

# Running Fast

Lil Skies

I know I'm higher than a bitch, I can't even front  
But I ain't never had shit, that's why I like to stunt  
I know that nigga hating on me, this ain't what he want  
I know he tryna knock me out because I'm Number 1

Bitch I'm ballin on these niggas, Jordan when I dunk  
She popped a perc and sipped my lean, she thought she was drunk  
My niggas savage, riding with the chopper in the trunk  
I Barry Bonds that pussy you know I don't ever bunt  
I'm running fast to that bag all I know is flex  
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I'm running fast to that bag all I know is flex  
I need that work, I need that bag, give me my fucking check

I'm bout to break the bank  
I make the trap jump  
I'm rollin up the skunk  
Your boyfriend is a bum  
He say he need that work  
Like pull up what's your order  
I save it like a hoarder  
Then go right to the border  
My bitch a dime piece  
Yo bitch a three piece  
My niggas sellin piece  
Y'all fuck with kill piece  
Remember being broke  
They took me as a joke  
Now treat me like the pope  
My life's so fucking dope  
Bitch I came up, I don't flex for the Gram  
Boy I ain't hiding you know who I am  
Niggas be talking I don't give a damn  
I text her the ??? I feel like Uncle Sam  
Bro she like Curry, that 30 don't jam  
I got it back now it's all in my hands  
Stayed on my toes I ain't switch on my mans  
Kill em, be humble and stick to the plan  
I'm in the cut, I don't fuck with the VIP  
These females ain't loyal, they always on dicks  
Stay in the job, I can't be in the mix  
They want me to fail but instead I took risks  
Look at me now like I'm making them sick  
Fuck all the diamonds, I shine regardless  
I got the vision, yes I'm an artist  
I tell em pull up cause we got the bargain

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That nigga talking, I know he ain't real

Say he won't switch, bet he will for the deal  
Work my ass off till my hands touch a mil  
Rollin up dope, getting high for the thrill  
Gave her the D now she all in her feels  
Hitting my phone all the time cannot chill  
I do not love you, ain't paying ya bills  
She want some clout but I ain't Dr. Phil  
We got in late when we came in the door  
Hoes in the couch money all in the floor  
Ain't running out keep the bag in galore  
I shine like a star in the clouds where I soar  
Funny thing is I was just by the store  
Trapping with bro making plays to get more  
Now I'm on flights taking trips to explore  
Give me two years and I'm going on tour  
It's all we got, bitch you know what it is  
Now I'm the man you can't call me a kid  
No looking back on the shit that I did  
Hitting them licks, laying low from the pigs  
Rolling up gas drinking lean like i'm sick  
Bro trappin hard making plays out the whip  
I'm in the studio making these hits  
Chasing my dreams while they sit back and wish  
Nigga you know what it is (Woah)  
Nigga you know what it ain't  
And these niggas ain't felt all my pain  
Tell that nigga just stay in his lane  
Smoking gas and it's smelling like dank  
And my shooters pull up in a tank  
And she love me, I'm fresh out the bank  
I can't save you, girl I ain't no saint

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