

# Bust No Moves (Feat. Cuz Lightyear)

## Run the Jewels

[Verse 1: Killer Mike]

Early morning riser reefer chieffer  
You paid the most but me, I get it cheaper  
Strong rapper reefer, wrap it in a big cohiba  
I get so high I close my eyes and swore that I saw Jesus  
I take another toke and God damn I feel comatose  
I double cup and that's what's up and then I'm leaning fool  
I'm talking any given Sunday, Willie Beamen ho  
My bitch say that I get too high it might kill my brain  
I tell her that she talk too much and she should give some brain  
We used to fuck a lot but now you just fuss and complain  
What a fuckin' shame, hit the door and hit the block  
Avoid the walking dead, the zombies still hunt and rob  
My days of wasting time, slanging dimes is way behind  
I'm still tryna be a mover with a Mason's mind  
I will get a mil, ain't nobody taking mine  
You sorry suckers, see you saps at the finish line  
You know I steady grind[Hook: SL Jones]  
I stay higher than Messiah, I ain't never grinding  
You see them Jewel runners coming, but we body body  
We bout that LPP we diggin' other people's pockets  
Keep it cool, Run the Jewels, ain't no other way around it  
I want the rings and the chains, Run the Jewels  
I want the watches and the bracelets, Run the Jewels  
We at the table eating everybody food  
Invasion of the chains, snatchers better not bust a move[Verse 2: El-P]  
I'm a dummy I'm running with more than fucking scissors  
I'm the Cadillac, of fuck you, back off me you bitches  
You the Cadillac of "Fuck, I just suck at this rap shit"  
I'm the Cadillac of "Suck it, I'm fucking disastrous"  
We the Hardy and Thom of the plant a bomb game  
The lead em all to the mall and set 'em off game  
You wanna hang like Hussein  
Eat a mile of my shit then put your lips to my true brain  
And get the hash tag #fartnoise  
I used to give a half-fuck, now I just laugh  
I barely blink when it gets bad, maybe I'm crass  
I pull the ducts out my eyes, I don't cry, I just can't  
Killer Mike brought the fire pack

Light it off the sinners of the city where the riots at  
The living fuck boy eraser  
Carve initials in the wet cement right where you died at[Hook: SL Jones]  
[Verse 3: Killer Mike]  
Who wanna run a summer with the jewel runners?  
Got your girlfriend hotter than two summers  
Everybody tough til they see them two's on em  
Then they do a number two in they True Religions  
"Lord please don't shoot!", they get too religious  
Truth is we go vicious on these stool pigeons  
Pistol pointed at they missus like I killed these bitches  
We Run the Jewels and when we talking pimpin', pay attention

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

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