Run (feat. Rag'n'Bone Man)

Bugzy Malone

Tough these days You were knocking on the door
They're looking at you through the peeper
You say you don't love them, they say they don't love you either
You say you don't care, you're lying through your teeth-a
You're cut deep down and the wound is getting deeper
You're getting kinda hungry looking like a Wiz Khalifa
The roads are getting cold and now you're gonna catch a fever
Penny for your thoughts, that's because the door's staying closed

And your memories are getting no cheaper Family first, but you're not a believer It's been a nightmare for this daydreamer

They've done you dirty and it's getting no cleaner

Cos even though you're hurt they're calling it a misdemeanourYoung boy run (run)

They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)

Young boy run (run)

You gotta love yourself these days

You gotta love yourself

Young boy run (run)

They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)

Young boy run (run)

You gotta love yourself these days

You gotta love yourselfPanic sets in, you realise that you're standing there alone

You pick your bags up and your running for the stairway

Adrenaline running from your head into your toes

Because you know that people they escape rarely

What's sin when you're sinning only to survive

You're getting by but you're just getting by barely

You storm in telling them that they don't know the struggle

They don't understand that struggle can be scary

Bottom of the stairs you run out the fire exit

Backstreet boy you don't wanna get arrested

Running through the city's got this young boy breathless

And he better be careful 'cos they'll eat him for breakfast

Young boy run (run)

They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)

Young boy run (run)

You gotta love yourself these days

You gotta love yourselfYoung boy run (run)

They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)

Young boy run (run)

You gotta love yourself these days

You gotta love yourselfYou catch your reflection in the window of a building

He can hear the giggling of children
They walk past but they never help him
What he's seen in the window he could have killed him
Young boy run
That young boy should have ran
Should have ran as fast as he can
He's looking at himself, he's no longer a young boy
He's looking back at a grown manYoung boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days

You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourselfYoung boy run (run)
They're tryna keep you in the slums (slums)
Young boy run (run)
You gotta love yourself these days
You gotta love yourself

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