

Runnin

Smino

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Woah woah woah woah
Bang bang bang bang, bang

And we just want to be wanted
Running from real life perfect persona
Fucked up in real life wanna be wasted
Wasting my whole life chasin', chasin' (yeah yeah)
Want to be wanted
Running from real life perfect persona
Fucked up in real life wanna be wasted
Wasting my whole life
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)

What would the sauce be, I said
Without the pasta and bread
Give me some space as of late
I been feeling a little bit claustrophobic
Long as the squad getting fed
And real niggas bobbin' they head
I know I'ma be cool
My weed a million decibels
My lungs heavy as a pool
Quit watching the news
Niggas starting making news
Had to make a fucking move
Shake the city up
Had me in the glove like Gary P
Supersonics got em all hooked
Monte found me now we all booked
No fatigue we in another league
Shawty top me when it's rubbery
Take a lot to keep a G intrigued
I know that's just the G in me
They been pumping the team up like creatine
Recently feel like I'm losing my memory
Don't got much tick on my tock
I be missing my block
Momma I love you, know pops hold it down
New jack from the city bitch I'm Smino Brown
My hat be my home she rollin' up stoned
And we both runnin' fucked in the moment

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(Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah)

Yeah pace it pace it
Wonder bread took the flag race it race it
Just hope I got patience look at me
[?] just picked up a placement

It ain't no service swear I'm just roaming and walking
Still ain't got a car, miss the bus bummy walking to the function
Might sprint if I can, but I'm on my last bar
Life in a chokehold like Bart
Better be playing your part
Better be winning a lot
Better not be like these niggas that black out in jams like pajamas they in
it a lot
Like bitch I'm a sinner a lot
Moms in the ER room often missed dinner a lot
Talking this shit while I'm burning this dope got me floating through turbul
ence baby I'm way way way up
Stuck in my ways ways ways uh
Throwing my cape cape cape
This ain't for saving hoes I just feel super when I rap this lucrative back
in the day, uh
I would be like fuck this class let's go downtown baby let's come up on a st
ain ya
It ain't no room to complain, burn it they still said it burnt up my brain

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What it is lil mama?
Aw yeah yeah yeah you can roll through you can roll through
Roll through dolo though you know what I'm saying
I don't want all that, all that extra attention
Yo, It's just gon be me and you, yeah yeah come through
Poppa gone get chu poppin-aight true