

We Run (feat. French Montana, Wale & Raekwon)

iSHi

Who?!
Who, who is this person you're talking about?!
Who is this person you're talking about?!
You answer me now?!
ISHi?!
Who is he?!
Who is he?! We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
We can run the world, we can, we can run the world
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?
Who-who-who-who-who-who is he?
Who-who-who-who-who-who is hi?
(Haaan)
I got dreams, cash and the cream
Ground like a fiend for shit you've never seen
Watch me take it over, bitch be coming over
Money, we count it over, my niggas, they never sober
I pull up in a Benz, dark tint, black [?]
Bent, clock in, black shoes, my attitude's
Fuck for the dollar, nothing, hit the bottle
Fifth clap skater lap, all black raider hat
Served the customers to custom make the Porsche
Nasir Jones, homie, the world is yours
I'm Tony Montana with a bitch from Atlanta
At the [?] Cabana, then I'm ghost like a phantom, haan
Dirty money hit me like a needle
Got me standing on the street like the Beatles
I'm a motherfucking coke boy
Baby, come and run the world with a dope boy
Some people, look in through the needle
This isn't where we started
They see you running through the fields
Deep inside a capsuled, freedom, you know nothing at all
We run
We run
We run
We can run the world[?] amazing in weather, rocking big leathers
Catch him on the block stocking since the red jettors
Monkey flipping, brand gamble with the chop headers
Won't take no shorts, we don't jock niggas

Fast and furious, though curious
That I'll [?] from your home Julius
Just bounce, drop the Uzi and fly, meet you at the Ritz
Sweet 19 and switch up the whips, yo
Young De Niro, the black hand, mafia gang land
Where niggas bang out and do the same jam
I be in Brazil stroking 'em down
And for the hell I blam you, then fly like [?] do
Whoever said I went down? I was configurating this money
To feed my babies monthly and retire
But now I'm more larger, smarter, call me the martyr
This separating me from these authors So people, looking through the needle
This isn't where we started
They see you're running to the fields
Deep inside a capsule, freedom, you know nothing at all
At all
At all
You know nothing at all Yeah, all that [?]
Revolution eyes gangstas heads broccoli
[?] snipers and broccoli
This is all graphic from professinal killas, it's true
Don't get excited until we tell you too
Motive magnificent heavy armor rap
We go until the clock stop, don't bother black dudes
Billy club boys, those architects and street politics
Keep it hard like scholarships
Stadium shit, listen 2 bars exemplified
All I know is some came and some died
But from the cloth to the wardrobe fly, rich
Intelligent drama king is interchangeable like the Morris code

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>