Hector Story

Young Scooter

Wake up in the morning, crank that 18 wheeler Hector hit my phone, I'm gonna hit the rich He stay out the game, he left it up to me Gave me a roam at my spot, it's overseas

Wake up in the morning, crank that 18 wheeler Hector hit my phone, I'm gonna hit the rich He stay out the game, he left it up to me Gave me a roam at my spot, it's overseas He say amigo cross to me and keep it real I told him how the fuck you gonn let him leave He say that's his brother by his wife kids I told him man that nigga fucking up my mill I say he gotta go so fuck your pride I make a mill a week, you how I survive He say he gotta drive I told him I'll drive Them folks looking for so he don't come my side Money conversations have them underground He say he give me what I want to put them bricks down Cause these niggas get caught and try to take you down Number bosses in my circle, ain't no squares around Caught up, cause I got squares around Something 30 thousand, 25 thousand, 15 thousand, 75 hunned I'm the remix king, none of my bricks are hunder, Real road runner, road runner music Anything I say you drive your bricks to it A 9 to 5 I ain't did that I 20 east, drove my own pack, a lot of free bands Young scooter draped up and ambulance You know the whole 5 hunned swag bag I send them 65 down to louieville I I know some og's worth a lot of mill I'm leaning on that field I'm on that shit I mastermind them facts city Add up them trucks, I road run and get them Road runner, road runner, The road runner music, you a road runner Road runner, road runner, the road runner music You a road runner Road runner, road runner, the road runner music.