

## 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