

Run

Tyler, the Creator

Fuck you running for nigga
Aye nigga, come here nigga
Let me try that hat on
I told you come over here stupid bitch
Come over here with that weak ass hat

All y'all niggas smoke y'all brains out
In the car, car light, took the lame route
Going nowhere fast if you think that you not gonna hesitate to
pull the thing out
And let that drop top the trunk [?] pop, pop
Let his top drop, took another lame out
Oh you'd the big nigga, take a hit nigga
Well I hope you understand you ain't shit nigga
Cuz a nigga so rusty
that you comin' for the bang out
Now the gangs out to get you but you stuck in the same house, n
igga never came out, why

See you a real nigga cuz you killed him
full of niggas
A lotta
Boy you hang out
Cuz you never ever see me with a chain out
I don't need truth
blah
think they gonna eat you
Better look the other way if you ever see me
And run as fast as you can
Nigga