

Make This Run

Royce da 5'9"

If you love my niggas
I'm saying but, if you only love my niggas
We can make this run, for my niggas
And if you die, hope you'll fly high
(Don't worry baby, I'll make this money for you)

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Make me an offer I can't refuse, pistol is wild
Pretty face, no mask, undeniably fit for the job
Bitch wit a heart, ready to thump, money is king
Wit my lap on the throne strokin' a cat, runnin' a scheme

My niggas get high off the reefer, and quick to heat ya
If ya feel ya cold-blooded, I got something to heat ya
It's called a hollow tip, dum, dum, follow clip and numb some
If you don't know the language, then don't speak the gun dun

Eyes like black chips of glass, little wit an unholy light
Ya chances of survival, like a roll of these dice
Execution style, ski-mask, no smile
Throw the ace, in the hidden safe, up under the towel

We definitely blow, stick wit me, know ya limitations
Speak when spoke up, stay away from the rest of these hoes
You ready to kill (No doubt) these niggas is jerks
Broke niggas wit cheap guns, and triggers that work

If ya pops share my, cli-ker, carry street sweepers
And hit ya more times than the worthless bitch, on ya beeper
Revenge is that bitch, and she won't come lesser than
So if ya hit me, God'll get me and give me breath again, bitch, get it right

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Niggas wanna see me lying hurt, wanna stain my Hawaiian shirt
Cause I put it out, they supplying dirt
Two German Black bitches, begging y'all to try and flirt
Rude and twins, and all they rock is iron skirts

My bitches got mo's of alley cats, armed wit steel bats
And mo's is stealing stacks, double back, and tally that
When shit go down, don't expect me to run

Never forget dun, two guns, is better than one

This money is golden, low and behold, blowing holes
Through what I'm standing in front of you holding, niggas know
Trench coats in Detroit summers, you gotta mean nigga
Wit long guns, you gon' run nigga, run

If I die nigga, slit my back so my wings can come out
And fly nigga, sky high nigga, age is my gun
If I keep fuckin' her, I might die wit her
If you shoot me and my wings come out, then that's a fly stitcher

Stay on ya toes, I got diamonds to watch, frukit niggas
I took it ol' school, got the 5-9 in the box
Dog, let me catch a nigga eyeing my watch
What I'm firing's hot, just aim, and rely on the dot

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Fifty karat link-link, mad cause ya lead kink
Me and my bitch is frozen, regardless to her pink mink
Freeze ya eyeballs, you don't want a part of that
Cardiovascular, VVS heart attack

Would you blast for me, put up the cash for me
Out in the world dodging bullets, become a casualty
For ten bricks shit, twenty-four furs, and ten whips
I flip and sends shit, through bitches appen-dix

For my beach fifty grand, I'm laughing at that advance
I spent that at Dolce, on shirts, shades, and leather pants
Million dollar deals, Lord I'm scared my life's changing
Cupid's cousin, money keeping shooting, wit nice aimin'

It's no sane, this drug game, flourished, niggas transform
And hide into courage, but they blows be malnourished
Let's see who get the furbus, bag annoys ass nigga
Extra, like you surplus

Huh, I come dirt, anyone under one-thirty, ya slapped
Ain't even gun worthy, fuck yo niggas
I'm the king of this shit, thuggin, let's get these moneys
And make niggas dearly beloved (I love my niggas)

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