Chief Don't Run

Jidenna

[Intro]

Olualuweaway Uweaway No the chief don't run The chief don't No the chief don't run[Hook] Oh the chief don't run [Verse 1] Before the red cups and the backwoods smoke Me and mom in the shack in the woods, bro I was sleepin' on the floor with the oven door open While I dreamt about the places that I would go We were begging 'em to lay up in the foyer I was sittin' with the hookers in a motel hallway Waiting onna blind audition like it's Broadway Now these Madams looking like a fleet of foxes Rat Pack chief of staff like Sinatra Eat, drink, swank, nigga that's the mantra Betta stand when I speak, nigga, fix your posture Chief don't run, baby, word to poppa Wanted me to-be-a lawyer, engineer or doctor The new Godfather, keep your old mobsters Matter fact, you can keep your old Oscars It's tomorrow never dies now I'm on yacht with a prince in Dubai now I'm with the Dalai Lama's homies in the sky lounge Cocktails got me loosenin' my tie now They say a prophet never honored in his homeland That's fine, I'd rather have my own land Gotta plan for a hundred Roman numerals Long live the chief, nigga, welcome to your funeral[Hook] Oh the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run

Oh the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run[Verse 2] It's my time, hit the gong out here

They gon' need to build a bigger wall out here I live a different set of laws out here Know my rights even when I'm in the wrong out here Look what we did with one song out here Like a locksmith opened every door out here Ya dealing with a king, not a kong out here You a pawn, but we can get along out here You in my house actin' too free though We know you foulâ€"nigga, two free throws Chiefy, chiefy in a new chief cloak I ain't even said a word, but my suit bespoke I got a new agenda, gotta carry through When your father's enemies are tryna bury you And the royal families are tryna mary you Long live the chief, nigga, welcome to your funeral[Hook] Oh the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run[Post-Hook] Everybody wanna run, they don't want it like us Paid my dues, but they still tryna Wesley Snipe-us Tell me why we gon' still win tonight Breakin' bread, we got everybody right

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