

Young Scooter nigga  
All I'm gon talk about is money  
Real true story shit, real street shit  
Count up!