

Run It

Meek Mill

Cuban Linx and kilos
We might get the rico
Pull up on a sucka take his bitch like I was D Bo
Got the four five in the six call it Cee-Lo
Buying bottles with your cop money, nacho cheese Dorito (hol up!)
All of my niggas official as fuck
Big ass Mulsanne like I'm whipping the truck
I'm sippin' Ciroc while I'm sittin' with Puff
And talking 'bout business with Jigga at lunch
That's cray, that's cray
New toys, let's play
I brought spades, with the deuce, like poof, let's [?]
I must say, I get money, fuck ho, don't pay
And I ball, in the clutch, Ray Al, for that tre
And I ride, for the Ye, West side, Kim K
White girl, through The Bay, my hood, I'm Mac Dre
Bitch, if money talks why you niggas never say shit?
If sky's the limit, why I'm ridin' in a space ship?
My money talkin' and my Rollie never tickin niggas
Five bullets [?] on the wrist I'm official nigga

I'm feeling a way...

Whoa, run it

Run it

Run it

Whoa

This is what we do

Run it

Run it

Run it

Run it

Yeah

My bitch look like Halle

My bitch look like Kylie

Your bitch don't look happy

None of ya'll hoes can have me

Can't touch me, can't touch this

MC Hammer with the swaggy

Can't cuff me, can't function

Bitch, I don't want to get married

They ain't ever want me on payroll

They ain't ever want me have say-so

Always had a crush on J-Lo

Thought I was the man 'til my chain broke

I was so broke can't change clothes

You don't keep it real, you a lame-o

You don't make a move 'til I say so

When I get loose, anything goes

Money in the mother fuckin' mattress

They was tryna take it, but I need to get away

I think I'm tripping cause a nigga never had it

I never had a way, I think I struggled every day

Talking to God I'm hoping he could do some magic

Hoping to get paid and then take all my stress away

And I could finally buy a mother fucking mansion

Then move my friends in, and get Benzs

Cause this shit sound like sci-fi
I ain't ever had no wifi
I grew up where the guns went- (pow pow)
Almost got killed in a drive-by
Stay in your biz don't mind mines
I'm in your top five's top five
Can't touch this nigga, why try?
Gimme yo shit or you might die

Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Whoa, run it
Run it, run it
Run it, run it
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Wait, hold up, yo, look

Your shit sound like bubble gum, popcorn, starburst, chocolate
Gum drop, cupcake, milkshake, [?], candy cane, rainbow
Your shit sound like summer time, playground, third grade
Ice cream, fun pop, Reese's, Hershey's, swirly, lemonade, mango
Momma thought I was retarded
Daddy thought I was lethargic
They said I wasn't the smartest
Grammy knew I was an artist
All of y'all niggas is trash, go throw your shit in the garbage
I threw your shit in the ocean, I hope it swim with the starfish
I remember when you wouldn't fuck with me
Ain't nobody wanna ride the bus with me
Ain't nobody wanna share lunch with me
Family couldn't keep in touch with me
Now they all can't get enough of me
Now they want to fly with me in luxury
Same hoes never want to let me hit
Now they all want to bust nuts for me
Name another nigga poppin' than me?
I never been cocky, but they don't want a problem with me
And fuck all these haters that wanna take a dollar from me
Nigga fuck any rapper yo I don't need a counter with me
Ain't nobody wasn't lookin' for me, they was hiding from me
All of them was counting me out now they counting on me
I'm so motherfucking hot that the wind is a sauna to me
Right before I pull the trigger and begging that God forgive me I said

Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Whoa, run it
Run it, run it
Run it, run it

Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Run it, whoa
Run it, run it
Wait, hold up, look