

## Run It

clipping.

Get the work and get the work and get the work  
Get the work and get the work and get the work  
And put it in the pot  
Mix the mothafucka till it rock  
Roll it till it fit into the needle  
Then you stick it in the middle of the hood and watch 'em run it

Got a bag  
Got a bitch up by the bar (by the bar)  
She bring the cash  
Catch a mothafuckin' star (fuckin' star)  
Pay the tab  
Pop another purple pack (purple pack)  
Slow it down enough  
So you can get the world back (world back)  
Pussy in the air  
Pussy popping on the floor (on the floor)  
Elevator up to 27, there she go (there she go)  
Two inside  
Two more say they on the way (on the way)  
Back to back  
Back into the club, it make the—

Jawbone, sore from the teeth grind  
Got too fast for the rewind  
Have to put it back piece by piece  
By please, mind the gap  
Behind the black sheets find  
Sprinkles of sanity for the gums  
Vanity for the tongue  
Panic before the cum  
Damnit, wanna be numb  
Skin is itching, you sittin' bitch in the backseat  
Till the switch flip and you spillin' spit on the concrete

Pill under the tongue and let it melt  
Catch the feeling for a minute by yourself  
When it's needles on the bottom of your feet  
You know the shit done made it down into the blood and you can run it

Got a Jones  
Got an itchy trigger finger (trigger finger)  
Gotta go  
Pablo got a couple stingers (couple stingers)  
Hit a dab  
That'll get you straight again (straight again)  
Get a cab  
Didn't mean to wake up in the—

Same clothes you been rocking  
For a mothafuckin' week  
Don't let nobody get it twisted  
You are not a fuckin' tweaker  
Look this shit designer  
Cook up in a beaker  
Look this shit designer  
Gucci on the sneaker

Jawbone, sore from the teeth grind  
Got too fast for the rewind  
Have to put it back piece by piece  
By please, mind the gap  
Behind the black sheets find  
Traces of residue in the pots  
Etching you in the thoughts  
Of every new city cop  
The ingénue was a opp  
Skin is itching, you just bitch with a bounty  
Till the switch flip and you suckin' dick in the county

Aluminum in between the teeth  
Mean you prolly gotta get up out the street  
Get your connect on the phone  
And let him know you got the paper in your pocket for him and he need to run  
it  
Don't it feel like god to you?  
Who's yo daddy?  
Can he buy you what you want?  
This is what you want  
Don't it feel like god to you?  
Put that up inside  
Run it up inside  
Run it, get your life

Got a deal  
Said they got a VIP (VIP)  
Got a vibe  
Never had to show ID (show ID)  
Got a rush  
Got a water bottle ready (bottle ready)  
Got a pill  
Drop it in and shake it, shake it  
Shake that shit 'round  
You all the way up and  
They thinking they down (they down)  
Leave the club  
Looking for that real shit (real shit)  
Grab a dub  
Can you catch the feeling, it's the—

Jawbone, sore from the teeth grind  
Got too fast for the rewind  
Have to put it back piece by piece  
By please, mind the gap  
Behind the black sheets find  
Remnants of something inside your head  
Rusting and running red  
Must have been nearly dead  
Then they came for the bread  
Skin is itching, you twitching writing a bad check  
Till the switch flip and you end up taking your last breath

Bloody on the inside of the lip  
Bite it every minute till it split  
Let the drip fall slowly to the floor  
Until there isn't any more and you know that you need to run it