

# I Run This

## Birdman

I run this bitch and I'ma keep runnin'  
I'ma keep runnin', one neva runnin' outta money  
I'ma dog, I'ma stunt, if I don't do nothin'  
And my car so pretty all these hoes wanna fuck it  
I got pussy, wet paint, big boy shoes  
Soft ass seats and my trunk go boom  
I gotta black ass gun and a bad yello bitch  
And it looks like I'ma die like this  
'Cause we be stunin' on these bitches  
Get money on these bitches  
\$250 on the wrist, nigga, we be the illest  
We be the realist, CMB, nigga  
Uptown soldier with the money to the ceilin'  
Shinin' like a diamond from a eagle to a pigeon  
Birds on the wire, 100 deep and we chillin'  
Finger on the tricca, that's the uptown livin'  
High to the sky, no dobbin for fishes  
Hustlin', doin' donuts in the lam  
Candy on the slam, 50 on the av  
100 at the crib, get it how you live  
Stuntin' on these bitches, red diamond's how I feel  
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I'm a uptown solider, know how I roll her  
Money go get her, MLB all over  
Hustlin' with the birds, go and take it off his shoulder  
Grindin' with the homies, got the game out the nose  
100 Gs wrap, hood with a strap  
Blowin' on the dojo, nigga stuntin' in a 'lac  
Chicken in the oven, wall safe for the stack  
Bought a brand new range and a brand new 'bac  
Old school caddy, fifth wheel slab back

Brand new truck, a brand new bike  
A brand new house, a brand new side  
A brand new bitch with a hood rich life  
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