

RUN EM OVER

Mozzy

(D-Diego)

Ayy, lyin' to that bitch, she gettin' fucked over
The head hit different when I'm hungover (Hungover)
Wanna fuck me with your friend? Baby, come over
Ayy, speakin' on my name get you fucked over
Yeah, reachin' for my chain get you fucked over
Ain't no friends in this shit, nigga, run 'em over
Yeah, no, we not the gang, we just all soldiers
And l'ma keep it real 'til it's all over (It's all over)

You know what's in this cup, died a month ago
Nigga know what's in this blunt, know you niggas bunk
Your sister on my line, let me get behind that rump
Percocets bool, do it better when I'm drunk
Bank account brazy, all the wires go to Hutch
Sports mode on her, I can teach you how to stunt
Fried calamari out in Malibu for lunch
They walk me through the back, but I park in front of the club, on Bloods
Everything designer on me, down to the drugs
I'm the multi-millionaire they found in the mud
Child of the slums, in love with a stripper
Hella thouwow ones, watch her counted by the dubs (Yeah)

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Ayy, tryna fight the Perc', goin' on shoulders
Ayy, big cup of juice, but we all sober
Ayy, runway model, we in all Dover
Ayy, no QPskii, it's all growers
Yeah, pull up with the vibe, she brought all whores
Yeah, four hoes and me, I'm Shedeur, bitch, I'm goin' for it
And I'm on the gas, what I'm stoppin' for?
Ayy, tap a nigga chin, don't be askin' what he socked me for
Bae said, "Poo, you gotta pop it more"
Ayy, no cosign, got it off the floor
Ayy, love to see my son shine, it's my reward
Ayy, Maybach shades, we're on my court
Ayy, .559s, I was off the porch
Yeah, fightin' with my bitch, then gotta fight a gun case at court Fightin'
with myself, should I stay?
'Cause I know she hurt
Now she want a fuck a nigga over, that's how this work

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