

Young Buck "Run Thru' Em"

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Got Money

If you got money put yo hood up
If you don't owe nobody shit, put yo hood up
If you buyin' your own bird, put yo hood up

Whatchu' mean if you tryna' buy the hog
credit card machines I could swipe a nigga card
Ho get on your job
you always in the club
talkin' bout you ballin but we know you fucked up
Ice on my neck got me lookin' at myself
got me throwin' up my hood make you wanna two step
and some 28 inches on a black lex truck
a bad yellow bitch and we both X'd up
in the club like...

Broke niggaz to the back
Rich niggaz where you at?
gimme that
Ten Thousand dollar stack
and i'm a Run right thru em
(I gotta) Run right thru em
(You know I) Run right thru em
(I bet I) Run right thru em
(yeahh) So clean
from my shirt to my jeans
I'm a dope boy, bitch
what the fuck you mean?
and i'm a Run right thru em
(I gotta) Run right thru em
(You know I) Run right thru em
(I bet I) Run right thru em

I smell like money and I talk that shit
gimme a couple birds
I give you whats on my wrist
I'm tryna' find a bitch and put some diamonds on her
hand
Her baby daddy cant, i just do it cuz i can
Patron in my cup got me feelin fucked up
got em all on my nuts cuz i got a million bucks
you can't move it like I do

I'm the man, who are you?
See your money runnin out
Bitch you damn near through
I'm in the club like...

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Everybody know that I got it for the low
aint fuckin wit those niggaz who aint got it no mo'
see aint nothin old but a nigga' bank roll
(I stay Fly-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-i) from my head to my toe
The million dollar man, call me Ted DiBiase
The tag on the 'rarri so dont ask me what it cost me
toilet bowl seats cuz I know that I'm the shit
keep some extra people make it rain in this bitch
and this lil' blue pill got me throwin gang signs
got me showin off my nine
got me losin' my mind
Go 'n' roll somethin' up
I'm a hit it 'till its gone
If ya' weed aint strong, then ya' money aint long.
I'm in the club like...

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