## **Run This Town**

**Nipsey Hussle** 

Streets on lock, beemers on stock Bullets bounce back leave the drivers unshot City on my shoulder, Slauson Ave soldier So to all my enemies my dead body is a trophy Talking bout trophies I think I deserve one Hotter nigga in these streets holla if you've heard one Know a nigga sick because I'm the shit with no surgeon And those Roc Nation rumours ain't true but yeah I heard them

Swervin in that new Lexus with the on the steerin Wheel step got that motherfucking purrin' One things fo sho 2 things for certain West coast Nipsey Hussle Game over closed curtains In my pursuit of happiness I made the cash double And introduced Italian shoes to German gas peddles Like Gucci's and Prada's, here's Benz's and beemers Hold money in don't let materials come in between us I know they hoping they could be a method big But I got Lawyers paid up above my last features I single handedly became the man in my preaching You would think it was crime how they witnessed my genius

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... swervin in that black beemer with the button press curtains Say go up and she go down and serve a nigga like a servant Pull it out her mouth and she gon ride it like a surfer Phone ringing she pick up and tell her man she working Slurpin ' everything a nigga got to offer I'm a fuck once and I'll be off her Onto bigger badder things like the dollar Amount that Epic want versus what Def Jam offer