

# 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 professional 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/>