Running the Streets

I just want you to know you deserve the world I'm apologizing right now She be staying up when I ain't coming home Running, running, running the streets It's so hard to get sleep

She be staying up when I ain't coming home Running, running, running the streets Running, running, running the streets She be staying up, I ain't coming home Running, running, running the streets It's so hard to get sleep

Fake niggas always caught up in the realest shit Mama always told me "Watch who you be dealing with" Snake bitches can get wrapped up in your feelings with Never watered down, my niggas on some killing shit Miami mercenaries, really that's the Double M Born baller, baby, boy I be above the rim Quick step, then I plant just like I'm Durant Payton Manning with the poems, go look at the stats Went from sleeping on the floor to pissing Moet All my teachers selling dope, even sold me a sack Wake up in the morning so I need to smoke When I need to really keep my queen close MAC 11, dirty money on my prayer rug Say a prayer for me, really show a player love Time to touch a million, did it with finesse Never wait up for me, go and get your rest

She be staying up (Staying up) When I ain't coming home (I ain't coming home
)
Running, running, running the streets
Running, running, running the streets
She be staying up (She be staying up) I ain't coming home (I ain't coming ho
me)
Running, running, running the streets
It's so hard to get sleep

She be staying up, we be laying up, shit When I ain't around, who you laid up with? Fucking, fucking, fucking it up And I been running, running, running it up, yeah We call it a gang, but that's who I work with Who I put in pain, who I put in work with Always saying something to me When I be running, running, running the streets But, would you still be fucking with me If I was wearing the same jeans for a week? If I was hungry and I ain't have nothing to eat Would you, yeah, would you still think about it when you up? Don't think about me when I'm gone 'Cause I ain't coming home, and you'll be all alone So, think about it when you up

She be staying up (Don't think about me when I'm gone) When I ain't coming home ('Cause I ain't coming home)

Rick Ross

Running, running, running the streets (You gon' be all alone) Running, running, running the streets (Think about me when you up) She be staying up (She be staying up) I ain't coming home (I ain't coming home) Running, running, running the streets It's so hard to get sleep

Running the streets like a runny nose Ain't no love in the streets when you bleeding from a bullet hole Like Stanley Yelnats, he caps, his head red The feds come across, lost, a mans dead Dyslexic spell dead, street-sweeper clean up the streets like Cascade They back on a 'rampage' like Quinton, shippin' 'em off to San Quentin Ran wicked with some niggas on the block, still stickin' on the beam Gentrification, junkies and fiends working later So I'm sendin' a message onto my queen If I don't make it out alive, you and I Is the only thing important to me in case that I die Message received, she's a blessing indeed Make sure I put something away for when she carry my seed For my unborn son, I got a few words left Be better than me in everything, on my last dying breath, I

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