

# Runnin' (feat Lunice)

## Azealia Banks

[Verse 1]

I was born ready (Ha Ha)  
I'm working your man up in that circuit  
Bitch I plan to look that perfect  
Cheap little brand with a bitch that's certain  
Clique that gang and spit that curtain  
He wanna slam, wanna whip that serpent  
He wanna wham  
Wanna get it in, wanna get it out  
Wanna sweat it in, wanna lick it up  
But your nigga been listening to broads  
Sayin' niggas on the internet now  
So we kick it with the tickets to the what  
Damn motherfucker you can sniff it in the butt  
You a fan little nigga you be living for the cunt  
You be handful of scrilla while I'm jiggling the buns  
I can stop moving still jiggling the buns  
I can pop in the middle with a little bit of pun  
I can drop for your nigga when he get up in the front  
I can spot but you niggas gotta to get us in front  
But I'm not these bitches with the dick up on their tongues  
Not these bitches, all these niggas been among  
So it's not with me when I with your nigga in the crumbs  
And it's not me chilling with your nigga in the slums  
So run run whenever-whenver I'm in the sun, uhIma sp-spend this niggas sp-spinach  
I tell him to eat the couchie then hit this nigga for lyrics  
He know that I got that juicy  
That juicy booty, that fruity, that fruity tooti  
That natural beauty  
He rich; he poppin that bougie  
I got that Glock and that uzi  
That ch-ch-chop and the tuni  
I hit your block with a goonie and put a dot on ya nugget  
Split ya top and ya stomach  
Hit ya pops and ya cousin  
Miss the shot if he runnin'  
And get as hot as he want it[Hook]  
You, you don't want  
I know you, you don't wanna fuck with me

You on one, I'm on two  
Bang or get banged on; you choose  
These niggas runnin  
These niggas runnin  
They stay pumping that game  
But these niggas frontin  
All day up on this stage  
These niggas like they something  
Say this bitch is coming  
Now these niggas runnin  
Runnin, runnin  
These niggas runnin  
[Repeat][Verse 2]  
I'm in the creme Coupe seats  
Color: gingerbread  
You know I got that bitch covered like a ninja head  
You say you bout to get buggin bout to spend your-bread  
So you bout to get smothered with that infrared  
Bet that strawberry banana f-fanna  
Click never jam-a  
I'm finna damage your armor and plan to blam at your grandma  
These niggas toting they hammers  
But really open punana's  
I smell these niggas  
They pussy they pussy they needa douche it  
Don't let him up in the cushion unless he come with the right do's  
If not, then bitch you better fuck you a white dude  
If not, then bitch he better come with the right dick  
If not, then bitch you probably know that he like dick  
Fuck feeding these niggas  
You bitches breeding these niggas?  
I get the beats from these niggas  
Then hit the streets with these niggas  
Y'all tryna sleep with these niggas  
I'm tryna eat with these niggas  
I read these niggas the script and get sick of seeing these niggas now[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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