

# Run (feat. Rag'n'Bone Man) [LiTek Remix]

## 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 misdemeanour 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 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 yourself Panic 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 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 yourself You 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 man 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 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 yourself

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