

Run It

The Game

Tell them niggas run it
Tell them niggas
I got the weight of the world on my shoulders
We born killers, yeah we sold this
Them Compton niggas be the coldest so tell them niggas run it
I grew up on Rosecrans and nigga, you know it
Start tripping in cannons, start popping like Moet
No time for heroics, you pay if you owe it
Run it, tell them niggas
I got the weight of the world on my shoulders
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Mama grew up the Hoovers, my daddy was raised in the Nutties
I ain't give a fuck 'bout what they did, just as long as they love me

LA be pretty just like in the movies, at night it get ugly
So I walk around with my Gotti and Angel
My Chucks below and my grandma above me
I love the Bulls but my neighborhood Crippling
So I'm walking home, I'mma die for this pimping
Cause niggas get ran for they Jordans and niggas get ran for they starters
When niggas get tired of fighting and squabbling with fools (nigga went and bought a AK)

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