

Runtz

D Savage

Uh, uh, yeah
(Cutta, we rich)
Grrrrrr (Fah-fah-fah-fah-fah)
(Murda on the beat so it's not nice)

50 round drum on the end of my gun
Told that lil' bitch I'm up next, I'm the one
She shaking that ass and I'm throwing some ones
My bitch is too fire, she hot like the sun
When you see the gang, bitch you better run
Niggas too broke out here looking like bums
I call up Lil Bean now I'm smoking on Runtz
I call up Lil Bean now I'm smoking on Runtz (Fly like a bird)

Sippin' on mud and I came out the dirt
I'mma fuck on yo' bitch 'till it hurt
Double cups, double cups, sippin' on syrup
Dive in that pussy, I'm makin' her squirt
Ridin' round town and I'm servin' that work
You can get murked, put on a shirt
Whip out blue hundreds, your bitch tryna' twerk
Jump out a bush with that K, go to work

Nah, bro, no
No, nigga, no
No, nigga, watch out
Ha-ha (Bitch)

Niggas too pussy, not gangsta enough
She love when we fuck, how I be getting rough
Came with a hundred if you feelin' tough
Walk down gang, like pocket 'em up
Pull up on the one-way, we leavin' 'em fucked
Swing to the hood, tell my killers "What's up?"
I just poured a deuce of Wockhardt in my cup
(I just poured a deuce of Wockhardt in my cup)
Sippin' yo rent
Double-back, double-back gain when I spend
Jump in the coupe, drop the top off my Benz
I call 'em brothers, I don't got no friends
I paid 2,000, all blues, for these pants
Bluetooth pulled up with a whole lot of bands
We got them racks, ain't no advance
You couldn't kill me if you had the chance
Jump off a plane and get racks when I land

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