

Run DMC

Young Jeezy

Run DMC, Run DMC
If I'm riding low-key I got that D on me
And nigga we don't care
Cause nigga life ain't fair
They go for 30 a piece
We sell them hoes by the pair
(Snow! Snow! Snow!)

Stay on the creep
So how you gonna stick up the stick-up man?
.357 to the tooth, bitch, I hope you picked up a dental plan
Got that ocho cinco, 5 for 250 grams
Throw that heron straight from New York in my nigga's minivan
Excuse me Mr. Officer, I've been thinking about popping ya
So you better not search this car
I'm so hot I'm off the thermometer
Fuck the Feds, I promise ya
I won't go back to jail
Seem like every time a nigga try to make a sale
These bitches go back and tell. This shit is
Fresh off the scale
White bitch, them bricks in the M3
When I'm done breaking down this dope
I'mma beat that shit like an MP
They wanna murk me for \$10G
That shit don't offend me
Nigga I had stripes before this rap shit
I run D and I MC

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I don't even use the door, I just pull in the garage
Tony Montana shit, look like a mirage
Put the yay on the counter, bout to give it a massage
I whip them bitches two at a time - yeah, a menage
Car full of bags, lookin like I've been shopping
Vic across the street, I think that motherfucker's watching
Oh well! Gotta eat - it's where I cook at
It's a cooking channel - give a nigga something to look at
If I'm riding all day, this what my neighbors just told me
6-8 for the nine, bitch my neighbors might owe me
Riding so dirty made the bird take a bath
But when it dried off it was a bird and a half

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