

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

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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 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.