

Run

Gucci Mane

Memphis track boy
Run run
Tie your shoes lace
Ye, tie your shoes lace

Run, run, you better run
Run, run, you better run
When you see them boys
When you see them boys
Run
Run, run, run, run, run
My nigga make you run, run, run, run, run
These streets will make you run, run, run, run, run
This take will make you run
Forever run
Run

Hey lace your shoes up
Run for it run
Cause my nigga told me guns
And the gonna bomb like some dumps
Keep a fully loaded stick with me
With the scope and the bag
One shot, man down
Now it's a crime scene
Got stacks on top of stacks
And gwallas after gwallas
Conversations priceless
I'm all about the dollars
Born with a curse
There's mabin in my DNA
Hey ATL
Shorty, lil money everyday
Your mabin numb
Fuck how you niggas feel
That's right I'm DJ Drummond
Bring gangsters to your grill
Bring gangsters to your crib
To your mama house
Hey Memphis most wanted
Keep my name up out your mouth

I chase a rap nigga
Record the wrong boy
Get that mouth slap nigga
Don't need no trap nigga
Ain't get no doubt nigga
If I catch you
I'm gonna bounce
Get you ass bounce nigga
Baptize you like a preacher
Got long bones I can reach you
Need mamas I can teach you
Got killed
Gonna do, defeat you
Should have ran [x2]
Should have never got caught

White killers everywhere
Nigga, fuck you thought
OG, them down in Memphis
Crazy got a show down
Now you tripping
Still no game
Never busting them lanes
Hundred thousand dukes
All on the same thing
MPA, we don't play
Money powered ammunition wreck your day
Leave it up to me
You niggas gonna starve
Better not show shit
Nigga we raw
Yea we take
Take from the face
Heard you got rawed
Better hate than a take