

Run It

DC Young Fly

Got a check, ran it up
Ain't no tellin' in my cup
Whole team got stripes
Trappin' out day and night
You ain't dope, push a car
We was standin' on the block
Pound pat with the loss
Whole team full of bosses
My whole team full of bosses

Came in couple killers, I ain't worried no nigga
Young fly, my nigga, and we ain't countin' new niggas
They sleep on West Side like a pillow
And then we ate all you niggas
And now what made the West Side bigger
My niggas slow like [?]
And I promise you that all my niggas right here
And I ain't playin' with you, I got the .45 on my hip
Y'all ain't comin' in [?]
But we here, yeah
I remember that I wasn't havin' no M's
I promise, I'm not gonna do that again
[?] mama a Benz
Maybe one of my mama a Benz
Then when you thought that this shit was gon' end
And they see me right back at it again

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I'm on the block for real, I push the clock for real
When there was problem, I had to resolve it, I put the Glock for real
Damn, I ain't even seal, got some niggas in the cell
Call me from the cell, stand down to the bill
I took a loss with that pen, when I got stand up
I spent some my money, lost all my money, when I got jammed up

[?], my hatin' bro still fuckin'
Still ridin' gettin' payed, the one hater gettin' payed
Nigga mad, fuck his bitch, DC, that the clique
Better yet, we a family, keep a chopper in both hands
Niggas be hatin', [?]
Ain't no more losses, my team full of bosses

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