Run This Town (Ft. Drake & Javon Black)

Lil Wayne & Drake

Yeah
Millzy I see you
T told me to do this shit
So I'mma do this shit
No Ceilings!
Yeah
Haha
Hehe
I'mma run this down tonight
Alright now, uh
Nigga we are
So ready for the war
C-A-R-T-E-R
Put the beat in E.R.
I'm colder than B-R
Add another three R's
Watch me like D-V-D, V-C-R
Pump to ya chest, I ain't talking C-P-R
Riding this track like a motherfucking street car
New Orleans coroner
His name is Frank Minor
Fuck with me wrong, you'll be waking up in his yard
Man I go crazy on the beat, I go nimrod
Man I act an ass, treat the beat like a haemorrhoid
Man I go to work on a beat, call it employ
Man I kicks it, bitch get your shin guard
Uh
Young Money run these
Towns, countries
I still eat rappers
Uummm, scrumptious
My goons tote thumpers
They pump them like krumpers
Anybody beat, I'm going to go Archie Bonkers
Tuneche be the wildest
Let's run the metropolis
I pop like lolly's
You drop like eye lids
The money keep calling, I hear the shit dialing

And they say money talks, you can hear my shit hollering
You softer then nylan, oops I meant nylon
Perfection is the goal and I'm headed to the pylon
Crown fit me good, I ain't even got to try on
The pistol mean business, that bitch should have a tie on
Tity done told me do this shit
So I had to do this shit
I get super hero money, call a nigga super rich
Keep it super for awhile, let me get on my super shit
Super ill, super sick
Dog I go super Vick
Ran into a super woman, turned her to a super bitch
Hit her with that super dick, she be cumming super quick
Super Millz, Mack, Tyga, Streets, Nelly, super Nick
Super Drizzy, Gudda, Chuckee, Twist, that's the super clique
Now I'm off that super shit
Fuck that shit, I super quit
Running circles round the game, like a hula hoop and shit
You gone have to loop this shit
There won't be a duplicate
And my blunts be super thick
I'm higher than a super kick
I-I'm the bomb baby, watch me nuke this shit
When I leave the booth, they got to scoop this shit
My apologies, diabolically
I'm the prodigy, do you roger me
I look in the flames, and see a hotter me
But how come I'm still colder than commonly?
Yeah, we run this town like a lot of feet
Young Mula baby, I'm proud of me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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