

Who Run This?

Kingspade

With the sonic boom
Day starts then it turns to night
We're the ones you listen to when you roll in your ride
Kingspade's comin by so pick up your pipe
Kingspade's in the house you know we gonna get high
So who ya'll wanna know whos runnin this here
I'm only gonna say it once you better listen real clear
Kingspade motherfucker, d-loc and richter
These two white boys back up in the picture
Back up in that ass like a motherfuckin five pack
Bringin big class so you better bring a notepad
Don't make me laugh cause you gonna make real mad
Wastin all my time while I could have been at camp radd
So you better pay attention
Or professor johnny ric's gonna throw you in detention
Ten deep and when I mention
Cause I'm back, two more years and I'll be swimmin in this bacon
Don't give a fuck dog, yeah our shit bump
Hat flipped up tagged up in the front
Where the weed at, blow the speakers in the club
Kingspade klick still serve a cat up
Fill my cup, so I can drink it all up
Go back to the bar so I can get some more
Keep it rough, sandpaper lungs, big joints, hardcore rips and blunts yeah

Who run this motherfucker (we run this motherfucker)
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Back the fuck up you know we in the club
You know kingspade klick be fuckin with blunts
D-loc, johnny richter, ya'll now the deal
Cause subnoize music that's for real
That's hot, ya'll can't get none
Bump bump bump everybody wanna get dumb
Come get some, loc gonna pimp one
Make motherfuckers slip one rip one
Smoked one in the parking lot
Like slangin buds I connect the dots
Like damn boy, shit don't stop
That thc, pass me the pot
That's me, pullin in with johnny richter, we ten years deep
So wheres the weed, hustler baby
H-u-s-t-l-e-r
A hustler, and we're still on the block yeah
Just trying to put some dough in my knot yeah
Cause I can't see punchin a clock no
And I can't see pinchin my flow no
So let's go cause I gotta keep it movin now
Never like to slow down keep on doin what I'm doin
Pimp shine, you better ask somebody (better ask somebody) better ask somebody,
y,

Took two years off dogg give me a break
Got a hundred fifty grand sittin in the bank

We back in business lemme get a witness
Cause kingspade dropped off ya'll better get this
Don't flout this cause johnny richters still here like a likeness
Of a life spent pickin shit
Fact I know you were thinkin that back in the day when I was killin with confidence
Chillin here with the hall of fame status ya'll motherfuckers know we the baddest
Fuck ya'll faggots, eat a dick
Kingspade shit d-loc johnny ric
D-loc j-ric yeah, two of the sickest
Kids from p-town I know you gonna feel this
I come with it and deal with it
But keep it concealed get caught on the drop big trouble come real quick
My games real sick, I stay untouchable
My clicks real big, and so I gotta roll
Avoidin all pigs, because I'm holdin dro
I should'nthave to ask ya'll should already know
Who the fuck I be when I roll up on the spot
And who the fuck I be when this funky kush drops
So who the fuck are you gettin all up in my face
Actin all real tough you don't run this place bitch