

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 stunnin' 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 trigga, 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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