

Road Runner

Young Scooter

(Yeah, you dig
Man, how you come up like that?
Yeah
Black Migo gang, yeah
BMFBG)

[Young Scooter:]

Winter, spring, fall, summer, road runnin' (Road runner)
A couple pussy niggas from the hood hatin' on me (Pussy nigga)
I caught that case in Ohio, man, they told on me (Man, they told on me)
You can't trust these niggas, they'll fold on you (Yeah)
Yeah, I listened to your album, threw that shit out the window (Gone)
Hood rappin' ass niggas, boy, you niggas pretenders (Yeah)
I'ma make a jugg from January to the end of December (Jugg)
Shit, I started off with nothin' but I finished with millions (Count up)

Shit, I started off with nothin' but I finished with M's (Count up)
I got Colorado and Cali gas, I mix that shit in (Gas)
And I ain't doin' niggas' features no more for less than a ten (Whip)
You can picture me rollin' like Pac, I play above the rim (Yeah)
Scooter pull up, hard top (Skrtrt), Street pull up, drop top (Skrtrt)
I trap out a six spot, I cook out of six pots (Zone 6)
You know I don't talk to cops, you know I don't fuck with opps (Nah)
Money over everything, you can't trust these dirty thots (Money over bitches
)
Free Meek Mills, free Meek Mills, for real (Free Meek)
I ain't got no deal, but my lil' brother fightin' appeal
In my hood with Aston Martin with rose gold wheels (Brick)
Too many juggs at the door, my trap look like Club LIV

Winter, spring, fall, summer, road runnin' (Road runner)
A couple pussy niggas from the hood hatin' on me (Pussy nigga)
I caught that case in Ohio, man, they told on me (Man, they told on me)
You can't trust these niggas, they'll fold on you (Yeah)
Yeah, I listened to your album, threw that shit out the window (Gone)
Hood rappin' ass niggas, boy, you niggas pretenders (Yeah)
I'ma make a jugg from January to the end of December (Jugg)
Shit, I started off with nothin' but I finished with millions (Count up)

[VL Deck:]

Whoa
Hundred racks on swag, I'm in the rental, watch me do the dash
I'm whole-sellin' bales, but got a spot that run nothin' but bags (Gone)
Back and forth to Cali, off my pivot, call it jet lag (Jet lag)
Real plugs drop the load, they never holler, "Send cash"
We don't do the peons, for street war, got big guns (Big guns)
Twenty-four four-eights, get your house stepped on
We don't have no days off, these gas bags pays off
24-8 trappin', got Percocets and Adderall
Street cook the dope with his left hand, call that shit southpaw (Woo)
Thigh pads on the dailys, look like we playin' football (Yes)
We Aston Martin lane turnin' (Skrtrt) still juggin', road runnin' (Yes)
Doin' shows, stick clutchin', I'm in the tub, bale bustin', Deck

[Young Scooter:]

Winter, spring, fall, summer, road runnin' (Road runner)
A couple pussy niggas from the hood hatin' on me (Pussy nigga)

I caught that case in Ohio, man, they told on me (Man, they told on me)
You can't trust these niggas, they'll fold on you (Yeah)
Yeah, I listened to your album, threw that shit out the window (Gone)
Hood rappin' ass niggas, boy, you niggas pretenders (Yeah)
I'ma make a jugg from January to the end of December (Jugg)
Shit, I started off with nothin' but I finished with millions (Count up)