

3-O-Matic

"Run"

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[Chorus]

Here comes Jimmy, Here Comes Jimmy, Grab Your
Gun, Grab Your Gun
Where you gonna run to when the kid comes through
Run, Run, Run, Run, Run, Run

[Jimmy Brinx]

You better run, you better run, you better run {*repeat
4X*}

You know the kids here, game faced me
Whip full speed, no top seed
Cop four pounds, knock doors down
Yall need me to keep the game around
Pipe down I'm gangster with it
I don't keep it fo sho dawg I'll bang you with it
Jimmy live what y'all talk about
But you know the game ain't to talk about
Hit the bar let the bottles pop wyle out
Its on my side ring and my side out
Do the dam thing, Buggy I do a buck and some change
With my hand on them things
Have to stop at a red light
Sprees spinning I don't tuck ice

[Chorus] - 2X

I hold nothing back I let it all out
Whether I'm in the booth or the tools out
Twist the backwoods let the haze blow
Thinking of new ways to sit and let the change grow
Lights out neck fist and wrist lit
Bikes out front lift for distance
Snow man Brink will blow men
Aint going home to six in the morn man
Gotta keep it tight you know do it right
Yall can live Tony I want the Sosa life
Streets taught me this anything I touch
Going double and bubble if not triple up
Word from S Dot you don't gotta love me
But you gotta respect me dawg the bol hot

Keep it moving and get your drink on
Put them things up I got shiners on

[Chorus] - 2X

There ain't much time you hear the hands tick
Gotta stick to the script make the game flip
Either get down or you get laid
Lemonade tank and raid gotta play the days
When I hit I'm gonna make it count
Lip spit going small but its blowing out
This is my world I'll put my life on it
You can ask around but they don't really want it

[Chorus] - 4X

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