

Yung Bleu, Running Out Of Love

You know it's a lot of shit I don't speak on
But this that Bleu Vandross shit, nigga
(A\$tod, you cooked this?)
We finna touch the motherfuckin' streets
I think I'm running out of love now
I think I'm running out (Bitch)

Stick talk, these niggas know I'm with that stick talk
No, I ain't tired, but I spent twenty on my exhaust
He tried to run them plays on me, he got picked off
Interception, T hold my drink 'cause I ain't finished flexin'
I just bought a house, I paid cash for it
Streets made me rich, I never asked for it
How the fuck you 'posed to love me, you don't love yourself?
Everybody, they disappeared when I needed help
And grandma told me don't cry, 'cause God got it
Gotta believe in myself, you know I'm hardbody
Yeah, nigga, I was raised in the ghetto
No hot water, we couldn't even bathe in the ghetto, uh
They gon' put extension on them K's in the ghetto
Sunny days in the ghetto
Never last, so we hustled to get paid in the ghetto, yeah
Pistol close in hand
My lil' homie, he got murdered by his closest man

I know these niggas scared of us
I'ma get money and I put that on my dead brothers
I beat that pussy from the back 'cause we used to be lovers
Murder for hire, I'm scarred, we used to be brothers
We used to be brothers
I think I'm running out of love now
Niggas been hating, left my niggas in the slums now
Used to have hoop dreams, but now we selling drugs now
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Raindrops fallin', bad bitches be callin'
It's a drought up in my hood and the feds keep callin'
Baby mama on my ass, but the bread keep callin'
Pop a Perky just to make a nigga head stop throbbin'
Tell me can you see (Tell me, tell me, you)
All this pain in me? (All this pain in me)
Tell me, can you see it, can you see it?
I just had a shootout in the 'partment
Four deep in the Honda, hid my dope in the compartment (Skrrt)
Plus I got that iron, man, on my Tony Stark shit
Hangin' in the alleyway, drug dealin', I ain't see no better way
Streets never loved me
Once you turn twenty-five, you an OG, yeah
Tinted windows, tryna hide from the police
Tell me, do you wanna see a young nigga win?
I told you on Investments 3 I had too many friends
Plus every dollar that I make is gone in the wind
Been tryna talk to God, I think I did too many sins
And if we spin they block tonight, bet we gon' spin again

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