

Who Run It

YFN Lucci

Look, uh

Who run it? you don't, you got ones and we don't
In Miami, in the dome, we got guns in the trunk
I rock nothin' but Saint Laurent, huh, nothin' but Saint Lauren
t
I ain't ordinary son and my whip is cherry plum
Who run it? huh, smoked out, I can't hold out
Hit a lick and roll out, split that shit with your dog
I be gettin' that dough, I ain't trickin', no
Get your shit and go, ayy, this that Lucci flow, huh
Yeah, uh, big car, we stuntin'
Big baller, how we comin', big closets full of money
Yeah, uh, big choppers for the dungeon
Let 'em carve you like a pumpkin, I'm the flyest of my youngins
, uh
Gold bottle, VVS's, a whole lotta
We ain't have no OG, ain't no rules I'm gon' follow
Any beef I'm gon' swallow
My enemies, they know about 'em, free my fuckin' bro Ralo
I been on my ball player shit lookin' like the Globetrotters
Uh, if I miss your call, you ain't want shit
You ain't talkin' 'bout no dollars, huh
Ain't no rule that I'm gon' follow, yeah
And all my tools only hold hollows, yeah
Which one you gon' swallow nigga?
All that fuckin' talkin' nigga
Big dog, where my collar nigga?
I was just in Harlem nigga
I was just in Harlem with them robbers, dope dealers, and kille
rs
You don't wanna start one of my partners, them niggas gorillas
And they'll eat you, yeah
Banana clip on that yopper, yeah they'll feed you, yeah
I'm tryna run up my commas, feed all my people, hey
And we got funds from US way to Egypt
Boy I got my cheese up, boy I got my cheese up, yeah
All my pockets, new money, bankroll, blue hundreds
You play, we gunnin', kidnap him like he Sonny
Get a napkin, boy you runnin'
Boy you shouldn't have never done it
Boy your shit was over nothin', yeah-eah