Fakin'

SoFaygo

DJ Biko in the mix
Hol on, Hold my blunt
Ok we good, yea, blah!, uh Bitch

See it all in they face, that they be faking
Two bitches counting money, girl I can not be caking
If you say you want war with me then I'm erasing, DJ Biko in the mix
Push start on the whip is you ready for me to race it?
This love not for us, you gotta face it
This game, that you playin', get dangerous
When I walk up in the spot, I'm in the latest
When I'm flexing I can tell these niggas hate it
Chief Runna, baby you know it
That lil ho annoying
Since you wanna fuck let's get going
Steady hittin' my phone, like what you doing?
Baby I'm chilling, I'm counting this money
He ain't getting money, that boy too funny
When he walk out, that boy so bummy
Baby said Chief Runna, you so cunning
Shooters, they lurking, yea they get hunting
Tryna buy swag boy, I done done it
Shawty so bad, yeah she stunning
Give me that thing bae I think I'm in love with it
Baby say she like the way that I'm touching it
Shawty say she won't ever get enough of it
Most of these lil niggas, under me
Real Runna, nigga you is not running me

Hop in the coup, and you know that I'm flying
All of my soldiers be toting that iron
Ha, fye, fye, fye, fye
Boy I can tell you that you not one of mine
All of my soldiers are ready to die
We gon pull up on that boy with the 9
No, no I'm not telling no lie
Run in yo wallet, gun down with that fye

Don't you cheese my weed, that's not yo blunt, that's mine, yea it's mine
(No because it's mine)
I'm a lil hot head, I don't cry
If a nigga play, than a nigga get fried
I'm a lil goon, and I never say die
Get off my phone, I don't have the time
Might have to put a lil nigga in line
He don't get guap, that lil boy lying
Wanna have my money, you won't get a dime
Every body swear they wanna see me shine
But I know they telling stories
Chief Runna don't got no worries
I'm in the studio cooking like Curry
Don't want that ho cause I know that she dirty

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All of my soldiers be toting that iron
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