

RUN

XXXTentacion

Yeah, I'm a creative genius
And there's no other way to word it
I know you're not supposed to say that about yourself
And I say things the wrong way a lot of times
But my intention is always positive
"You're... you're a genius, you really are
You're a genius"
I know

Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Oh-oh
Run my, run my, run my head (Yeah)
Run my, run my, run my head (Yeah)
Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Oh-oh

Black ski, gold teeth
Goatee, fingerless
Blasphemous, wrists are slit
I kissed the bitch
Blood on my lips
Cold as shit
He scarred the bitch
I grabbed her bra, and tell her she can
She can, she can (Yeah)

Run my, run my, run my head, yeah
Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Run my, run my, run my head
Oh no

'Cause, honey, we just love to sing the blues
So listen up, this one's for you