

## Devin the Dude f/ Gar

### "Run"

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[Scratched] Look at 'em run [Verse One] [Devin] You can't catch 'em, don't even try to The route that he takes is hard to follow He lives for today and not tomorrow Every move that he makes is about the dollar And he's much to fast to catch up with A fine piece of ass he'll snatch up quick See the women are amazed at the size of his engine Jealous ass niggas wanna catch him and lynch him He don't chill, cruise or stop They wonder if he's on pills, shrooms or what But the boy got the rhythm, style and class Oh and when he throw they go smile when they ask You might as well say that he got 'em Makin' love uptown then he dip to the bottom To fuck over somebody, this man will He don't pause, he don't stand still He just... [Scratch Chorus] [x4] Run Look at 'em run [Verse Two] [Devin] You best to get out the way when he come You best to hide all your hoes, he'll freak 'em He c-c-cut 'em, scr-scr-scratch 'em off his list Put on his drawers and leave without a kiss Switch from lane to lane Refused to break, he straight changed the game No need to watch him, you can't stop him Get close range if you wanna pop him But he'll bail out quick with the wind in his hair Oh shit, is that him right there? [Gar] I hit the highway 6'10 ablaze A big bad motherfucker, 24 inch blades Pop a pill, smoke, chill, big foot for the skrill Classic 3-51 lift, kid in the grill Speed it up and slow down And I'm always down to blow now Cruisin' in a swisher and you never find me tore down [Scratch Chorus] [x4] Run Look at 'em run [Verse Three] [Devin] Zero to fifty in 2.5 Secs as he wrecks, almost but he drives The girls crazy with his hazy eyes And his ride, a wing dinner, extra gravy and fries Don't even have time for a four course meal And if it ain't important, he ain't 'bout it for real He's steals hearts, but he's not a thief The way that he is give him a lot of beef The name is Fast, Motherfuckin' Swift Told him, he ain't the nigga to be fuckin' with But shit, they ain't gon' listen Until they wake up and he's gone and they panties is missin' He'll call back And they'll wish him well Never kiss and tell, he give them dick and bail And keep comin' and goin', goin', comin' They hot on his track on his back But he... [Scratch

Chorus] [x4] Run Look at 'em run

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