

# **We Run N.Y. (feat. Fat Joe)**

## **French Montana**

Who?!  
Who, who is this person you're talking about?!  
Who is this person you're talking about?!  
Too hard for me now?!  
ISHi?!  
Who is him?!  
Who is he?! We can run the world, we can, we can run the world  
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world  
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world  
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?  
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?  
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?  
(Haaan) I got dreams, cash and the cream  
Ground like a fiend for shit you've never seen  
Watch me take it over, bitch they coming over  
Money, we count it over, my niggas, they never sober  
I pull up in a Bent, dark tint, black gun sippin' clear  
Bent, Clark Kent, black shoes, my attitude's  
Fuck for the dollar, nothing, hit the bottle  
Fifth clap skater lap, all black Raider hat  
Served the customers to custom made the Porsche  
Nasir Jones, homie, the world is yours  
I'm Tony Montana with a bitch from Atlanta  
At the Caesar Cabana, then I'm ghost like a phantom, haan  
Dirty money hit me like a needle  
Got me standing on the street like the Beatles  
I'm a motherfucking coke boy  
Baby, come and run the world with a dope boy So people, looking through the needle  
This isn't where we started  
They see you're running to the fields  
Deep inside a capsule, freedom, you know nothing at all  
We run  
We run  
We run  
We can run the world King amazing in weather, rocking big leathers  
Catch him on the block stocking since the red jettors  
Monkey flipping, bread gamble with the chop headers  
Won't take no shorts, we don't jock niggas  
Fast and furious, though curious

That I'll put up if you're from your home Julius  
Just bounce, drop the Uzi and fly, meet you at the Ritz  
Sweet 19 and switch up the whips, yo  
Young De Niro, the black hand, mafia gang land  
Where niggas bang out and do the same jam  
I be in Brazil stroking 'em down  
And for the hell I blam you, then fly like Pan Am do  
Whoever said I went down? I was configuratin' this money  
To feed my babies monthly and retire  
But now I'm more larger, smarter, call me the martyr  
This separating me from these authors So people, looking through the needle  
This isn't where we started  
They see you're running to the fields  
Deep inside a capsule, freedom, you know nothing at all  
At all  
At all  
You know nothing at all

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