

On the Run

K Camp

Bobby Kritical

Shawty got sex appeal
I'ma have my best, yeah
Lick on her flesh, yeah
Squeeze on her breasts, yeah
I need the big deals
I need the big wheels
Diamonds got big chill
Pop me a big pill
These niggas ain't real
Tell her how I feel
Life get unreal
This how I live
Everything A1, yeah
Hold weight, this a ton, yeah
Can't run out of fun, yeah
Me and you on the run, yeah (Let's go)

Shawty got pussy like water
I fell in love with your daughter
Foreign hoes, came from the bottom
Flip them hoes like a quarter (Flip)
Paper on a nigga like Harlem
I'ma let it ride like the model
Fuck around, you gon' get slaughtered
Got a nigga feelin' like Tha Carter (Yes, let's go)
Got too many hoes that be callin' my phone, but I'm focused on you
I be lookin' for you, I be textin' you, I be sexin' you (Sexin' you)
She got her own and she still in school
Lil' mama a fool, what's a player to do?
Can't look like a fool, I'm just playin' it cool

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Kick it with the B's like Bun, yeah
Can I get a piece of that bun? Yeah
Hottest nigga under the sun, yeah
Name hold weight, this a ton, yeah
Shawty think he hard with a gun, yeah
If shit pop off, he'll run, yeah

All them niggas ain't nothin', yeah
Balenciaga runners, no sprint though
Twenty-two hundreds for the Rick O
Twenty-two hundred ain't shit, ho
Twenty-two thrown on your bitch, woah (Bitch, woah)
Play with them racks, yeah
Fendi to match, yeah
They say that I'm back, yeah
Count it exact, yeah

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