

# Run The Night

B.o.B

Ay  
How you spell America?  
M-O-N-E-Y, hey  
A million ways to win, a million ways to die  
They ain't teach you how to make it, gotta improvise  
A bite to get the biggest slice out the biggest pie  
Wars for peace, wars for freedom, ha ha ha  
But war don't really got a finish line, hey  
Is it really gentrified or just genocide?  
Is it for the civilized or assembly lines?  
Corporate enterprise, eat off all your prison time, hey  
When you commit a crime, now it's dinner time  
It's not the money it's the greed that conceals ya  
They say it's not the cancer it's the chemo that kills ya

What a sight, what a sight, what a sight  
When the fire has started to rise  
And then the people would say  
Shoutin' "We run the night"  
Sayin' "We run the night", yeah  
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Look, who put the con in economy?  
Probably the same ones that put the sun in astronomy  
Common sense ain't as common as one would think  
To program you they do is unconsciously  
You such a patriot  
Down for your country but your country never gave a shit  
Am I citizen here or am I just paying rent?  
I think I finally understand just what the matrix is  
What my location is  
And niggas all anti this and anti that  
Well you so anti everything that you anti black  
And you so anti violence that you anti strap  
Now you look hella unprepared when it's time to attack, bands

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