

# 151 Rum

JID

Yeah  
Run, Nicky, run  
Run, nigga, run  
Jump, nigga, jump  
Come here they come, run, run, run, run  
Gun with the drum, bum bitty bum, slump in the trunk  
My city go dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb  
151 rum and a blunt,  
young nigga numb, numb, numb and he got a little gun  
A little bitty killer really doin' it for fun,  
give him a little bit and he'll get a nigga done  
Son of a god, son of a bitch  
Son of a woman and man, son of a son  
And then sunk in abyss, summon a plant  
Please come with a strip  
Cover my back, cover mad  
Please come with the bliss  
Look at the stash, J.I.D like a magician  
Fuck that, this some real ass shit  
I paid blood for this  
Taking cheese from the government  
Cereal boxes, put the bugs in it  
Hand me down then my brother brother shit  
Don't compare me to no other other niggas  
In the city, boy they say they fucking with you  
Heebie jeebie, that's a bit disgusting but I get it  
I'm full attention, full of spirit but full of shit  
Standing next to Lil Tight when that bullet hit him  
Shit, I miss him  
I wish that that bullet missed him, but it didn't  
And since I been living with it like a sickness  
Intimate, infinite rhymes, give me the baton  
A ticking, ticking time bomb, takin' the finish line  
Look alive, look in my eyes  
Look at you niggas tryin'  
And you dumb, dumb better run run cause we fryin' em  
Eastside, where ya from, from niggas wildin'  
So be silent before my niggas creep silent with street knowledge  
Complete nonsense, delete comments, online, all lies  
We see violence everyday in my eyes  
They killing my niggas, die, nigga die  
Pull up with the fire get 'em nigga its eye for an eye

If we gotta ride, fuck it nigga ride for the ride of ya life  
Diabolical minds, I don't mind it, I like it, I like it, I love it  
I fuck wit you, you a thug, I'mma thug with you  
We can knuck, we can buck if a nigga fuck with you  
I got love for you out the mud with you, off the muscle  
Run Nicky, run, run nigga, run, jump nigga, jump  
Come here they come run, run, run, run  
Gun with the drum, bum bitty bum, slump in the trunk  
My city go dumb, dumb, dumb, dumb  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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