

Run Up (feat. PARTYNEXTDOOR & Nicki Minaj)

Major Lazer

BarbieYeah

They thought that you was a shy girl

Until I made you my girl

Girl you pushed me like a big button

'Til I cuffed you like you did somethin'

You ain't gotta wait for it

You ain't gotta wait for me to give you my love

You ain't gotta wait for it

Things are gettin' sticky, girl I think that I'm stuck I'll admit I'm wrong when I know that you gon' come for me

When you gon' come for me, yeah

Never gonna not not hit that, your lovin' is drugs to me

When you gon' come to me, yeah

And every time you hit my phone, when you say you need company, oh

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you Girl you used to bein' quiet

'Til I brought that loud

You say your dollars is a mountain

And your mama your accountant

You watch your figure 'cause you a big deal

Got your fresh prince and a big whip

Polo mink coat, that's a big kill

Put you on a phone like a windshield

I'll admit I'm wrong when I know that you gon' come for me

When you gon' come for me, yeah

Never gonna not not hit that, your lovin' is drugs to me

When you gon' come to me, yeah

And every time you hit my phone, when you say you need company, oh

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you

I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you Major keys, I'm the boss
Don't Griselda go off?
Left from the loft and went to Bergdorf
Most of these dudes is really quite soft
45 special, this is my cloth
'Bout to drop a album, this is my fourth
I don't put sugar in my spaghetti sauce
Drop a freestyle and get these hoes parched
Fire burn the obea man church
Pretty girls, when my girls get right
'Cause it's another day, let ya light shine bright
Ain't none of them in your lane
True mi have di game pon lock, dem wah code
Just link wit some hot gyal out ah road
True mi have di waist small, pretty, bus whine
Rolex nah deh pon uno dutty gyal time?
Yo, I told 'em pull up on me faster than Danica
That's on the low I'm tryna blow him like harmonicas
He call me queen, he know "Nicki" is the moniker
He want a mix between Hillary and Monica
I switch it up, I switch it up
Rip the beat, then I, I stitch it up
Travel, then I bounce, I ball-Sinead, Sir
Barbie a link up Major Lazer I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
I'ma run up on you
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