Who Run It

NZOmusic

Who run it, who run it, who run it, who run it
Who run it, who run it, who run it, who run it
Who run it, who run it, who run it, who run it
Who run it, who run it, who run itThese bitches ain't runnin', shit but y'all mouth
(Runnin')
'Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed out
These bitches ain't runnin', shit but y'all mouth
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(Runnin')
'Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed outThese niggaz got plenty ammo but they ain't got plenty guns
I'm bustin' out of these cars, got the hoes on the run
I'm hearin' plenty of words but ain't no actions to boot
We can do some straight war for war
We can do some stickin' and movin'We can meet in the middle of these streets or in the middle of this rain
I can pop your chest, blast the glock or pop your jaw diamond ring
Bitch don't hate me hate the bank or snatch the G's that I take
Or hate my shiny wristband and big ass rims I rotateSee people flip when I'm comin', got some of 'em sick at the stomach
They wonder what I brought in, they wonder what I got comin'
Niggaz I'm comin' like this, off in your mouth like a bitch
Test me when you think I'm in, I'm bringing water, I'll start itWhat's this? It's that player that you love to hate
Always see come out the bank
Always have to mention my name, when you high on that drank
Catch you with this boy you can't, cause you know I'm holdin' rankWhen you see the platinum Rolex with the ice it make you faint
Through the streets now have you heard, out the Mafia droppin' birds
Runnin' from the nazi cops, tossin' out the bags of herb
Ain't afraid to pop the steel, hollow tips to make you feel
If you wanna punk me out, pop these niggaz in they grillThese bitches ain't runnin', shit but y'all mouth
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I'm bout to overload, I'm bout to kill boy
All I wanna know is where the G's at, where the Ki's at
Keep it easy, you don't want to get speedyAll on this motherfuckin' room, nigga boom
Get on your back so we can get up soon
Stab you in your heart with a her fuckin' poon
Nigga boom, nigga boomScarecrow's on it, I'm still hungry, stoppin' for a platinum supper
Wipe it easy, some black founded, crooked ass set'll be eating rubber
'Cause if they skit-skat, gun 'em all down, even ghost towns
Splish-splash, brains on the ground, with a cannon roundBall bat, bash him in his back, beatin' bitches down
Battle like blaze from the cross, that he never found
Catch a close encounter from the anarchism of these A-bombs
Chemical reaction cause the venom shot in to his armThese bitches ain't runnin', shit but y'all mouth
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'Cause the first hater step, the first hater get tossed outHere we go, all you weak ass hoes
In my face like you my friend
Triple Six dropped in again, time to make ends
Dope game , my game, hoes lame, it's a shameHow that Gangsta Boo is runnin' the click up on you bitches man
Fat cat, what I be, packin' how you love that
Fuck a platinum plaque, gimme money, where the dollars at
(Blap, blap)
We dare them to stack it for 10 G's
(Where you from?)
Black haven is where I be on my P'sParents beware, watch out for your children
This the one that'll lock 'em in the basement
Some of them talkin' so rugged, some corrupted ugly pussa-pussa
'Cause the fuckin' all my niggaz, Koopsta tryin' to tell ya somethin'Peter-Peter, pussy eater, one of them fucked by Koopsta Knicca
Lord, I done some sins, 'cause she married but I don't know that nigga
Figured he is a killa, so he figures he'll watch us fuckin'
Put them muthafuckin' slugs upside that thug, 'cuz, oh myThese bitches ain't runnin', shit but y'all mouth
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