

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' statues 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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