

We Run (feat. Raekwon) [Snippet]

iSHi

Who?!
Who, who is this person you're talking about?!
Who is this person you're talking about?!
Too hard for me now?!
iSHi?!
Who is him?!
Who is he?! We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?
(Haaan) I got dreams, cash and the cream
Ground like a fiend for shit you've never seen
Watch me take it over, bitch they coming over
Money, we count it over, my niggas, they never sober
I pull up in a Bent, dark tint, black gun sippin' clear
Bent, Clark Kent, black shoes, my attitude's
Fuck for the dollar, nothing, hit the bottle
Fifth clap skater lap, all black Raider hat
Served the customers to custom made the Porsche
Nasir Jones, homie, the world is yours
I'm Tony Montana with a bitch from Atlanta
At the Caesar Cabana, then I'm ghost like a phantom, haan
Dirty money hit me like a needle
Got me standing on the street like the Beatles
I'm a motherfucking coke boy
Baby, come and run the world with a dope boy So people, looking through the needle
This isn't where we started
They see you're running to the fields
Deep inside a capsule, freedom, you know nothing at all
We run
We run
We run
We can run the world King amazing in weather, rocking big leathers
Catch him on the block stocking since the red jettors
Monkey flipping, bread gamble with the chop headers
Won't take no shorts, we don't jock niggas
Fast and furious, though curious

That I'll put up if you're from your home Julius
Just bounce, drop the Uzi and fly, meet you at the Ritz
Sweet 19 and switch up the whips, yo
Young De Niro, the black hand, mafia gang land
Where niggas bang out and do the same jam
I be in Brazil stroking 'em down
And for the hell I blam you, then fly like Pan Am do
Whoever said I went down? I was configuratin' this money
To feed my babies monthly and retire
But now I'm more larger, smarter, call me the martyr
This separating me from these authors So people, looking through the needle
This isn't where we started
They see you're running to the fields
Deep inside a capsule, freedom, you know nothing at all
At all
At all
You know nothing at all

Songwriters

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