

Run

Yelawolf

Conceptually I burn songs
Intellectually, the spirit of a runner; born to storm, born to swarm
Even with Wu-Tang's Raekwon, I shine with kings
Better put your Ray Bans on, if you open up my track I do my thing
And I do not mean to O-F-F-E-N to the D
But if I put a mothafucker down to the dirt with words, then probably it's he
With a thought like "he could be the degree of this master"
Smoke weed, pop P's but you need to be much faster
Really I'm a hellafide frickin' rhymer, your revolution will now be televise
d
Tell 'em how the devil tried but failed, Yeller rides beats and I never gave
a fuck about what sails
I give two tails on a donkey 'bout another rapper with so much money
I wanna see a mothafucka tie his shoes, bitch, come out runnin'

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Ain't got no cards in the game so I'mma write lines, hype lines
Shit like this that make a bitch wanna bite mines, bite mines
He out his rabid mind, reppin' mines, rapid fire spit
Fatt for sure it's fire on the mic grabbin' my dick
When I get sick, call the medics no it's copasetics
Let me grab that bitch and watch me slide across this bitch like Eddie
Cain, runnin' from that man, ain't no need of runnin', man
You want it with Bama, now we on your police scanners, man
We be that A, A with a elephant trunk, hang
You a chump, you gon' get chunks tore out your anus, man
Name of the game is pain, pain make 'em give up names
Who, what, what, there, where, bang, nigga, bang, bang
Bang for the same game, bangin' the same dame
I don't love a ho, but I gotta do her if you got that change
Got sick, hopped up out the Chevy and cocked at range
Hit the block, niggas and cops they lookin' like...

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Hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on, ho
Everybody wait, everybody stop, let me just catch my breath
Let me just get one belt, soon as I get one belt, I promise I'mma take one s
ip
And I'mma try to spit this clear, for real
See cause on the track a nigga is fast
But y'all fags is laggin', I turn around like haha, I hold my abs and laugh
I just do it like Nike, pimpin' you can check the tag
While you steady gaspin' for air
I'm runnin' laps on a nigga like this

When I run around a circle with a little bit of twist
And they be like "here we go, Bob we're havin' a difficult
Time understanding your syllables
So, please can you spit it slow, for all the folks that're really slow"
And man, I'm talkin' really slow, you feel me though?

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