keep up

bbno$

Uh
Just jumped off the flight
Just wrote a song
Ayy, yuh

Trip about the numbers, then I got 'em up
Yeah, my eyes quite low, might just blame it on the cup
Yeah, it's mighty difficult, runnin' after blues
Can you keep up?
I used to give a fuck, now I'm bankin' on some luck
Turned an average textbook life to flexin' all this 'spensive stuff
Yeah, it's mighty difficult, runnin' after blues
Can you keep up?

Blues clues?
You mean the clues blues, right?
I got some new shoes
And they Sketchers with the lights
Your tape was doo-doo
I'm only droppin' dynamite
Don't tell me what to do
Let me finesse it how I like
I got that new whip, three wheels
Diamonds on my trike
I'll make a new hit, for real
Like every other night
I'm on my tour shit
Yeah, you know I wrote this on the flight
Find me runnin' after blues
I can't wait 'til they be in sight

Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin', uh-huh, yeah
Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin, can you keep up?
Bitch

Trip about the numbers, then I got 'em up
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Uh, have you seen my bank roll?
Talkin' bout length, height, width, double dough
Drip, drip, drip, drop, from my ice, now I'm soaked (Uh)
Uh, where's a towel?
Yo, you 'gon learn some physics, just to bite my flow
Huh, yeah, if I pipe your bitches, please just let it go
Bruh, yeah, did too many vids and now I'm out of clothes
Huh, yeah, runnin' after Benjies, this like all I know

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Yeah, I'm runnin', uh-huh, yeah
Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin', yeah, I'm runnin'
Yeah, I'm runnin, can you keep up?

You don't know nothin' about the shit we be puffin'
My music hot as an oven like you just burnt your turducken
You love it
I been above it, the influence
I been fuckin' with bein' sober, I'm tired of always bein' the drunkest, uh
What you need from me?
I got love, I got buds, do you want all the fun that my team runnin'?
I don't need money
But I love what I love, from the ground to above
Always fiend for it
Everybody wanna come my way
Everybody wanna know my name
Drop it down to the ground, while I blow propane
I don't need to do cocaine
All this energy I bring
All alone, on my own, let freedom reign
I'm a Great Dane, you's a little pup, boy
Always talkin' but I never gave a fuck, boy
I have decided I will stay alive
For the ride, I'll be fine, the money is in my eyes

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