

Running Away

Cordae

First off just take a breather
Never fall into the make believers
Tryna build empire like Jason Jeter
Go gorilla on the track, great ape Vegeta
You get what I'm saiyen (saying)
No Bape Adidas
Tryna run up the numbers till I break the meter
Til' you face the heater, and you fake a seizure
Dog I gotta blow cause my patience leaving
Two steps for the one time
Make them right hooks, and them punchlines
This is sorta like my NFL combine
When we wake up tomorrow pray for sunshine
It's a brighter day for tomorrow
In the trenches they living in sorrow
Fresh gear 'member days we would borrow
Damn this shit changing they shooting out Largo

'Member days was dreaming of Bentleys
Gucci, Prada shit I'll even wear Fendi
Fuck up a check when I cop my Balenci's
Broke and proud now I'm down to my pennies
Nigga been through a lot through the past year
On the road the riches on my last gear
Sick of dumb ass jobs was a cashier
Mixtapes get thrown in the trash here
Ironically they recycling bars
Me and Toonsz spending nights in garage
Hit up Parris he live right next to Nas
Use to trap in towers now I'm Eiffel to y'all
Money growing, getting taller
Jeans tight, pockets smaller
Thank mama the way I was brought up
Living life but I never got caught up

When you coming up you evolving
Member days we was balling
Starry night, the sky's falling
But everybody has a calling
I'm still searching for mine too
Plain sight from the sky view
Soul searching they'll find you
But got nowhere to hide too

And so I'm running away, I'm running away
Always running away, I'm running away
Gotta stop running away, I'm running away
Can't keep running away, running away

Been through it all but I'm too involved
Copped my team goldlinks now my crew can floss
And them niggas hating bad what I do to y'all
And don't even worry bout what my shoes will costs
So u might afford it but my life distorted
I fight the horror with he mic recording
Bro stay with 45s like he Michael Jordan
You gotta have drive I'm the type to floor it

So I'm speeding down life's highway
Tryna cop a benz in my driveway
I ain't been alseep in bout 5 days
And I'm gettin top from my side bae
Sometimes I hate the life that I'm living
Gramma whipping pies in that kitchen
Uncle be pushing weight, think I'm kidding
Rap niggas lie, I lie to my women. Aye!
Walk in Barney's just to fuck up a check
Dead broke now you stuck up in debt
Take a flick, double cuff just to flex
Upgrade my life from the shuttle to jets
Go from noodles to steak, I got food on my plate
Pave my own way you just do what they say
Y'all follow wave stay true my way
Ain't no waiting tomorrow I do it today

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