

Run This (prod. by Kajmir Royale)

Kid Ink

Run, run

Run this shit

Run Run this

Shit you know I

Run, run

Run this shit

Run run this shit You don't want nothing with this

Not only do I run but I lunge this shit

Smoke like I don't need lungs and shit

Spit lit like two rubbing sticks

Wipe me down

Betta call charmin

Cuff yo chick

Kid so charming

I'm a make my way in marlin

Hit it and she gon come back, karma

It's murda betta call the Coroner

They ain't wanna let me in they circle so I corner

When I'm done baby you can go put a fork in em

Don't talk money then you sound like a foreigner

In my lime light I'm the sun of you

Any list I'm the one and number two

No rest room up all night check the bottom of my shoe I don't walk I Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run I got 'em

Run, run, run, run you know I

Run run this shit

Run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run I got 'em

Run, run, run, run you know I

Run run this shit I say what I want no censored

Paper getting real long like a center

To the money soon as I enter

We know you ain't gettin' paid interns

Being fly as a preset

Everything on froze, reset

You can't fuck with me

You just celibate

So many hoes, mothafucker I could sell a bitch

Sick fever, right inside the hits sweep the beat like Tila

Member when I used to work on scales like libras

Rap now but I'm still duckin the zebras
You can't ever pass me
Go and just face it
Ridin' that beat like a motherfucka base hit
I don't give a fuck who you run with
I know they know who (run this shit)

Songwriters

Collins, BrianPublished by

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