

Royce Da 59, Make This Run

(Chorus x2 - Pharrell) + (Kelis)

If you love my niggaz
I'm saying but, if you only love my niggaz
We can make this run, for my niggaz
And if you die, hope you'll fly high
(Don't worry baby, I'll make this money for you)

(Verse 1 - Royce Da 5'9")

Make me an offer I can't refuse, pistol is wild
Pretty face, no mask, undeniably fit for the job
Bitch wit a heart, ready to thump, money is king
Wit my lap on the throne strokin' a cat, runnin' a scheme

(Pharrell)

My niggaz get high off the reefer, and quick to heat ya
If ya feel ya cold-blooded, I got something to heat ya
It's called a hollow tip, dum, dum, follow clip and numb some
If you don't know the language, then don't speak the gun dun

(La Femme Nakita)

Eyes like black chips of glass, little wit an unholy light
Ya chances of survival, like a roll of these dice
Execution style, ski-mask, no smile
Throw the ace, in the hidden safe, up under the towel

(Royce Da 5'9") + (La Femme Nakita)

We definitely blow, stick wit me, know ya limitations
Speak when spoke up, stay away from the rest of these hoes
Broke niggaz wit cheap guns, and triggers that work
You ready to kill (No doubt) these niggaz is jerks

(Pharrell)

If ya pops share my, cli-ker, carry street sweepers

And hit ya more times than the worthless bitch, on ya beeper
So if ya hit me, God'll get me and give me breath again, bitch, get it right

Revenge is that bitch, and she won't come lesser than

(Chorus x2) w/ (Pharrel ad-libs)

Niggaz wanna see me lying hurt, wanna stain my Hawaiian shirt

(Verse 2 - Pharrell)

'Cause I put it out, they supplying dirt
Two German Black bitches, begging y'all to try and flirt
Rude and twins, and all they rock is iron skirts

(La Femme Nakita)

My bitches got mo's of alley cats, armed wit steel bats
And mo's is stealing stacks, double back, and tally that
When shit go down, don't expect me to run
Never forget dun, two guns, is better than one

(Royce Da 5'9")

Through what I'm standing in front of you holding, niggaz know
This money is golden, low and behold, blowing holes
Trench coats in Detroit summers, you gotta mean nigga

Wit long guns, you gon' run nigga, run

(Pharrell)

And fly nigga, sky high nigga, age is my gun
If I keep f**kin' her, I might die wit her
If you shoot me and my wings come out, then that's a fly stitcher
If I die nigga, slit my back so my wings can come out

(Royce Da 5'9")

I took it ol' school, got the 5-9 in the box
Stay on ya toes, I got diamonds to watch, frukit niggaz
Dog, let me catch a nigga eyeing my watch
What I'm firing's hot, just aim, and rely on the dot

(Chorus x2)

(Verse 3 - Pharrell)

Fifty karat link-link, mad 'cause ya lead kink
Me and my bitch is frozen, regardless to her pink mink
Freeze ya eyeballs, you don't want a part of that
Cardiovascular, VVS heart attack

Would you blast for me, put up the cash for me
(La Femme Nakita)
Out in the world dodging bullets, become a casualty
I flip and sends shit, through bitches appen-dix
For ten bricks shit, twenty-four furs, and ten whips

(Pharrell)

I spent that at Dolce, on shirts, shades, and leather pants
For my beach fifty grand, I'm laughing at that advance
Million dollar deals, Lord I'm scared my life's changing

Cupid's cousin, money keeping shooting, wit nice aimin'
It's no sane, this drug game, flourished, niggaz transform
(La Femme Nakita)
And hide into courage, but they blows be malnourished
Let's see who get the furbus, bag annoys ass nigga
Extra, like you surplus
(Royce Da 5'9") + (Royce + Pharrell + La Femme Nakita)

Huh, I come dirt, anyone under one-thirty, ya slapped
Ain't even gun worthy, f**k yo niggaz
I'm the king of this shit, thuggin, let's get these moneys
And make niggaz dearly beloved (I love my niggaz)
(Chorus x6)