

Run This City

Clinton Sparks

[P. Diddy]
Hehe, c'mon
As we proceed, to give you what you need
Muh'fuckers - I like this right here c'mon
Hit it
Bad Boy, we here now
We still ain't gon' stop, c'mon

[Verse 1: P. Diddy]
Why do cats wanna hate on a boss, straight to Azor
Do petty shit that a coward'll do
Cop little toys like I should be proud of you
I got 2, one platinum one powder blue
Cop cars while you still rentin
Tell time from the Chapard[?], Frank Mueller[?] or Million Mill Clintons
Platinum Presidential, to keep it simple
Half of y'all couldn't get into what I get into
I know niggaz pressed to stick me, that's why I pack glocks
that hold shots, nuttin less than 50
Niggaz try they best to get me, I see you in the rearview
switchin lanes tryin to get on same exits with me
Tryin to peep where I live at, where I sleep
Where my kids at, don't do that
I have fools with tools, where your kids go to school at
Where you break food, where you think everything cool at
Where you niggaz get bricks at, take shits at
Count cash, take baths, fuck your bitch at
Who you niggaz tryin to stick up? I have lions with irons
to pick up, your bitch, when she pick her wig up
I know niggaz wanna see me shot, lean to the left
In the drop, holdin my chest, wheezin for breath
Can't see me goin out on no meaningless death
Y'all wanna stick me let me see if y'all can get me now

[Chorus x2: scratches]
"I run this city" "who else but me" "the boss"
"Trust me" - "I'm a Bad Boy!"
"You you you rockin with the best"
"Don't worry if I write rhymes, I write checks"

[Verse 2: P. Diddy]
FUCK Y'ALL just don't wanna see me fly
YOU KILLED B.I.G., y'all niggaz seen me cry
That ain't enough? Y'all wanna see me die?
What man say P.D. scared, he lied
Hate on me, cause I got the keys to the city
You wanna see me get Notorious without Biggie
See me without The L.O.X., say I ain't jiggy
See me without Ma\$e, say I ain't pretty
Wanna dress in all black, ride what's mine?
Take my shine? Hate on the ball, straight 'til it's all?
Mad cause I got the total package and more
Faith in my shit, y'all keep hatin my shit
I'ma keep hittin y'all, in the face with these hits
I got the real Queen Bee, don't fuck with my bitch
And I gave y'all the blueprints on how to ball
But you niggaz still pray for my downfall

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: P. Diddy]

FUCK Y'ALL cause I'm bad and the boy get papers
Is it the looks, the wheels, the skills, the flavor?
House on the hill, hundred acres, no neighbors
You can't hate this 90's Lee Majors
I'm top pedigree, I show you what cheddar be
Auto-trey nigga as y'all DuPont registry
Gear I wear for whatever the weather be
Gators, the flavors, the colors my leathers be
You smile in my face but behind my back gossip
Plot shit, wanna get me shot to the noggin
Have Justin cryin, who got my pop hit?
Lyn, tryin to tie me to that B.I.G. and 'Pac shit
I can't, don't, and won't stop
And y'all, can't, so don't pop
I told y'all I got thugs on the payroll
Gotta lay low and get up in the anal

[Chorus]