

Running the Streets

Rick Ross

I just want you to know you deserve the world
I'm apologizing right now
She be staying up when I ain't coming home
Running, running, running the streets
It's so hard to get sleep

She be staying up when I ain't coming home
Running, running, running the streets
Running, running, running the streets
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Fake niggas always caught up in the realest shit
Mama always told me "Watch who you be dealing with"
Snake bitches can get wrapped up in your feelings with
Never watered down, my niggas on some killing shit
Miami mercenaries, really that's the Double M
Born baller, baby, boy I be above the rim
Quick step, then I plant just like I'm Durant
Payton Manning with the poems, go look at the stats
Went from sleeping on the floor to pissing Moet
All my teachers selling dope, even sold me a sack
Wake up in the morning so I need to smoke
When I need to really keep my queen close
MAC 11, dirty money on my prayer rug
Say a prayer for me, really show a player love
Time to touch a million, did it with finesse
Never wait up for me, go and get your rest

She be staying up (Staying up) When I ain't coming home (I ain't coming home
)
Running, running, running the streets
Running, running, running the streets
She be staying up (She be staying up) I ain't coming home (I ain't coming ho
me)
Running, running, running the streets
It's so hard to get sleep

She be staying up, we be laying up, shit
When I ain't around, who you laid up with?
Fucking, fucking, fucking it up
And I been running, running, running it up, yeah
We call it a gang, but that's who I work with
Who I put in pain, who I put in work with
Always saying something to me
When I be running, running, running the streets
But, would you still be fucking with me
If I was wearing the same jeans for a week?
If I was hungry and I ain't have nothing to eat
Would you, yeah, would you still think about it when you up?
Don't think about me when I'm gone
'Cause I ain't coming home, and you'll be all alone
So, think about it when you up

She be staying up (Don't think about me when I'm gone)
When I ain't coming home ('Cause I ain't coming home)

Running, running, running the streets (You gon' be all alone)
Running, running, running the streets (Think about me when you up)
She be staying up (She be staying up)
I ain't coming home (I ain't coming home)
Running, running, running the streets
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Running the streets like a runny nose
Ain't no love in the streets when you bleeding from a bullet hole
Like Stanley Yelnats, he caps, his head red
The feds come across, lost, a mans dead
Dyslexic spell dead, street-sweeper clean up the streets like Cascade
They back on a 'rampage' like Quinton, shippin' 'em off to San Quentin
Ran wicked with some niggas on the block, still stickin' on the beam
Gentrification, junkies and fiends working later
So I'm sendin' a message onto my queen
If I don't make it out alive, you and I
Is the only thing important to me in case that I die
Message received, she's a blessing indeed
Make sure I put something away for when she carry my seed
For my unborn son, I got a few words left
Be better than me in everything, on my last dying breath, I

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