

Run This Town (feat. Rihanna & Kanye West)

Jay-Z, Rihanna and Kanye West

(Rihanna)

Feel it coming in the air
Hear the screams from everywhere
Iâ€™m addicted to the the thrill
Itâ€™s a dangerous love affair
Canâ€™t be scaring nickels down
Got a problem, tell me now
Only thing thatâ€™s on my mind
Is who gonâ€™ run this town tonight
Is who gonâ€™ run this town tonight
We gonâ€™ run this town

(Jay-Z)

We are, yeah, I said it, we are
This is Roc Nation, pledge your allegiance
Get yâ€™all fatigues on, all black everything
Black cards, black cars, all black everything
And our girls are blackbirds, riding with they Dillingers
I get more in-depth if you boys really real enough
This is La Familia, Iâ€™ll explain later
But for now, let me get back to this paper
Iâ€™m a couple bands down and Iâ€™m tryna get back
I gave Doug a grip, I lost a flip for five stacks
Yeah, Iâ€™m talking five comma six zeroes dot zero, here girl
Back to running circles â€™round niggas, now we squared up
Hold up

(Rihanna)

Lifeâ€™s a game but itâ€™s not fair
I break the rules so I donâ€™t care
So I keep doing my own thing
Walking tall against the rain
Victoryâ€™s within the mile
Almost there, donâ€™t give up now
Only thing thatâ€™s on my mind
Is who gonâ€™ run this town tonight
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey

Who gon' run this town tonight?

(Jay-Z)

We are, yeah, I said it, we are
You can call me Caesar, in a dark Caesar
Please follow the leader, so Eric B. we are
Microphone fiend, it's the return of the God, peace, God
And ain't nobody fresher
I'm in Maison, uh, Martin Margiela
On the table, screaming f*** the other side, they jealous
We got a bankhead full of broads, they got a table full of fellas
(Ewww) And they ain't spendin' no cake
They should throw they hand in, 'cause they ain't got no spades
(Ewww) My whole team got dough
So my bankhead is lookin' like Millionaires' Row
(Ewww)

(Rihanna)

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Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey
Who gon' run this town tonight?

(Kanye West)

It's crazy how you can go from being Joe Blow
To everybody on your dick, no homo
I bought my whole family whips, no Volvos
Next time I'm in church, please no photos
Police escorts, everybody passports
This the life that everybody ask for
This a fast life, we are on a crash course
What you think I rap for? To push a fuckin' Rav 4?
But I know that if I stay stunting
All these girls only gon' want one thing
I could spend my whole life good will hunting
Only good gon' come is it's good when I'm coming
She got an ass that'll swallow up her G-string
And up top, uh, two bee stings

And Iâ€™m beasting, off the re-sling
And my nigga just made it out the precinct
We give a damn about the drama that you do bring
Iâ€™m just tryna change the color on your mood ring
Reebok, baby, you need to try some new things
Have you ever had shoes without shoestrings?
Whatâ€™s that, Ye? Baby, these heels
Is that a May-what? Baby, these wheels
You trippinâ€™ when you ainâ€™t sippinâ€™, have a refill
You feelinâ€™ like you run it, huh?
Now you know how we feel

(Jay-Z)
Whaâ€™sup?

(Rihanna)
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-ey, ey-ey-ey-ey

(Jay-Z)
Whaâ€™sup?

(Rihanna)
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-yeah, ey-ey-ey-yeah
Hey-ey-ey-ey-ey-yeah
We gonâ€™ run this town tonight

(Jay-Z)
Whaâ€™sup?

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