

## Hi-C f/ Too Swift "Run Up, Done Up"

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Hi-Life, Too Swift, Young Quik, bring it to 'em

[Chorus: in faux patois]

Run up run up we got de gun up  
Haters that think we funnin dey get done up  
Run up run up we got de gun up  
Haters that think we funnin dey get done up

[Hi-C - sounding like Milk Dee]  
Stop schemin, and lookin hard  
I got that ghetto platinum credit card  
Make one phone call and fools gettin hurt  
Niggaz, busters, bitches in skirts  
Got a hoe in the house peepin out yo' safe  
Get you naked, and duct tape your nuts to your waist  
Horny nigga, thought you was gettin some cock  
You ain't gettin shit, nigga you got got  
While I run your shit back over to the top  
400 bottles of Moet gettin popped  
Not even cops, can fuck with Swift or the Diggler  
Serve and protect, we gettin rid of ya  
Put the green light on L.A.P.D.  
Cause I'm tired of the motherfuckers fuckin WITH ME  
I wanna bust, that's how I feel it  
G shit, punk bitch, we be keepin it real

[Chorus] - 2X

[Too Swift]

Invisibility like Space Ghoster  
I'm comin through in my Range Rover, shoot 'em up the  
party's over  
Cause when I'm sober like to {?} in mines  
I squeeze tight as some pliers, handle my strap, with  
these evil designs  
to kill a nigga, don't step in my path  
A psycho maniac nigga raw killer it's a bloodbath  
The aftermath, 'Il make you laugh  
Cold shoot 'em up like La-Di-Da-Di when that 45 hit his  
body  
Drop his corpse to the motherfuckin pavement

It ain't no future in that California brave shit  
I guess that you thought that it was all about you  
But it's all about that one 8 double-oh, hit 'em up some  
mo'  
Niggaz always causin, drama  
But Too Swift I'm gettin calmer, plottin like the  
unibomber  
Niggaz trippin off my conversations  
It ain't no confrontations, when my strap {?} like  
installations

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse Three]

Now every day, all day, I'm only out for my riches  
Busters and snitches be player hatin so I'm elevatin  
Like elevators, regulate like regulators  
Assassinate player haters, a lyrical motivator  
Pull mo' raid than Raiders, so you think you can fade  
us?  
Yes we snap like alligators and got mo' game than yo'  
fastest commentator  
When my intellect, the dialect, subtractin conversations  
Cause I'm a lethal weapon when it comes to  
confrontations

[Hi-C - like Milk Dee again]

We get money, money I got  
Makin haters hot when I whip in the drop  
Ding dong it's the bell, once again it's on  
Postman dropped the package out in front of my home  
Could this be a setup? Shit, man let me get up  
Ain't nobody comin in here, they gettin wet up  
Opened up the package, it was nothin but scrilla  
We gon' throw another party, this is Hi-Life nigga!

[Chorus] - 4X

We make 'em wanna riiiiide!

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