

# Running up a bag

King Los

(Running up a bag  
Bag, oh baby  
I gotta get to it babe  
Bag...)

I'm still running up a bag, running up a bag  
Trappin out the benz, bringing money back  
Ballin for my hood, running up the tab  
Shorty I'm the man, shorty I'm the man  
I gives a fuck what suckers sayin  
I love my money rubber band  
You know I'm running up a bag, running up a bag  
Oh bitch I'm ballin for my hood, only true hustlers understand  
They know I'm running up a bag, running up a bag

Man I said these niggas cool but I'm a little cooler Rick the ruler get the  
rulers out lets see who measuring up  
I got the wind of a rookie on top of veteran style  
Don't I impress you enough when am pressed upon you blessings lessons on you  
run you round in circles run the town no curfew  
But a nigga go in, I seen a light at a tunnel and said "a nigga could win"  
So I did it and did it did it and did it again  
I made it vivid I live it I'm on my pivot I give it a hundred when I'm in th  
e paint nigga  
And I never ever ever been a fake nigga  
I just had breakfast on the jet, I spent a Lexus on this necklace you see me  
reppin for the set  
I say no weapon formed against us shall prosper god'll watch me do it  
Now watch the god inside me do it  
Oh yes I'm live in living color, oh yes I got a little brother  
And a older too and they both in jail fuck you want me do if you only knew s  
hit that I been through  
All my haters way too hype for nothing I get paper they don't like me fuck e  
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Man I said these niggas cool but they ain't got they soul connected man I'm  
so connected  
All my goals directed I was chosen my glow perfected, and that ain't the hal  
f I'm the whole exception  
And who are you to be withholding blessings  
Love and peace is such a dope investment  
Joy and pain the same they both reflected  
In each other cause they both connected  
Search for answers cause my heart is empty  
Feel like cancer spreading all your envy  
Tainted city painted anguish still I painted pretty guess that's just the ar  
tist in me

I done turned the dawning's to the sun, yeah my better harvest still to come  
And I bet my father still at one reason that my son see the sun and oh  
Ain't no problem baby let it go, yeah your black skin is ghetto gold  
Get attacked when the devil know you got god in your heart yeah  
Fuck the game we gone chart yeah  
Everything came from hardships  
We maintain no facades bitch  
Gang, gang, gang, squad

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