

Run Up on Ya

Joey Bada\$\$

Yeah, run up on ya bitch like
Probably run up on ya bitch like

Lord, can I get a bad bitch?
High class whip, be above the average
Headed north west, that two seater Kardashian
Type to give me brain up in the red light traffic
And keep ya head up, that 2Pac blasting
Face two stacks and then be back into this action
No time to relax, I need someone to count this cash with
That match with, give me what I'm askin'
The lady in the streets appear beast on that mattress
That's it, you're the only one I'm trying to mack with
But you could be a liability or fat (ass)et
How real is that ass miss? Bend that shit backwards
Hit one backwood, crack the pussy like a password
Bet that pussy's last word is master
Ask her, roll my rocker til I made that astronaut
That's NASA thought, be that young fly, nasty one
Swallow the seeds, please, but you can't catch me slipping, hon

So let's just ride away
We could die today
Got no time to waste
So just roll with me, baby
Ride or die
Always by your side
Until the end of time
Driving me crazy

First thing's first, I, Joey
Freaks all the honeys, mommies, the playboy bunnies
The hoes love me, get down before the money
Just know shit could get ugly, but whether it rain or sunny
Just never worry, chinchillas in February
Vanilla, that's when you ready
Check the itinerary whenever it's necessary
Keep my baby straight, peep my lady lace
The Margiela to Doneva
Fool less it's planned and everything is in control
So hit the gas and let's go
It's no sleep til Brooklyn, another beastie boy
And she just can't stop looking, she like it raw
Real spitter and all and that's the word of mouth
And let her sit in the jaw
I'm so nasty, please just walk past me
So tempted to grab it, I gotta have it
We could be living lavish so tell me, girl, right away
We could hit the bank then escape to the hideaway
Is you riding, riding with me?
Is you riding?
Is you riding, riding with me?
Is you riding?

Getting head in the whip and not crashing it
FILA Velour shorts set, half Arabic
I sit in dove room with candle lit

Tell little mama handle it
Or you could leave the sandals on and pull your skirt up
I really remember reading Word Up
Tiger Beat, see me on the cover soon, fold out posters
Hanging on your shorties wall
I still be fucking women half my age when I'm 44
Young skin, a winning personality
Hard dick, million dollar salary
These cheating refs calling fouls on me
Break the fucking whistle off in his ass, now hit the road, Jack
Hop off the bozack, the .44 clap
You'll need low jack to define your whole back
Euros'll get down, you know that
Swimming trunks and throwback
Yeah, you know that

[Hook]