

I Run This (Clean) (320 Bit Rate)

Birdman

I run this bitch[Chorus]
And I'm a keep runnin'
I'm a keep runnin' but I'm never runnin' outta money
I'm a dog I'ma stunt
If I don't do nothin'
And my car so pretty all these hoes wan fuck it
I got pussy wet paint
Big boy shoes
Soft ass seats and my trunk go boom
I gotta black ass gun
And a bad yello' bitch
And it looks like I'm a die like this Cause we be stunnin' on these bitches
Get money on these bitches
Two hundred and fifty dollars on the wrist nigga we be the illest
We be the realist
C-M-B nigga
Uptown soldier with the money to the ceilin'
Shinin' like a diamond from a eagle to a pigeon
Birds on the wire one hundred deep and we chillin'
Finga' on the trigga', that's the uptown livin'
High to the sky no dobbin for fishes
Hustlin', doin' donuts in the lam
Candy on the slam
Fifty on the av
One hundred at the crib
Get it how you live
Stuntin" on these bitches red diamonds how I feel
I run this bitch[Chorus]I'm a uptown solider
Know how I roll her
Money go get her, mob all over
Hustlin' with the birds, go and take it off his shoulder
Grinding with the homies, got the game out the nose
One hundred gs wrap, hood with a strap
Blowin' on the dojo, nigga stuntin' in a 'lac
Chicken in the oven, wall safe for the stack
Bought a brand new range, and a brand new 'bac
Old school caddy, fifth wheel slab back
Brand new truck, a brand new bike
A brand new house, a brand new sight

A brand new bitch with a hood rich life
I run this bitch[Chorus]I run this shit[Chorus]

Songwriters

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