

## Hector Story

Young Scooter

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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

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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 hunded 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.