

Cold World Hustlers f/ K-Love

"Run So Fast"

Visit "[Run So Fast](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1: Big Vic]

Take heed to my sayin' and catch a nigga on the rise
Certified like a stamp bitch I bust in fuckin' eyes
Pull the glock and hit the block and started bustin' at
the window
My pistol kinda smokin' like a Vega full of indo
But the fan that spins smells like shit so I'm runnin'
Niggas on the block keep me strapped up and cussin'
Mo bluntin' I'm done, no time so I'm hurt
Big Vic's in the mirror so bitch I come first
Call me taker cause I'm quick to take ya fuckin' aura
'flectin' off the wall, I gotta bounce, cause I wanna ball
The villain that I am, tabletop the fuckin' real feelin'
Pills and pills of angry lust, leads me to another killin'
Cold World nigga, you niggas think you thicker
But a thirty-two clip begins with the trigger
I'm the nigga never tell me it's common sense
So don't trip when ya see Vic hop a fence

[HOOK]

I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast
(So don't trip when ya see Vic hop a fence)
I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast

[Verse 2: Big Vic]

Just another little quiet night somethin' wasn't feelin'
right
Niggas on the block into the twilight braggin' gang
fights
I'm on the motherfuckin' viz tho, to get my grip so
Runnin' at the mouth'll make me blow that fuckin' indo
I need a way out my heart pounds with nervousness
I'm perbin' this my fears mean shit so I'm, runnin' this
It seems like everybody slips I'm pullin' names up out a
hat so
I'm strapped he's strapped everybody strapped
strapped
Ran from a nigga cause a nigga keep his thoughts
straight
Bouncin' never leavin' P, Sick, Maine-O and Tay
I say I'm on the run tho, my feet stays in front of me

Hurdle after hurdle life I'm runnin' on these cold
streets
Parental discretion is advised for the moment
Still had to hustle straight, doin' it
Back to the argument it seems that I never missed
Don't trip when ya see Vic hop a fence

HOOK

[Verse 3: Big Vic]

Wakin' up on another crazy mornin' over last night
Doin' up the rest of the fuckin' drank, just to gain my
sights
But it was different as I'm listenin' to the kitchen faucet
runnin'
So young, it was just another bad dream of twenty-one
Get my 'Ports gotta piss and my boxer saggin'
Three days on the outs one more left then it's back to
cabbin'
This bitch is laggin', creep creep to the back do'
Slept on the flo, cause her moms was home
I need a phone 2-9-2 was the code when I could
Worrred, to the niggas in my hood
Sellin' chiz and ready to tell me how cold hell is
Smokin' blunts and bein' surprised that a nigga on sin
Gettin' drunk as I tell her about the world on the other
side
Quick to lie, claimin' sides a young nigga down to die
Who am I to lie in eighty-nine I wasn't rappin'
Steven tossed tights sayin' fuck camp cabin

HOOK

I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast
(So don't trip when ya see Vic hop a fence)
I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast
I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast
I never seen a big nigga run so fast, run so fast
I never seen a

Visit [Cold World Hustlers f/ K-Love](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.