

# Running Man (feat. Maxo Kream)

## The Cool Kids

[Verse 1: Sir Michael Rocks]

I got six cellphones and still ain't pickin' up a stranger's man  
The fear ain't real but I be damned if the danger ain't  
Don't walk up on Chuck, disrespecting his home town  
He flip on that Detroit switchin', hear it in his voice  
I'm Chicago, Illinois, even if I done had a choice  
I woulda' still picked the crib that I grew up in  
And DK NY designed these king sheets on my bed  
You still on Ian Connor's page tryna' pick what to wear, yeah  
These peasants fresh as me? Tell me how  
They still distressin' t's on they couch  
Rock band tees and bands they don't know nothin' 'bout  
You heard of Iron Maiden once? Bro that don't even count  
Get that goofy out my face before I hit send on that text message  
I'm workin', flexin', just makin' music, protecting  
Like "what up Chuck, God damn man, it's me and all these dollar bills"  
And we make the style that they try to steal  
They be runnin' off with it like shootin' drills[Hook: Chuck English]  
Wallaby two tone zones with my fit  
Rocking Iceberg like a snowstorm in here  
Like work nigga, we won't never lose a step  
Watching how we do it then they run off with this shit  
Running man, running man, running man, running man  
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[Verse 2: Chuck English]

Bolt, nine second 100 meter sprint  
Four 12's boomin' on Suzuki with them tints  
I'm still bangin' Screw movin' slower than a tick  
Off the drank, purple rain, and screaming rest in peace to Prince  
Back in 1999, the revolution was the time  
You get to chirpin' like a bird, it sound like When Them Doves Cry  
Why you run off with a lie when you lookin' at the truth?  
When you see it in the scope, close an eye before you shoot  
Ric Flair off the ropes, Stone Cold, Kevin Owens  
With the million dollar man, I don't fuck with Hulk Hogan  
Holy guacamole, only know me for the sauce  
Ay, I heard you told your shorty take my poster off her wall[Hook: Chuck English]

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It's the Bape head band rocker  
Pee in corny rapper's jockers  
Acting like some boppers tryna' top us  
Nigga stop it  
Get chalk lined in them Starters  
Trappin' daily, place your order  
Chuck and Mike, they got them black mags  
I ride around with black mags  
Niggas tryna' sound like Maxo but they Karo my shit  
16 Bred 11's with that thing on my hip  
Persona walk, persona talk, wasn't shit you could tell me  
Got niggas bitin' up Supreme, throwin' away them Giuseppe's  
Air brushed white tee, been did that  
Snapbacks [?], been did that  
[?] slim fit jeans, been did that  
Tom and Jerry ass nigga, you a copycat  
Runnin' man, you a funny man  
Take pics with the gun, not a gunner man  
Crash dummy lil boy, you a stunter man  
Fake J's, Jumpman do the running man[Hook: Chuck English]

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Running man, running man, running man, running man[Outro: Chuck English]  
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