

# RUN

## Tyler, the Creator

Fuck you running for nigga  
Aye nigga, come here nigga  
Let me try that hat on  
I told you come over here stupid bitch  
Come over here with that weak ass hat  
All y'all niggas smoke y'all brains out  
In the car, car light, took the lame route  
Going nowhere fast if you think that you not gonna hesitate to pull the thing out  
And let that drop top the trunk [?] pop, pop  
Let his top drop, took another lame out  
Oh you'd the big nigga, take a hit nigga  
Well I hope you understand you ain't shit nigga  
Cuz a nigga so rusty  
[?] that you comin' for the bang out  
Now the gangs out to get you but you stuck in the same house  
Nigga never came out, why  
With the shame you got something  
See you a real nigga cuz you killed him  
Full of [?] niggas  
A lotta [?]  
Boy you hang out  
That light you hit  
Cuz you never ever see me with a chain out  
I don't need [?] truth  
They gon' feed you blah  
They got me think they gonna eat you  
Better look the other way if you ever see me  
And run as fast as you can, nigga

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