

# Nowhere To Run

Ryan Trey

Look down on it  
Look down on it  
Baby, aye  
Yeah, aye  
Yeah, yeah, aye  
Yeah, yeah  
Aye

Look down on it  
Everything good and you know that I want it  
Swoop down on you (yeah)  
Yeah, I see something in you lil' mama  
Ice drank pouring (yeah)  
Never stay around for a nigga that often  
I'm just tryna talk with you (yeah)  
Something seems wrong with you

Girl, I know you really wanna come down, baby yeah  
There is nowhere for you to run now, baby yeah  
Aye-yeah  
I know you want a real one, baby yeah  
Is that right  
You scream middle night  
Girl you know I'm waiting on you late night  
Late night  
All your friends are leaving by midnight  
Henny ain't the only thing that feel right  
You say you married, that ain't what it look like  
Look like...  
All your friends are leavin'...

Swoop down on it, swoop down on it  
Birthday suit, that's your new style on it  
Birthday coupé that's a new 500  
You're too fly for me  
Too fly, honey  
You're coop fly, ooh ma'  
They don't make 'em like you, I do  
Get me fitted for a suit top, whoosah  
Do not, don't listen to that  
Hoorah, who's hot, who's not, that's weak  
I saw you and told my niggas wait that's me (me)  
Saw you and they say you embracing your physique  
Sorry, but I can't help but think it was for me  
She naughty, we left the party  
I had to

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Everything good and you know that I want it  
Swoop down on you (yeah)  
Something seems wrong with you  
Girl, I know you really wanna come down, baby yeah  
There is nowhere for you to run now, baby yeah  
Aye-yeah  
I know you want a real one, baby yeah  
Is that right?  
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You say you married that ain't what it look like

Aye...

Who gon' cover the bill?  
I guess I deliver man  
All these drinks done spilled  
I keep the bottle on chill  
Say that you new to this, I'm not you, baby  
Tell them other niggas I rap too crazy  
Ass made a nigga do six one-eighties  
Put you Louis purse in the back of the white Mercedes, yeah  
It's going off in here  
Black Audi to match the Audemars  
I'm here with all my peers, I drip  
Dolce 'til I disappear  
No whip, I spend  
I double ya niggas rent  
I get to shots of whatever, since all the Hennys out  
Pistol dressed ass too big for me to sketch it out  
Why do y'all girls buy clothes if y'all gon' stretch them out  
Too loud in my section, they tryna spell it out  
Balcony I live, I saw you headed for the exit  
And that shit gon' leave my restless if I never make this move and tryna (swoop down)

Look down, yeah (swoop down)  
You gotta look, baby  
Look down (swoop down)  
Look down (swoop down)  
Look down  
You gotta swoop down  
Swoop down  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah