

Run

YG

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Spend it 'cause I'm up, nigga, and what?

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Thought we was fallin' off, you can't stand us

Whole lotta bands in my left hand
The pistol got a drum, I'm the band man
Whole lotta drink in my right hand
Long live slim 400, the hype man

She know I got paper, she want to get her issue
Over a bitch, never act sentimental
Drop top coupe, this is not a rental
Pull up F8 Ferrari, fuck with they mental

Gentle as you open the door
Threw a hundred in the club, put this shit on Forbes
Beef in the streets come with these whores
The pussy so good it be starting wars

Oh, oh-oh man, oh damn
In Glock I trust 'cause it don't jam
I'm trynna run the bag up, she want to slow dance
I'm trynna toot it and boot it, she want to romance

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Big digits, chrome heart, bitch, spend it
Get wit' it, if I rapped it, I lived it
Big digits, whole lot of pretty bitches
No cap, not a snap back or fitted

Howdy-do muthafucka? It's the big homie
Different bitch every night, I am never lonely
Said she had a OnlyFans but she never told me
Said she a real squirter, now she gotta show me

Yeah, on demon, I don't play fair (Nope)
Get money and the safe sex in the air (Air)
Yeah, jumpin' off a bean, feel me everywhere (Everywhere)
I be livin' in the bank, you ain't never there

Yeah, clap-clap that ass like it's automatic (Automatic)
I'm obsessed with that ass, I'm an ass fanatic (Fanatic)

Put the pump to his lip like an asthmatic
And we still flip the work like a acrobatic (Flip it)

Yeah, play time now it's break time
Yeah, two glizzy but I make time
Yeah, four hundred with them gang signs
If we talkin' millionaires, bitch, I'm front line

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Big digits, chrome heart, bitch, spend it (Uh)
Get wit' it, if I rapped it, I lived it (BIA, BIA)
Big digits, whole lot of pretty bitches (Uh)
No cap, not a snap back or fitted

I run it up till I'm tired (Cash)
Went back to sleep and woke up to a wire
niggas inquire, who been fuckin' me prior
Bitch, I been hot, Richard Pryor

Uh, it's gettin hot in here
Got no time to drop a tear 'cause I hop in Lears
I toat the PS lounge 'cause they stop and stare
I know these white folks wonder how we got in here

Uh, to the club and to the kitchen from the back door
Is the only time that I ever get back doored
nigga, the fuck you think I rap for? nigga
You could see it on my dashboard

Plane Jane Rollie cost a whole half a ticket (Facts)
Worth eight figures, ain't no such thing as trickin (21)
Should've been a farmer, I be chasin' after chicken (21)
Focused on the money, that shit come along with bitches (21)

No love for the ops, they get knocked out they bridges (Pussy)
Jumped inside a box, spin the block till I'm dizzy (Pussy)
Fat transfer, if you act right I'll get your titties (Facts)
Fuck me in the car, I'm in a rush, you know I'm busy (21)

Drove out, fuck a superstar and make that bitch part of my roll out
Rappin' all that tough shit, then got his ass hoed out
You can't buy no ticket to my show 'cause they be sold out
Security wanna search us at the door but we got polls out

Bad bitch, got her ass out
You ain't really gang-gang, nigga, you a mascot (Pussy)
Check my bank statements, you'll pass out
You need people like me to point and call the bad guy