

# Run It

## Stevie Stone

Yup, uh-huh  
Stevie Stone  
Ay Seven, you brought the pots and the pans out on this one  
Malta Bend, nigga  
Run that now Stoner, Stoner  
Bitch, run it, run it  
Drink a whole lotta liquor  
Bitch, run it, run it  
All my niggas wit' me  
Gettin' money, money  
All my bitches wit' me  
Gettin' money, money  
Run that now, run it, run it All my niggas wit' me  
Gettin' money, money  
All my bitches wit' me  
Gettin' money, money  
Drink a whole lotta liquor  
Smoke a whole lotta reefer  
Paper planes in the wind  
You can call me Khalifa  
Watch me button up a Benz  
You should grab you a feature  
I'm a dog on the go  
Bag a bitch from the bleachers  
R-R-Run it, run it  
Rather with a trio I know  
I call these 3 RT3G bitches they ready to go  
No you not on my level  
You niggas don' came out here, bro  
Step one foot in the game  
Y'all niggas didn't get my M-O  
Run that now  
Ain't no run in the game well seasoned and polished  
Gotta knock for these hoes  
PSD with the science  
I'm allergic to broke  
I choose to use my Ebonics  
I put my bitch on a boat  
Look like she came from an island  
We tryna find us a stripper  
Magic CD in Onyx  
Put my bread on the table

Give me something exotic  
Body shots off her naval, that's a premium product  
Holla  
Run it, run it  
B-bitch that mean that I got it  
I tell her  
Run it, run it  
She said I'm steezy, erotic  
I'm a Leo, pino  
Get her kinky, wildin'  
Get to call me, call me  
Get it all from her mother  
See we come from the gutter, get 20, 50s and 100s  
Bitch I'm a

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>