

# Run It Up

Mozzy

We can run it up, ayy, we can run it up, ayy  
Cup full of lean, ayy, 'bout to pour it up, ayy  
If you got dubs, ayy, go and roll up, ayy  
If you more weed, ayy, go and light it up, ayy  
Huh, all, baby we can have it all, ayy  
Put you in them shoes that you like  
Them Christian Louboutins, they drippin' from the walk, ayy, ayy  
We can run it up, ayy, we can run it up, ayy  
Pocket full of ones, ayy, 'bout to throw it up, ayy  
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Big dog Mozzy, pull up somethin' 'xotic  
Baby know she poppin', she finna pop out and party  
I'm finna bust down the Carti's, no I don't fuck with no Bacardi  
Whole Shooter Gang taught it, niggas hittin' 'tended targets  
I took the hooker bitch to Target, she need vanilla gift card  
She need some more Bitcoin (Like why though?), she been goin' hard (Okay)  
She got her own house and car, she got her own money too  
I ain't the only one shinin', she got a Rollie on too  
I blow forty on the coupe, I got the sauce and the juice  
Prayin' the play fall through, prayin' the play fall through  
I got my name off shootin', you got your name off hoopin'  
She want a thug in her lifestyle, she love the gangbang movement  
I'm with the Gangland bullies, both of my cups on gooey  
This is a cooked blunt doobie, smoke somethin' with me  
Pour up a four of somethin' with me, you know I know them niggas envy  
It ain't a nigga I owe a penny, I will get on him with the blicky

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Ballin' ain't enough, ayy, pussy ain't enough, ayy  
Haters showin' up, ayy, I don't do the cup, ayy  
I be goin' up, yeah, I be goin' up, uh  
Swervin' all stupid, hey, clear the dash, do it, alright  
Your baby daddy broke, I know he need you, I don't, ayy ayy  
Let me hit that pussy, you can tell him I won't, hey hey  
No it ain't no secret, I get money, I go, ayy ayy  
I might do the 'Rari 'cause the Bentley too slow, hey hey  
This a vibe, this a ride, top miss, bye, ayy  
Rollie shine, hers and I, strike pose, vibe, ayy  
Send a four, give and go, wrist wrist vibe, ayy  
Rich bitch vibe, big bitch vibe  
All this money, don't be actin' all shy  
In Miami goin' hammy like I  
Caught a grammy in them panties like right  
Ain't no ticket on the private jet, fly, yeah

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