

## **Kingspade "Who Run This"**

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With the sonic boom  
Day starts then it turns to night  
We're the ones you listen to when you roll in your ride  
Kingspade's in with fives so go get your pipe  
Kingspade's in the house you know we gonna get high  
So who ya'll wanna know whos runnin this here  
Im only gonna say it once you better listen real clear  
Kingspade motherfucker, d-loc and richter  
These two white boys back up in the picture  
Back up in that ass like a motherfuckin five pack  
Bringin big class so you better bring a notepad  
Don't make me laugh cause you gonna make real mad  
Wastin all my time while i could have been at camp  
radd  
So you better pay attention  
Or professor johnny ric's gonna throw you in detention  
Ten deep and when i mention  
Cause im back, two more years and i'll be swimmin in  
this bacon  
Dont give a fuck dog, yeah our shit bump  
Hat flipped up tagged up in the front  
Where the weed at, the real smokers in the club  
Kingspade klick lets go serve a cat up  
Fill my cup, so i can drink it all up  
Go back to the bar so i can get some more  
Keep it rough, sandpaper lungs, big joints, hardcore  
rips and blunts yeah

Who run this motherfucker (we run this motherfucker)  
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Who run this motherfucker (we run this motherfucker)  
Who run this motherfucker  
Kingspade

Back the fuck up you know we in the club  
You know kingspade klick be fuckin with blunts  
D-loc, johnny richter, i got em on the deal  
Cause subnoize music thats for real  
Thats hot, ya'll cant get none  
Bump bump bump everybody wanna get dumb  
Come get some, loc gonna pimp one  
Make motherfuckers slip one rip one

Smoked one in the parking lot  
Like slangin buds i connect the dots  
Like damn boy, shit don't stop  
That thc, pass me the pot  
Thats me, pullin in with johnny richter, we ten years  
deep  
So watch me, hustler baby  
H-u-s-t-l-e-r  
A hustler, and we're still on the block yeah  
Just trying to put some dough in my knot yeah  
Cause i cant see punchin a clock no  
And i cant see pinchin my flow no  
So lets go cause i gotta keep it movin now  
Never like to slow down keep on doin what im doin  
Pimp shine, you better ask somebody (better ask  
somebody) better ask somebody,

[CHORUS]

So we ten years off try keepin it bright  
Got a hundred fifty grand sittin in the bank  
We back in business lemme get a witness  
Cause kingspade dropped off ya'll better get this  
Don't flout this cause johnny richters still here like a  
likeness  
Of a life spent bringin shit  
Fact i know you were thinkin that back in the day when i  
was killin with confidence  
Chillin here with the hall of fame status ya'll  
motherfuckers know we the baddest  
Fuck ya'll faggots, eat a dick  
Kingspade shit d-loc johnny ric  
D-loc j-ric yeah, two of the sickest  
Kids from p-town i know you gonna feel this  
I come with it and deal with it  
But keep it concealed get caught on the drop big  
trouble come real quick  
My games real sick, i stay untouchable  
My clicks real big, and so i gotta roll  
Avoidin all pigs, because im holdin dro  
I shouldnt have to ask ya'll should already know  
Who the fuck i be when i roll up on the spot  
And who the fuck i be when this funky kush drops  
So who the fuck are you gettin all up in my face  
Actin all real tough you dont run this place bitch

[CHORUS 2x]

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