

Run It Back!

Craig Xen

Fuck niggas know what it is, man
We dropping that fire on you fuck niggas, man
We taking over the motherfucking streets, 400 block shit
Pussy nigga
That part, ayy! Dumbass nigga

Got her wet, uh
Black tints, black cars, posted in the back, uh
Foreign bop, loaded Glock, I can't never lack, uh
Use the club, if you hit a lick, can't run it back, uh
Okay, shorty, I can't trust no bitch, how you do that?
Fuck the fame, I'ma kill a bitch if he talk wack, uh
I'ma wreck his shit, don't sweat the shit, ayy, run it back
If I'm in your hood and see you, bitch, ayy, run it back
Pistols have him runnin' like a fuckin' running-back

Ayy, run it back, run it, run it back (Where he at!?)
Heard that he was cold, pump him, unimpressed (One step!)
Ayy, shoot that fuck nigga for his sack, let him flex (Let him flex!)
Pussy try to cap, check his motherfuckin' stats
Ain't shit changed but the ring on my
Middle fuckin' finger, I bleed on 'em, baow-baow-baow!
Heard he's sneak dissin' on my team, mumble, ayy
Hit him for the diss, this that beam on him

Fool me, you try me, you'll lose your hopscotch, mm
My OG told me, "Don't trust thots or fuckboys," uh (Ayy-ayy)
Bloody knife in my holster, I behead guys, hmm (Ayy!)
Caught a opp, not no Pokémon, want dead guys, uh (Ayy-ayy, ayy-ayy, ayy-ayy)
I don't sleep, I rest with my knife at bedtime, mm (Ayy!)

Ayy!
Ayy!