

## Runnin

## City Girls

I'm fucking with boss niggas, that keep a gun in they pants  
Never complaining 'bout being broke, cause they just running they bands  
You full of flaw niggas, the runners they hold out they hands  
And got no money in the bank, but always on Instagram, flexing bands  
Keep, running, and running, and running, and running your mouth  
Keep on thinking that your nigga faithful, I'ma cum in his mouth  
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All these niggas they be hoes cocaine, city girls could've been got 'em  
Everyday they in my inbox, I'm a real bitch, I don't screenshot 'em  
Chanel on me when I roll up, boss bitches still, we don't roll up  
Pussy good, every stroke, he like hold up  
He ain't trying nothing, he like hold up

I'm fucking with real niggas, that making them boss moves  
I kick that lil' bitch in her mouth, now I got bloody shoes  
You a lil' thot bitch, you fucking the whole crew  
My pussy got a new car smell, this shit brand new  
This pussy ain't yours, don't claim me  
Every nigga I fuck, they nameless  
If he tryna expose, he brainless  
My niggas don't play, they aiming  
I love me a lowkey dude, send him pics he don't need the nudes  
Real niggas gon' pay they dues, if you a broke dude, I'ma cut you loose

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I'm a city girl, you a pissy girl  
You a lazy bitch, I'ma busy girl  
Every other night I be doing shows  
While your nigga cheating on you, fucking hoes  
Couple thousand for my fucking clothes, another sister in my fucking roll  
I'm the same bitch, no matter who around  
Diamonds dancing, I'ma do the brown  
Thanks, you better go get her  
I bet you my pussy get wetter  
Retweeting late, I'm like shut up!  
Every night he be fucking my gut up  
And if that nigga ever cut up, I'ma put this pussy on his brother  
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You know that nigga ain't faithful, you see his ass when you able  
I curved that nigga, be grateful  
I cut him off, like your cable  
I'ma bad bitch, you can't see me  
Bitch you stuck home, you can't see me  
In a maybach, yeah free Meek  
But I don't need a nigga to come save me

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