

On the Run

Gucci Mane

If a nigga got a 44, haters out the window
Let the fucker go, I suggest you motherfucking run, run
See my blood send a kilo, that's just 'cause you dead though
Find out how we kick it dogs, 'cause they know I'm on the run,
on the run

Went on for the plug, he will shoot it off the brick
Front door back though I'm jumping over the fence
With 50 thousand grands nigga that 53 brick
Black amigo scooting on for taking nigga shit
Them young nigga each a corner in that black van
Swinging dough Waka Flocka and let them guns blow
Bind a hundred looking for me I don't give a damn
They kick my mama doorI found 150 ban
Ever since they gave me most wanted for the grand
Real dope boy I been hussled up the grand
Every day I'm flossin and my jewerly mess my swag
Two different spot don't put the bricks with the swag

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I got black pistols hanging out the black coupe
Jump up out that bitch Gucci everything with the matching boot
Selling dope since highschool out I never went to classroom
You don't say nothing to me, bitch shut the fuck up unless I ask you
Money on my mind your bitch swanging on my nuts on the block hanging
Getting in up, in the streets I'm flaming bro, you know what up
Hey look these diamonds clear as water, dude check out how they sparkle
I gave these niggas the blue print but I ain't no Sean Carter
Every car I own up under the hood it got a monster
The city flooded with kush they say they under sponsor
If you see that hung around, hanging out the window
I don't mean no harm but I suggest that you keep going

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