

Ran Through It

FBG Duck

You already know how the fuck I'm comin'
I'm 'bout to turn up in this motherfucker
Turn up in this motherfucker
Gang
Young got the motherfucker opper-stopper (Brrt)
He a motherfucker opper-dropper (Brrt)
Cray Cray keep pourin' all this motherfuckin' lean and shit (What's up, bro?)
)
Ayy, turn up

I don't give a bitch my time if she weak (No, no, no, no)
All she can do for me is eat-eat (Thotty)
Niggas wanna keep talkin' 'bout cheese-cheese
Lil' boy, that shit ain't nothin' to me
Ayy, ayy, I just made ten bands last week (I fucked that shit off, nigga)
Yeah, what you do? Ran through it
I'ma take your bitch, proceed home with me (Uh-skrtrt, uh-skrtrt, uh-skrtrt)
What you do? Ran through her

Ayy, ayy, ayy, I done made 'bout five bands this week
Ooh, uh-skrtrt, ran through it
Ayy, ayy, broski just called me, say he got a stain we need to peep
Uh-skrtrt, ran to it (Take him down)
Niggas keep playin' these games, catch all of my slugs (Brrt)
I fuck a bitch, see her and wave, I do not give her a hug (No)
She say, "Duck, where your feelings?" I told her, "I do not got none" (Sorry
)
I told her she give me some pussy, then I might buy her some UGGs
Hundred in the chopper, thirty in the Glizzy (Brrt, baow)
Every time you see me, bitch, I got them shooters with me (Gang)
You can catch nine out the Glizzy, I ain't talkin' 50 (I ain't talkin' 50)
Bullets be flyin' past your head gettin' 'nat shh, you would think it's wind
y (Money, damn)

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Ayy, ayy, I'm bussin', I'm bussin', and still got some yoppers on me
I'm never lackin', you catch me in traffic, I got thirty popper on me (Brrt,
baow)
You could get shot up 'cause I'm not a boxer, homie (Brrt, brrt)
My watch is so big and it's filled up with ice, so yes, you can play hockey
on it (Woo)
I might take your bitch right to the condo (Turn up, turn up, turn up)
Told her keep her pussy 'cause I only want head (Thotty)
She wanna know how I'm ballin' like Rondo (Balling)
I just traded [?] mash potatoes for a loaf of bread
Pillow talkin' to hoes, nigga, that's lame (Fufu)
You see a thumb and a pinky wavin', nigga, that's gang (Gang)
Wifin' these hoes, must be high off cocaine (Woo, skrtrt)
Me and Billionaire run a clout train on your main (Money)

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