

Run This (Prod by Kajmir Royale)

Kid Ink

Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run
Run this shit
Run Run this
Shit you know i
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run, run
Run this shit
Run run this shit
You don't want nothing with this
Not only do i run but i lunge this shit
Smoke like i don't need lungs and shit
Spit lit like two rubbing sticks
Wipe me down
Betta call charmin
Cuff yo chick
Kiss so charming
Ima make my way in marlin
Hit it and she gon come back, karma
Its murda betta call the corner
They ain't wanna let me in they circle so i corner
When i'm done baby you can go put a fork in em
Don't talk money then you sound like a foreigner
In my lime light im the sun of you
Any list im the one and number two
No rest room up all night check the bottom of my shoe I don't walk I.
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run I got em
Run, run, run, run you know i
Run run this shit
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run I got emRun, run, run, run you know I
Run run this shitI say what i want no censored
Paper getting real long like a center
To the money soon as i enter
We know you aint gettin paid interns
Being fly as a preset

Everything on froze, reset
You can't fuck with me
You just sell a bit
So many hoes, mothafucker i could sell a bitch
Sick fever, right inside da hits sweep the beat like Tila
Member when i used to work on scales like libras
Rap now but im still duckin the zebras
You cant ever pass me
Go and just face it
Ridin that beat like a motherfucka base hit
I dont give a fuck who you run with
I know they know who (run this shit)Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run I got em
Run, run, run, run you know i
Run run this shit
Run, run, run, run
Run, run, run, run I got em
Run, run, run, run you know i run this shit
Run run this shit

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

Lyrics provided by
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