Run

Alex Wiley

Come through with that one-two one-two
Damn fam, is this what shit comes to?
Take an eighth to the face
I escape to the place
Where I drape like a young Rapunzel, carefree
What is he trynna tell me
What is he trynna show me aye
I see the sounds but can't always interpret them
I know my purpose though
Move ever purposeful
Work till the Earth is cold, Oooo
Wonder what he working on, Oooo
Wonder if he burnt his tongue
Wonder if he burnt his tongue, aye
Wonder if he bit his tongue, wonder if he live this long

Run, run, run
Bitch I'm gonna move
Bitch I'm gonna
Run, run, run
Bitch I'm gonna move
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Bitch I'm gonna move
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Run, run, run
Bitch I'm gonna move

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