

Runnin' (Feat. Lunice)

Azealia Banks

[Verse 1]

I was born ready (Ha Ha)
I'm working your man up in that circuit
Bitch I plan to look that perfect
Cheap little brand with a bitch that's certain
Clique that gang and spit that curtain
He wanna slam, wanna whip that serpent
He wanna wham
Wanna get it in, wanna get it out
Wanna sweat it in, wanna lick it up
But your nigga been listening to broads
Sayin' niggas on the internet now
So we kick it with the tickets to the what
Damn motherfucker you can sniff it in the butt
You a fan little nigga you be living for the cunt
You be handful of scrilla while I'm jiggling the buns
I can stop moving still jiggling the buns
I can pop in the middle with a little bit of pun
I can drop for your nigga when he get up in the front
I can spot but you niggas gotta to get us in front
But I'm not these bitches with the dick up on their tongues
Not these bitches, all these niggas been among
So it's not with me when I with your nigga in the crumbs
And it's not me chilling with your nigga in the slums
So run run whenever-whenever I'm in the sun, uh I'ma spend this niggas sp-spinach
I tell him to eat the couchie then hit this nigga for lyrics
He know that I got that juicy
That juicy booty, that fruity, that fruity tooti
That natural beauty
He rich; he poppin that bougie
I got that Glock and that uzi
That ch-ch-chop and the tuni
I hit your block with a goonie and put a dot on ya nugget
Split ya top and ya stomach
Hit ya pops and ya cousin
Miss the shot if he runnin'
And get as hot as he want it [Hook]
You, you don't want
I know you, you don't wanna fuck with me

You on one, I'm on two
Bang or get banged on; you choose
These niggas runnin
These niggas runnin
They stay pumping that game
But these niggas frontin
All day up on this stage
These niggas like they something
Say this bitch is coming
Now these niggas runnin
Runnin, runnin
These niggas runnin
[Repeat][Verse 2]
I'm in the creme Coupe seats
Color: gingerbread
You know I got that bitch covered like a ninja head
You say you bout to get buggin bout to spend your-bread
So you bout to get smothered with that infrared
Bet that strawberry banana f-fanna
Click never jam-a
I'm finna damage your armor and plan to blam at your grandma
These niggas toting they hammers
But really open punana's
I smell these niggas
They pussy they pussy they needa douche it
Don't let him up in the cushion unless he come with the right do's
If not, then bitch you better fuck you a white dude
If not, then bitch he better come with the right dick
If not, then bitch you probably know that he like dick
Fuck feeding these niggas
You bitches breeding these niggas?
I get the beats from these niggas
Then hit the streets with these niggas
Y'all tryna sleep with these niggas
I'm tryna eat with these niggas
I read these niggas the script and get sick of seeing these niggas now[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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