

## Who Run This?

Kingspade

With the sonic boom  
Day starts then it turns to night  
We're the ones you listen to when you roll in your ride  
Kingspade's comin by so pick up your pipe  
Kingspade's in the house you know we gonna get high  
So who ya'll wanna know whos runnin this here  
I'm only gonna say it once you better listen real clear  
Kingspade motherfucker, d-loc and richter  
These two white boys back up in the picture  
Back up in that ass like a motherfuckin five pack  
Bringin big class so you better bring a notepad  
Don't make me laugh cause you gonna make real mad  
Wastin all my time while I could have been at camp radd  
So you better pay attention  
Or professor johnny ric's gonna throw you in detention  
Ten deep and when I mention  
Cause I'm back, two more years and I'll be swimmin in this bacon  
Don't give a fuck dog, yeah our shit bump  
Hat flipped up tagged up in the front  
Where the weed at, blow the speakers in the club  
Kingspade klick still serve a cat up  
Fill my cup, so I can drink it all up  
Go back to the bar so I can get some more  
Keep it rough, sandpaper lungs, big joints, hardcore rips and blunts yeah

Who run this motherfucker (we run this motherfucker)  
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Back the fuck up you know we in the club  
You know kingspade klick be fuckin with blunts  
D-loc, johnny richter, ya'll now the deal  
Cause subnoize music that's for real  
That's hot, ya'll can't get none  
Bump bump bump everybody wanna get dumb  
Come get some, loc gonna pimp one  
Make motherfuckers slip one rip one  
Smoked one in the parking lot  
Like slangin buds I connect the dots  
Like damn boy, shit don't stop  
That thc, pass me the pot  
That's me, pullin in with johnny richter, we ten years deep  
So wheres the weed, hustler baby  
H-u-s-t-l-e-r  
A hustler, and we're still on the block yeah  
Just trying to put some dough in my knot yeah  
Cause I can't see punchin a clock no  
And I can't see pinchin my flow no  
So let's go cause I gotta keep it movin now  
Never like to slow down keep on doin what I'm doin  
Pimp shine, you better ask somebody (better ask somebody) better ask somebody,  
Y,

Took two years off dogg give me a break  
Got a hundred fifty grand sittin in the bank

We back in business lemme get a witness  
Cause kingspade dropped off ya'll better get this  
Don't flout this cause johnny richters still here like a likeness  
Of a life spent pickin shit  
Fact I know you were thinkin that back in the day when I was killin with confidence  
Chillin here with the hall of fame status ya'll motherfuckers know we the baddest  
Fuck ya'll faggots, eat a dick  
Kingspade shit d-loc johnny ric  
D-loc j-ric yeah, two of the sickest  
Kids from p-town I know you gonna feel this  
I come with it and deal with it  
But keep it concealed get caught on the drop big trouble come real quick  
My games real sick, I stay untouchable  
My klicks real big, and so I gotta roll  
Avoidin all pigs, because I'm holdin dro  
I should'nthave to ask ya'll should already know  
Who the fuck I be when I roll up on the spot  
And who the fuck I be when this funky kush drops  
So who the fuck are you gettin all up in my face  
Actin all real tough you don't run this place bitch