

Track Star

SD

I think you better run Forrest
Run Forrest, run
Run Forrest, run
Run Forrest, run

I think that boys a track star yeah he can run fast
Move like the NASCAR don't think he got legs
I'm tryna break the backboard might leave 'em braindead
I'm running out the back door I know I'm in man
Might catch you at the corner store might leave your ass dead
Run like flash hope you fly like superman
He tryna get away he tryna get up out the jam
Girl your man can do the dash yeah let's see how fast he can

First come first I had to roll another blunt
Speedy Gonzales had a bad day at lunch
Once was a baller now an ordinary chump
He made a couple dollar bills now he feeling bossed up
Shit went all bad now it's Guns 'R Us
Got me trippin' over clouds went from swishers to a dutch
Run track star you got a movie coming up
It be the couple extra clips that leave yo ass starstruck
Come through paid in full watch you got us
Slippin'' on the clock don't you be no breakfast
I see you tryna run hope he bet not break a leg
Oops there it is boy you shoulda bought a fan

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Bitches give me head make me fly like superman
Bullets big as hell going straight through minivans
Niggas on my dick got so many fans
Fo 'nem talking 'bout bucks hell yeah I need inns
Damn that boy a track star that sucka run fast
He must love his body cus his legs hate his ass
Steady tryna run its gone only make it bad
Aim at his top red beam melting heads
Pull up on a nigga watch his ass take flight
Fo 'nem head shootin muthafuckers they [?]
Better stay inside cus I know your ass scared
30 in that pole leave a muthafucker dead

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