

Run It

Lil Debbie

JM on the beat
All right
Who's that creepin' through the window
Oooh, there she go, there she go, there she go
Got the Kush clouds blowin' through the Benz, oh
Oooh, let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know

All we do is killin' shit, who the leader of the pack though
Had 'em count it at the city, brought 'em back though
Skinny frame but the stack stayin' fat though
Bitches tryna keep us out, we kickin' down the backdoor
Say my name, say my name, say my name, hoe
Now, I ain't really been the same since I came tho
I just do my thang, I ain't fuckin' with you lame hoes
Let my chain glow, gettin' richer by the day, so
Money ain't a thang like Jermaine, bitch, I got that
Range, yeah, I got that, just went and cop that
Winner call the trick and we just livin'
Boss like we the double dose of pimpin'
Watch me kill her

Think I'm playin', we can run it, we can run it run it
Show you bitches if you want it, we can run it, run it
Bitches thinkin' it's a game with the shit talk
Say my name, she a hunnid, you can run it, run it

Feel the rumble in the drum
What you need, what you want, let it burn
Crowd jumpin', everybody with they hands up
Bitches thinkin' they can see us, put a band up
Alright, okay
Bitches thinkin' that they fuckin' with the crew, no way
That they'll be the day you see me fallin' off, no day
Bitches thinkin' it's a game, all real, no play, okay
I'ma show my ass off, like my ass out
I'ma fuck the game up, that's a cash out
Got a bunch of hater bitches tryna lash out
I'ma blow my tree and do my thang, until I pass out
Deuces

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Say my name, she a hunnid, you can run it, run it

Who's that creepin' through the window
Oooh, let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know
Got three or four pounds of the indo
Oooh, let me blow, let me blow, let me blow

Word around town is Debbie fuckin' with the cutthroats
Bitches get it poppin', you can smell us from the blunt smoke
Everything is foul like the Kush with the Rasta's
Bitches movin' silencers, yeah, we do it like the mobsters
Debbie Corleone, bitch, you corny and we off that
I'm the baddest bitch, ain't a question where the boss at
Bitches lookin' for me, ask about me, she a hunnid

In the city I'm a hunnid, if you want it, we can run it, hoe