

# Who Run It

**BlocBoy JB**

Fuck goin' on?  
Hey, yeah, ayy, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah  
Hah, hah, woo, hold up, hold up, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Hold up, huh, huh, word, word, word word word word

Pulled up with that stick, hey, nigga don't miss  
Got your bitch, she on her knees, she gon' eat the dick  
Smoking strong, that Hercules, you can't tell me shit  
Thirty-four ounces of Barkley, Phoenix versus Knicks  
Walk in this bitch with my stack out  
Please don't run, I got the MAC out  
This nigga just made me blackout  
I'm 'bout to box him like Pacquiao (doon-doon-doon)  
Kurt Angle, I'm making her tap out  
Started by pulling them tracks out  
This shit is facts now, you can get whacked now  
Watch in your face, tell me how you gon' act now, bitch  
Icy, that my jewels, kick shit like kung fu  
Four hundred rounds in the Rover, nigga who are you?  
Put the car in cruise, and let off forty-two  
You know I'm riding with my dog, just like Scooby-Doo  
Riding with my motherfuckin' dogs, bruh  
You ain't got no money, I can't call you  
Put two up in your back, John Wall you  
All this purple on me homie, I'm a baller

Crip, crip, crip, crip, crip, crip crip crip  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey  
East side, east side, east side nigga that's C side  
Who up on my side nigga, you know I'ma ride  
If you play with my side, bitch it's homicide  
Icy, that my jewels, kick shit like kung fu  
Four hundred rounds in the Rover, nigga who are you?  
Put the car in cruise, and let off forty-two  
You know I'm riding with my dog, just like Scooby-Doo (crip)