

## P RUN

Moneybagg Yo

Phew, phew, phew  
Fifty P's in a week, I need a hundred least  
Phew, phew, phew  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, I ain't get no sleep (Gentle Beatz)

I run through these 'bows like I'm Deon, niggas peon (Yo)  
Why you wait until the bitch check you to turn your P on? (Squares)  
Turnt so many brands and strands up, had a real P Run (Ayy)  
Ice on me could cause a cold front, shit look like Freon (Froze)  
Uh, uh, bread by the loaf, nigga, we all ate (No small plates)  
If you ask me 'bout 'em, shit, they all fake (They all fake)  
We just get the money and let y'all hate  
Uh, uh, we just get the money and let y'all hate (Hey)

AP flooded, I just spent a dubby on Goyard luggage  
Baby love it when I pop my shit and let her count it for me  
Cuban on her chest, new bitch, who this? (Fine)  
Ain't missed a hair appointment yet, new bitch, who this? (She fine)  
Garlic chicken, private chef, we don't do the Ruth's Chris (No)  
Bought you a bag the first week, bitch, I don't usually do this (Never)  
If you head honcho, then it's only right you turn up your clique (Speak)  
Behind the tint, I let my seat back while she give it a kiss (Uh)  
Big boy Rolls truck, lift your head up, see the stars all in this bitch  
Real street niggas, if I ever go fed (What?), I'ma give a pod officer this d  
ick  
I did a fifty K weed promo just to let my dog have this shit (Yeah)  
I don't want nothin' if it ain't that Wock' (No), I'ma let y'all have that T  
ris (I don't want that shit)  
Three honey buns on a watch just to boost up my ego (Jazzy)  
I bet' not hear 'bout him doin' no hate shit, I'm takin' his ho (Come here)  
What I'm puffin' right now, it's gon' be 4K for this smoke (Exotic)  
It ain't no sample or no tester, gotta pay for this dope

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Where the dice at? (Go get some) I'm really like that (On God)  
Take your nigga jewelry off (Ha), where your ice at? (Show me)  
Got what they got but chargin' more, I call that hype tax (Damn)  
You niggas petty, that's why your trap ain't jumpin' like that  
Uh, uh, I can't front these niggas, they take too long to pay back (Facts)  
I'm havin' so much shit goin' on, I really can chill and lay back (Coolin')  
Just to fuck off with Fatt Fox, I went, rebought the Maybach (Again)  
Quit actin' like a opp, if you ain't one of us, just say that  
I got bows for the d-low (Yeah)  
Get in with the Bossman, I'm who put the team on  
A hundred P's touch down, dancin' in the end zone  
Like I hear my theme song  
Primetime with this paper, find a bitch to spend it on

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