

Trey Songz "Runaway Remix"

Visit "[Runaway Remix](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ooooooh oh oooooh
woooooah ooh oooooo

[Chorus]

For a longest time, I've been on my shine, I'm song
Now I'll never let up I've been wanting this way too long,
Got me sitting toe high, trying to balance out the lows
And I think it's time that I propose

Let's make a toast to the dickheads that boast 'cause
we get bread toast to the bad bitches that shit on their
ass bitches

Everybody think they're Jordan so toast to the Pippen's
Nobody's the same but we know different
We all want this money right,
Everybody trying to eat like it's money pie
I should live 100 lives I should have 100 wives
And the honey-beds, I should tell her 100 lies
Then I wonder why, when it's all set and done
Tell me what will I become,
I wanna say that I did learn some, earn some,
Bad memories I did burn some
Sanitize my hands and let the germs gone
See you niggers is disgusting
Bad bitches worldwide wanna fuck em
You see they treat my dick like lip balm
They know I hit hard, no concussion, come on

[Chorus]

Let's make a toast to the good times
Let's have a toast for the cash flow
Make a toast to a new thang
on the arm of a bad hoe
Make a toast to the bad day
So we appreciate the sun rise

You still don't understand , stay away as far as you
could
Stay away, stay away, stay away as far as you could
[X3]
Still don't understand

Stay away as far as you can

Cause girl I've barely even know, scream loud for me
(?)

See I'm living life with no boundaries
But even a sunny day got clouds you see
I'm floating in the air, I live there
Laid back chair, call me song (?)
I got a big beach, you got a beach chair
I'm the big picture and you're just a small square
But who am I to say I'm better man
I just want this shit forever man

Momma said there will be better days
But when better days came
I knew there were better thangs
I hated me, you telling me this everything
Now quit playing man where's everything?
The women are amazing, the liquors always tasteful
the party off the chain
But emptiness remains, tell me where's the love that
I'm missing?
From every day kitchen, or a girl thats really down
cause I know she's been around
I feel like something wrong, but everything's right
Hand quotes in the air read left right
I ain't trying to bitch I'm living the blessed life
Would I trade it in motherfucker? Yeah, right
Black niggers can't hit me nor see me
This is the graveyard, death sight

[Chorus]

Let's make a toast to the good times
Let's have a toast for the cash flow
Make a toast to a new thang
on the arm of a bad hoe
Make a toast to the bad day
So we appreciate the sun rise

You still don't understand, stay away as far as you
could
Stay away, stay away, stay away as far as you could
[X3]
Still don't understand
Stay away as far as you can

If I could stand on a cloud and speak out loud to the
world below me
To play my name just so that they know me, you see
the neighbors know my name

Even the haters love my thang, everybody plays my
game
We've got mental hypocrisy at such high velocities
When I speak truth, everybody calls me Socrates
I've got such a philosophy that everybody's watching
me
Looking at there wrist, shit everybody's clocking me
ahhh, there's no thrill like a slow kill
Standing at the bottom looking at the top
Hoping that they stop blocking me
If I had a day job niggers probably stayed back in me
See I hate rules, if you said I obey, you ain't ever know
Trey
You ain't know I'm season like obey
Do re mi sol fa la si do, toss it to the assholes, exclude
me through
Please, don't involve me in that, see I'm a dignified
man with a signified plan
And all problems to solve just leave them into his
hands.

Visit [Trey Songz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.