

# Run This Town

## Stockholm Highgrades

Feel it comin' in the air  
And the screams from everywhere  
I'm addicted to the thrill  
It's a dangerous love affair  
Can't be scared when it goes down  
Got a problem, tell me now  
Only thing that's on my mind  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight  
We gonna run this town  
We are, ya I said it, we are  
This is Roc Nation, pledge your allegiance  
Get your fatigues on, all black everything  
Black cards, black cars, all black everything  
And our girls are blackbirds ridin' with they Dillingers  
I'd get more in depth if you boys really real enough  
This is la familia, I'll explain later  
But for now, let me get back to this paper  
I'm a couple bands down, and I'm tryin' to get back  
I gave the other grip, I lost a flip for five stacks  
Yeah I'm talkin' five comma, six zeros, dot zeros, here it go  
Back to runnin' circles 'round niggas, now we squared up  
Hold up  
Life's a game, but it's not fair  
I break the rules, so I don't care  
So I keep doin' my own thing  
Walkin' tall against the rain  
Victory's within the mile  
Almost there, don't give up now  
Only thing that's on my mind  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight  
Hey, hey  
Hey, hey  
(Is who's gonna run this town tonight)  
We are, ya, I said it, we are  
You can call me Caesar in a dark CSAR  
Please follow the leader, so Eric B. we are  
Microphone fiend, it's the return of the god, peace god  
Uh, uh, and ain't nobody fresher

I'm in Mason, uh, Martin Margiela  
On the table screamin' fuck the other side, they jealous  
We got a banquet full of broads, they got a table full of fellas  
And they ain't spending no cake  
They should throw they hand in, 'cause they ain't got no spades

My whole team got dough  
So my Bankhead is lookin' like millionaires' 'fro  
Life's a game but it's not fair  
I break the rules, so I don't care  
So I keep doin' my own thing  
Walkin' tall against the rain  
Victory's within the mile  
Almost there, don't give up now  
Only thing that's on my mind  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight  
Hey, hey  
Hey, hey  
(Is who's gonna run this town tonight)  
It's crazy how you can go from being Joe Blow  
To everybody on your dick, no homo  
I bought my whole family whips, no Volvos  
Next time I'm in church, please no photos  
Police escorts, everybody passports  
This the life that everybody ask for  
This a fast life, we are on a crash course  
What you think I rap for, to push a fucking Rav-4?  
But I know that if I stay stunting  
All these girls only gon' want one thing  
I could spend my whole life "Good Will Hunting"  
Only good gon' come is as good when I'm coming  
She got a ass that'll swallow up a g-string  
And up top, uh, two bee stings  
And I'm beastin' off the riesling  
And my nigga just made it out the precinct  
We give a damn about the drama that you do bring  
I'm just tryin' to change the color on your mood ring  
Reebok, baby, you need to drop some new things  
Have you ever had shoes without shoe strings?  
What's that 'Ye? Baby, these heels  
Is that a May, what, baby, these wheels  
You trippin' when you ain't sippin', have a refill  
You feelin' like you runnin', huh, now you know how we feel  
Wassup!  
Hey, hey, hey, hey

Wassup!  
Hey, hey, hey  
We gonna run this town tonight  
Wassup!

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