

## Run Down

Dave East

Walked down on the opp, I ain't tryna drive  
First class private if I gotta fly  
My mama couldn't afford it, now I gotta buy it  
We wasn't close, the nigga died and I forgot about it  
I brought the phone to the projects, watched them crowd around it  
Pistol in your mouth, why you tryna shout it?  
All we got is hope, my dreams was on a boat and niggas tried to drown it  
I learned how to swim, somehow I got up out it  
Rarely was we sittin' down, niggas oughta take out  
Get your address and all night we on the stakeout  
I got your bitch happy, then like acne I'ma break out  
Everything changed my first day out, been focused on my way out  
In and out of spots when you move, move cautious  
Sixth floor, not a crib, remind me of a fortress  
Shorty always in my face, keep reminding me she gorgeous  
Middle finger, fuck a cop, they just mad that I can't afford it  
Cops listen to my raps, I gotta watch how I be talkin'  
Lil' mama, I been fuckin', she be chillin' with the opps  
When I pull up to a spot, I got it on me  
Watch my body, I can't die for bein' horny  
Niggas sayin' stuff, they got me slidin' with my brody  
Homies dyin', I can't add it up, nobody know me  
I been cryin', got me walkin' round here with a 40  
Never thought I'd see this type of life when I was just a shorty

Real niggas gotta understand  
I just wanna smoke and pop a bottle with my man  
My daughter askin' bout the world, I said, you got it in your hand  
Felt like you touched a million when it got a hundred grand  
I been goin' through it, nobody can understand  
They taught me how to stack it, we wrapped it with rubber bands  
Comin' through your window to get it like Rubberman  
Cash money brothers, my hitters like Dutta man

Stuff too many bullets in it and the gun will jam  
I was never thinkin' summer jam, just tryin' to sell a hundred grams  
Now we do Jamaican trips, all my bitches love the ting  
Cash money brothers, my hitters like Dutta man  
Push the Lambo like a Civic, only talkin' cause I live it  
All the ones that wanna be me really been my biggest critics  
It's a quarter million jewelry if we gotta be specific  
Fly robbers and designer, they go drillin' in some kits  
Tryna flip shit  
Walk down on a opp, I ain't tryna drive  
Me and brody been through pain, so we trauma-vibe  
You ever saw a dead body, that's a homicide  
The ones you thought was solid go to sing and watch them harmonize  
Woodrow Wilson Housing, I was in and out them  
Buildings with the villains and get high the way we chillin'  
Dead Prez, he's all that's on my mind, make a killin'  
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Slidin' in a Lincoln, all these diamonds on me clinkin'  
Catchin' flights outta Kennedy, I'm Reposado drink  
Catch you slippin' in my section, we can't grant you a pass  
Fuckin' bitches in the Trump Tower, fillin' my glass  
You know my cup overrun, it's 100s, I'm really done it Yeah  
FTD, you talkin' bout dirt, we really from it

Yeah, swingin' for the fences, I was never one to bunt it  
My gut feelin' told me to keep it by my stomach, so I does it  
On the daily, I ain't goin' for the games you can't play me  
And this music here forever, so immortal what it made me  
Self-belief to the fullest and the fortune what it gave me  
Thinkin' bout my bros is gone and they been torturing me lately

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