

# Treadmill

Don Trip

Uh (Red On The Beat)

'Til my days end, I'm runnin' up these digits (Run it up)  
These niggas know they ain't fuckin' with us (Run it up)  
Gettin' racks back to back, no tennis (Yeah, run it up)  
No track, but we always run shit up (Run it up, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up)  
It ain't no fun with no funds, so you run up them hundreds (Yeah, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up)  
It ain't no fun with no funds, so run up them hundreds (Oh, yeah)

You know what you got with me  
Tell me, where do you think you belong if it's not with me?  
You can close your eyes, spin the globe, and pick a spot to eat  
Wherever, whenever, land and take a shopping spree  
Man of my word if you ever needed proof  
Roses comin' red, Tiffany in blue  
We on a different channel, that's Chanel head to boot  
I can't wait to peel your secrets off and find your hidden truth  
Now show me somethin' new (Uh)

See, I'm really rich (Yeah)  
Shawty thick, I think that I could be a nice fit (Oh, for sure, for sure)  
This Rollie on my wrist (Yeah)  
A glimpse to show you how different my time spent (Yeah)  
I get dough, that's for sure and they know that (You know)  
My dogs pop out all black, it's a Kodak moment  
Since a jit, I knew I was one and only, just waited on my moment (Just waited on my moment)

'Til my days end, I'm runnin' up these digits (Run it up)  
These niggas know they ain't fuckin' with us (Run it up)  
Gettin' racks back to back, no tennis (Yeah, run it up)  
No track, but we always run shit up (Run it up, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up)  
It ain't no fun with no funds, so you run up them hundreds (Yeah, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up)  
It ain't no fun with no funds, so run up them hundreds (Yeah)

Everybody watchin', baby, ready, set, showtime  
Know I'm goin' in like I'm standin' on the goal line  
Pose for the camera, baby, know you ain't camera-shy  
I can bring it all to life, you ain't gotta fantasize, seein' is believin'

Uh, uh, you ain't get it, now you peep the vision  
You a hater, now you watch a nigga gettin' richer  
Diamonds on my neck, they shine like glove on Mike, no glitter  
No, I'm not fuckin' with you (Yeah)

'Til my days end, I'm runnin' up these digits (Run it up)  
These niggas know they ain't fuckin' with us (Run it up)  
Gettin' racks back to back, no tennis (Yeah, run it up)  
No track, but we always run shit up (Run it up, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up)  
It ain't no fun with no funds, so you run up them hundreds (Yeah, oh, run it up)  
Run shit up (Run it up, yeah)

It ain't no fun with no funds, so you run up them hundreds (Yeah, run it up)