

## Joel Billy

### "Make This Run"

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[Chorus x2 - Pharrell] + (Kelis)

If you love my niggaz  
I'm saying but, if you only love my niggaz  
We can make this run, for my niggaz  
And if you die, hope you'll fly high  
(Don't worry baby, I'll make this money for you)

[Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9"]

Make me an offer I can't refuse, pistol is wild  
Pretty face, no mask, undeniably fit for the job  
Bitch wit a heart, ready to thump, money is king  
Wit my lap on the throne strokin' a cat, runnin' a  
scheme

[Pharrell]

My niggaz get high off the reefer, and quick to heat ya  
If ya feel ya cold-blooded, I got something to heat ya  
It's called a hollow tip, dum, dum, follow clip and numb  
some  
If you don't know the language, then don't speak the  
gun dun

[La Femme Nakita]

Eyes like black chips of glass, little wit an unholy light  
Ya chances of survival, like a roll of these dice  
Execution style, ski-mask, no smile  
Throw the ace, in the hidden safe, up under the towel

[Royce Da 5'9"] + (La Femme Nakita)

We definitely blow, stick wit me, know ya limitations  
Speak when spoke up, stay away from the rest of these  
hoes  
You ready to kill (No doubt) these niggaz is jerks  
Broke niggaz wit cheap guns, and triggers that work

[Pharrell]

If ya pops share my, cli-ker, carry street sweepers  
And hit ya more times than the worthless bitch, on ya  
beeper  
Revenge is that bitch, and she won't come lesser than  
So if ya hit me, God'll get me and give me breath

again, bitch, get it right

[Chorus x2] w/ (Pharrel ad-libs)

[Verse 2 - Pharrell]

Niggaz wanna see me lying hurt, wanna stain my  
Hawaiian shirt

'Cause I put it out, they supplying dirt

Two German Black bitches, begging y'all to try and flirt  
Rude and twins, and all they rock is iron skirts

[La Femme Nakita]

My bitches got mo's of alley cats, armed wit steel bats  
And mo's is stealing stacks, double back, and tally that  
When shit go down, don't expect me to run  
Never forget dun, two guns, is better than one

[Royce Da 5'9"]

This money is golden, low and behold, blowing holes  
Through what I'm standing in front of you holding,  
niggaz know  
Trench coats in Detroit summers, you gotta mean  
nigga  
Wit long guns, you gon' run nigga, run

[Pharrell]

If I die nigga, slit my back so my wings can come out  
And fly nigga, sky high nigga, age is my gun  
If I keep fuckin' her, I might die wit her  
If you shoot me and my wings come out, then that's a  
fly stitcher

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Stay on ya toes, I got diamonds to watch, frukit niggaz  
I took it ol' school, got the 5-9 in the box  
Dog, let me catch a nigga eyeing my watch  
What I'm firing's hot, just aim, and rely on the dot

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3 - Pharrell]

Fifty karat link-link, mad 'cause ya lead kink  
Me and my bitch is frozen, regardless to her pink mink  
Freeze ya eyeballs, you don't want a part of that  
Cardiovascular, VVS heart attack

[La Femme Nakita]

Would you blast for me, put up the cash for me  
Out in the world dodging bullets, become a casualty  
For ten bricks shit, twenty-four furs, and ten whips  
I flip and sends shit, through bitches appen-dix

[Pharrell]

For my beach fifty grand, I'm laughing at that advance  
I spent that at Dolce, on shirts, shades, and leather  
pants  
Million dollar deals, Lord I'm scared my life's changing  
Cupid's cousin, money keeping shooting, wit nice  
aimin'

[La Femme Nakita]

It's no sane, this drug game, flourished, niggaz  
transform  
And hide into courage, but they blows be malnourished  
Let's see who get the furbus, bag annoys ass nigga  
Extra, like you surplus

[Royce Da 5'9"] + (Royce + Pharrell + La Femme  
Nakita)

Huh, I come dirt, anyone under one-thirty, ya slapped  
Ain't even gun worthy, fuck yo niggaz  
I'm the king of this shit, thuggin, let's get these moneys  
And make niggaz dearly beloved (I love my niggaz)

[Chorus x6]

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