

Run (Ft. RedFoo of LMFAO)

Flo Rida

You might not wanna jog on this one
You cannot wait for the summer
You already hot, I'm already hot
No sweat, no Under Armor
Louboutin spice, all your good nights
Holla back, if you need a sponsor
Yeah I, ain't that Mr. Alright
Come around, with a few more commas
Come here girl, do what I gotta talk rose petals
See me with lil' mama, kinda make you jealous
Yeah be a honor, gotta say you special
Beat it like a drummer girl, you better be careful
Comprende, what's a bit late
Like Fredrick I'll be jet lagged
Calling on you this moment, this instant

What I do is just basic instinct You see me all over her, you want me all over you (you, you, you, you)
Soon as I get rid of her, tell me what you wanna do (do, do, do, do, do) I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna get you alone so we can do something wrong
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna Head start, she got that shorty
On your marks, til the shots get started
Can you level on the rocks Bacardi
Relay comes the after-party
Pass the bottles, level up get naughty
Full speed, hurry up put your body
Trackmatic horse Ferrari
Need a freak, of course I'm sorry
You ain't get the memo, they made em get low
See the finish the line, look a lot like limbo
Yeah we going we in, no night like tempo
There's another bad chick make light most simple
Mr Brenda, no beginner, first place, tryna make you winner
Yeah baby, my Brenda, I'll be waiting in the spot descender You see me all over her, you want me all over you
(you, you, you, you)
Soon as I get rid of her, tell me what you wanna do (do, do, do, do, do) I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna get you alone so we can do something wrong
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna Yo, we in the spot, the club is hot
And if you wanna party rock, say hell yeah (hell yeah!)

Non stop, the bottles popped,
And if you want another shot, say hell yeah (hell yeah!)
Yo, I'm gonna run to you so you can have a little bit of fun with Foo
I know what you wanna do, when I wiggle wiggle wiggle in my Underoos
Got you wet, dripping like SoCo
Never should've let you bounce on my pogo
Now you wanna be my Yoko Ono
So you roll stop acting like you don't know
Fool, I'm running through these hoes like Drano
But I keep it low pro, 'cause she's my main hoe
I got your tickets, they're on Fandango
Back room, no fro, I'll be eating a mango! I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna get you alone so we can do something wrong
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna, I
I wanna get you alone so we can do something wrong
I wanna run to you, I wanna, I wanna

Songwriters

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VALLANCE Published by

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