

Running Back (feat. Lil Wayne)

Wale

Bitches want money stacks, I just want my percent
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in
The money be coming in, the money be coming in
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah
My niggas, we run this shit
The money be coming in, the money be coming in Look, my bitch is on Tumblr, your bitch need a tummy tuck
Since Jesus of Nazareth, the realest you've come across
I be with killers just coming home
They only hope is me and the Quran
They only wish is for a new chain
But they stuck up in the ankle bracelet
I get the money stacked, see the moon's where it's sunny at
And I move where the realest be
And the quickest, see baby, you gettin' lapped
Yeah, the DMV on the map
That's a city, two states if you can count
I'm as real as I say, I never lie
So whenever I go, know I'm runnin' back Bitches want money stacks, I just want my percent
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in
The money be coming in, the money be coming in
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah
My niggas, we run this shit
The money be coming in, the money be coming in These bitches want money stacks
Me? I want a hundred stacks
These bitches selling their soul
Well, I want my money back
She bounce it like jumping jacks, but she got a funny ass
Look what them booty shots done to that
That bitch need her money back, Lord
She like the finer things, she said I sent her a diamond ring
She say I buy her all kinds of things
She lie about everything
I put her on time out and everything

I cut the bitch off like a thread of string
These hoes'll say about anything
'Cause they know that y'all believe everything
That's why I get high about every day
All of this fog like the weather change
Turn the strip club to a hurricane
We got that cocaine, snow flurry gang
And we do not play games 'bout money, mane
She do something strange for money, mane
Yeah, I used to play running back
I turnt that football to a money bag, I'm gone Bitches want money stacks, I just want my percent
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in
The money be coming in, the money be coming in
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah
My niggas, we run this shit
The money be coming in, the money be coming in We balling, we balling
Balling (balling), hey darling (hey darling)
Sweet darling (hey darling), you know we ballin'
We balling, Wale, fuck with me
Mula baby!
Yeah, Blue Moon, yeah
We gon' ball all season, whole season and post-season
For no reason, fuck with me

Songwriters

OLUBOWALE VICTOR AKINTIMEHIN, DWAYNE CARTER, GARY HILL, COMPOSER AUTHOR

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