

Run It

Rundown Spaz

([?] made this beat)
Loady G
Fuck the peace, nigga
Ha, ha, ha
(Production shot)

Ayy, bitch, my aimin' game official, catch a opp, that nigga fucked
We put fullies on our pistols, hear that "Brrt," you out of luck
Last nigga that we caught, we ain't give that boy no time to duck
I don't know why these niggas cappin', go check the score, they know
who up
Get yo' sister, set you up, you'll think yo' family was corrupt
Got this little ho from Milwaukee, she'll go crazy for some Bucks
Nigga talking all that hot shit, get his watermelon bussed
You better stay inside that house 'cause gang and them don't give no
fucks (Production shot)

They'll smoke you at the store
They'll smoke you at your show
They'll let that fully blow and knock your head from off your throat
Eeny, meeny, miny, moe
How many opp niggas got smoked?
Every time I get interrogated, I just act like I don't know
Diss on bro, we up the score, we at your door like yo' P.O.
Hit the scene, then I ain't leavin' 'til somebody brains up on the floor
You think that Smith & Wesson loyal?
Treat my Glock like this bitch royal
This a message to Lil' Red, none of your niggas slidin' for you (Production shot)
Yeah, I see them niggas lookin', hope they don't think that they no bullies
Vrrah, vrrah, switch up on this Glock, gon' bake him like a cookie
I get active with this fully, bitch, I'm too far from a rookie
Niggas seen that I was out, they in the house, they playin' hooky
They keep hidin', but I keep lookin', peakin' through the blinds, I'm
a get to shootin'
They see Loady executin', that's why the opps steady recruitin'
I'm still with the same niggas, grave diggin' gang members
And wherever them boys go, just know they got that thang with 'em
We ain't never out here lackin', catch a opp nigga in traffic
We gon' turn his ass to ashes, last thing he hear is choppers clappin'
,
Niggas die when I'm on missions, known for standin' on straight business
They done freed the real Spaz, now it's time to free Shad and Diggy

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Gang