

# Runnin

Chief Keef

Sosa where you going? To the money  
Runnin' to it, bitch I'm runnin' like I got on cleats  
Pull up, stuntin' like I'm going to luncheon  
You call my phone, you talkin' a hundred  
Million yea, bitch I want it  
Baby, I can take you on the island  
I ain't talkin' Stony  
How you just keep in it floating?  
Baby I can buy you a new sew-in  
Baby I be pistol toting, got my pistol and you know it  
I go too fast she like boy slow it  
I'm like okay baby I'm gone floor it  
She like boy that's a hundred mill on the table  
I'm like I know it

Jewelry blingin, bitch I show it  
They like boy you gettin' bloated  
I'm too turnt yeah bitch I'm loaded  
And my style this nigga stole it  
Choppa come through wrestling Mick Foley  
Bitches like oh god I'm gloly  
I remember when I ain't have nothin'  
I woke up like oh god I'm gloly  
There go the damn police  
I'm gone get up out here slowly  
Baby I got on a Breitling  
I could buy you a damn rollie  
Cause if I bought hoes anything  
I be ballin' out now you know it  
I done gave yo ass a chance  
You done fucked around and blowed it  
I get money just as fast as the damn stores did  
Ion't need Shaq, I ball like I am Kobe  
Ion't need Yao, I ball like I am McGrady  
Just call me when you talkin money  
Swear I am money brazy

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