

Run For Your Life

Big Grams

I need another lover
Like I need another hole
On the side of my temple, forever blowed
Like brains and eardrums as they explode
Got me running for my life, I suppose
Depending on my line of sight only
Dynamite, blow me
Bumping like a pair of dice
At night, nice and horny
No friction, not addicted to it
I'll have you listening to Crooked
See me spitting
So, uh, shut the fuck up sometimes and listen to me
Not tryna be rude but having an attitude
Is counterproductive to being blissful
Make me not miss you
I'm dodging bullets yet I'm sending back these missiles
Been threw like them nukes do, your spot is too through
Kabloom, to blow up, now whatever the fuck is for us to do
Because there's nothing left but ashes and fascist bastards
Cashless characters, out here with drugs to traffic
Enough of the motherfucking plastic narrative
Put ink to tablet, graph it, actual facts
It's non-fiction, I'm blitzin', on every single down
Make them get up get out
And get it, until you got all, I'm with it
Gon' ball 'til you crawl just for the alcohol and bitches
You silly nigga, look at the bigger picture
Don't let your thoughts get cut short just like a midgets Twitter

Liquid lines, do it, fight
Hundred miles down
Tell me where you wanna go
Electric Eyes, hypnotize
Get your mind running, running
Where you wanna go?
You wanna slide down, my melted face
Tell me I'm the Queen, baby, what you need to know
You're past subsides, let it light
I can hear you humming, humming
Where you wanna go?

Running for my life
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It's now or never, we can be here to the morning
I'm ghost when the moon stop glowing
Sunrise, Norah Jones and she want that Johnson and Johnson
But not that baby powder but my sausage
Knock, knock trying to get a baby out her
I put a baby in her, maybe in her mi-i-i-ind

Y'all nasty, nasty, nasty, nasty, nasty
To the top of the pyramid
Or to the center of the Earth where I went ahead
We ain't never scared, just looking for a way out
It's here 'til I'm dead I ain't even trying to play house
Apartments, a condo, my mentality is complex
Fresh out the projects how's your conscious
Now where your wine go? cause we got options
Multiple choices and can't a motherfucker stop us

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