

# Run It Up

Busta Rhymes

Don't  
Don't run away  
Though I need it right away  
Money on my mind today  
Don't let anything get in my way  
City moves on my say so  
Only count it in blue faces  
We get the pesos  
We'll begin the money go

I can't leave my crib without the blicky, know who I am to my city  
Showed her how to run it up, and she got her some titties  
Now she treat me like I'm Diddy  
Bougie now, she don't even deal with bums  
She know the difference, that ain't real runtz  
They wanna know who runnin' up the most  
I don't know, shittin' me, I'm barely on the coast

Everythin' about me ultra  
Ridin' for the city and I do it for the culture  
Lounge chair chillin' while I sip on a mimosa  
Makin' statures of the kid with bangers playin' out the sculpture  
I heat up shit like strikin' matches light the sulfur  
I rep the City right while killin' niggas like a oulster  
Gettin' money while you hang with niggas like a poster  
Got a black team of bosses, like we took 'em back to Tulsa  
Nigga got 'em fired up and wired up  
You know the way we do it bitch, you know we back to wil' it up again  
Fried up and sizzled, everythin' up in these motherfuckin' streets  
And get this money back and pile it up again  
Tired of you niggas that be talkin' like you walkin' with your talk  
But why you niggas out here lyin' to us again?  
No matter where you search and try to find a duplicate  
See we when we goin', see you ain't never ever findin' us again

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Yeah, everybody gotta thank us  
Eager for the hottest shit, got 'em kinda anxious  
Got it from the bottom, now I'm friends with all the bankers  
And got so much bags of money, gotta pull up with the tractors  
Now witness history while sittin' in the rafters  
A bible documented while I finalize the chapters  
Need to get to the study it and idolize the master  
By the way you shit there, let me we revitalize you bastards  
Let's get back to the feel-good, the real good  
The shit that serve the street to make the meal good, now everybody follow  
We do the shit the way we do it like it was the next day  
Fuckin' up they future, got it packed until tomorrow  
Remedy to drought but all this drip and when they slip  
They try to bounce back

Lookin' for a pack that they could borrow  
Fuck 'em up the bar game dangerous, Capella Grey  
Bringin' back the hook and had to sing it with bravado

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