

Run Up

Jack The Hustler

This beat is to be used, violently - weapons not included
(Sheek Louch)

Double platinum never; still on the grind though
Playin my position, watchin behind though
D-Block'd out, must I remind yo
Benjamins walk with me, two guns y'all can see
Money pile, wild out, nigga who want what
Every year it's somethin new for you to shake your butt
Get on yo' strut, you feelin me soldier?
Ten hun (ten hut) ten years strong, the record is long
Coulda been a lil' richer if I rocked a thong
Anyway; the Coupe is gray
Sheek startin to get hot in the hood like the month of May
My dog tags tangle, white tee on
Paul Wall bottoms, big Jacob bangle
One dutch of evil and piney
Matter fact, gimme some 'gnac and I'ma chase that with a Heine'
And make sure you pour some for my thugs behind me (yeah)
(Chorus 2X: Styles)
Hustle 'til the sun up (run up)
Keep comin 'til you come up (run up)
E'rybody keep your gun up (run up, run up, run up, run up)
(Styles)
Run up you gon' die like the beeper call
Dawg this is Styles, I ain't Nas but I "Ether" y'all
You should hide when you see that ride creep along
Cause it's on when the doors open - shut his lights out
He got his mans, but I'm fuckin get 'em all coffins
Lil' niggaz is now mine they swallow the barrel find it

Bet that'll open 'em up (I bet)
And they all act tough, 'til you pokin 'em up
Nigga - run up like you came for a marathon
Body's in the suitcase, head's in the carry-on (ha ha)
You food to a real nigga, rude with the steel nigga
Give a fuck; you shoulda chilled nigga (you shoulda chilled)
All I know is puttin in work
Get the new M-5, nigga put in the work
Crack a vanilla dutch, nigga put in the earth

Run up I keep the gun up, get put in the earth - what?

(Chorus)

(Sheek Louch)

M-6 revvin, all black on the cell phone

And all that like I'm talkin to Devon (Knight Rider)

Shorty wanna hang out of the car (uh-huh)

Yellin out money ain't a thang, holdin up a mayonnaise jar
of that stick-ickalous, ridiculous

Comin down Harlem, foggin up the whole St. Nickalous (yeah)

Red monkies on them pretty things

Wipin off ash, showin Scado my Diddy things

Pay attention (yeah) gon' miss if I squench in

Just us bein there is causin tension

No beef, no wreath nece', it get real messy

Pull a rifle on you boys like Uncle Jesse

I'm Sheek baby girl, one third of the LOX

Put you in the mink and out of the fox

Added a Honda into the box

Earring holes is stretched from the size of the rocks

Let's go

(Chorus)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>