

# 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

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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)  
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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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