

# Run It Down

Pouya

But it's like this, though. I'm tired of folks, you know I'm sayin'. Them close minded folks, you know I'm sayin', like we got a demo tape, you know, nobody wanna hear. But it's like the south got something to say, that's all I got to say

Got your money, got your paper  
We can run it down tonight  
Ooh, everybody else a hater  
I don't give a damn, you're right  
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I need four .45's and a man by my side when I go outta town and I roll them dice  
You, you, ain't 'bout tha Pittsburgh  
So I got an intern hopin' that the test go right  
I've been tossin' and turnin', knowin' that you perfect  
Baby, you've been on my mind  
Now I'm all alone with a cracked iPhone  
Sittin' downside ways, stayin' up all night  
So I gotta fill a void, now I'm back in a Porsche  
Michael tellin' me to slow down here  
So I fell down back and I showed that mic in my hand  
Guess I'm back in a showdown, yuh  
Back and hit it, sold out, did it  
Guess I'm back on the road, gotta 'ttend the business  
Came a long way from pickin' up plates, gettin' no tips  
Havin' to mop and wash dishes

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Simmer down, it's summer now  
Baby, I don't really wanna hit the run-around  
I read your mind, but I didn't mind, that you wanna minimize  
My inner prize and fuck my bag up  
Backed up with the thoughts in my mind  
When are we see this wedding ring?  
Will you become a better man?  
When will you swallow the medicine?  
Swallow your pride for my ego  
I leave a girl the hottest emotions like Tony Soprano  
See fifteen therapists, really, it's really embarrassing  
None of them bitches have bettered me  
My temperament still out of wack  
But at least my paper's still intact  
I got two full bags in the backseat  
And four real homies that'a back me, yuh

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