Run

CalBoy

Can you tell me the truth?
Whoo
I lost a lot of my brothers, I got nothing to lose, ooh
Nothing to lose, ooh
Haha (Fatality)
Ayy

Ain't tellin' the truth
Why they frontin' they move? I got nothing to prove (I got nothing to prove)
Ayy, I lost a lot of my brothers, ain't got nothing to lose (Ain't got nothi
ng to lose)
Ayy, don't act like we ain't from the gutter, my niggas'll shoot (Niggas'll
shoot)

Ayy, know big bro tote that MAC (Tote that MAC)
Niggas talk down, get whacked (Niggas talk down, get whacked)
I was in a foreign, all black (I was in a foreign, all black)
Been low, tryna flip that pack (Tryna flip those packs)
I was tryna get them foreigns (I was tryna get them foreigns)
I was tryna tote this gun (I was tryna tote this gun)
All these bitches watch a lil' nigga run, gang (Lil' nigga run, gang)

Ayy, and she callin' my phone, yeah (And she callin' my phone)
'Cause I'm rockin' VLONE, yeah ('Cause I'm rockin' VLONE)
Won't leave me 'lone, yeah (Won't leave me 'lone)
All the packs be strong, yeah
I was sippin' this drank, had a puff of paint, I felt so lonely (Felt so 'lo
ne)
I was smokin' on stank, I was rollin' up cake just by my lonely (I was smoki
n' on strong, yeah)
Tell me what you need, I got it
Send that check in, I'm sending a package
Boy, don't tweak 'cause I'm packing a ratchet
Pulling up and we letting 'em have it
They know this bitch automatic (This bitch automatic)
And I hid all the racks in the attic (All the racks in the attic)
At my grandmama house, we was trapping (We was trapping)
Ayy, a young nigga done bossed up (Gang)
Dripping flavor, yeah, I'm sauced up (Woah)
I'm killing niggas, Ion't talk much
A nigga will get chalked up (Woah)
Ayy, nigga, tell me the truth (Tell me the truth)
Yeah, I know you don't shoot, why you frontin' your move? (Why you frontin'
your move?)
Gang

Ain't tellin' the truth (Ain't tellin' the truth)
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