

Yung Bleu, Running Schemes

JD On Tha Track
Run schemes (ForeignGotEm)

I know niggas wanna whack me
I might fuck her if she sexy
My lil' niggas, we be running schemes
Yeah, my lil' niggas, we be running schemes
Yeah, my lil' niggas running schemes, we don't do the poutin'
My lil' niggas running schemes, bitch, you know we wildin'
My lil' niggas running schemes, bitch, this money pilin'
Just like Girls Gone Wild, I'll leave a nigga topless
We don't talk to cops so don't be running up in my projects
Run it up with this pack, I'm servin' crack right out the complex
Niggas, they want beef, I'm yellin', "Who else finna die next?"
Who else finna die next?

I just copped a dirty stick, we finna go murder shit
I'm on my C-Murder shit, I see no limit
Flashy mag with holes in it
Off the porch, I dove in it
We not leaving no witness
Nigga, that's a long sentence
In the kitchen like I came in
Like I serve like I'm Dennis
I'm not slippin' on my pimpin'
AR if you get to trippin'
We got big smoke (Big smoke), yeah
The whole city fucked that bitch, she a big ho
I'm talkin' big loads
I'm finessing with the best of them
We gon' come back and get the rest of them
500K up in the safe, it's just in case
Back in the day a nigga had to hit the race
Just hit 14, I put the police on a chase
Through the back door, jump off the porch and hit the gate
We runnin' schemes, nigga, better tie up your lace
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Yeah, I was robbin' shit, bitch
'Fore that nigga Gotti gave me a contract
I was smokin' shit (Gang, gang)
Come around me, you gon' get a contact
And that rattin' shit
That's the type of shit that'll get your son whacked
And that hatin' shit
That's the reason you won't ever get your mom back
Cutthroat city where I'm from
Niggas still stealing where I'm from
Niggas still tryna run a scheme
'Cause they still bleeding where I'm from
I ain't talkin' 'bout Meek Mill

When I say they poppin' wheelies where I'm from
All these niggas wanna do is kill
Malcolm in the Middle where I'm from
I'm sexy chocolate, so it's understood she gon' give me head
Her friends blockin' 'cause she more happy when we in the bed
I'm still poppin' Ace of Spades, nigga, 'til I'm dead
I'm running schemes, when I saw the laws, I had to fled

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My lil' niggas running schemes, straight off the top
My lil' niggas running schemes, secure the block
They be hollerin', "Start the violence," this shit never gonna stop
You know life is just a gamble so you know I'm calling shots
Hit a nigga with that one-two, I'm high stepping through the pot
Whippin' that work up over the stove, takin' them extras off the top
You claim you street but know you not, ain't never been in no shootout
I fucked that bitch, she got flew out
I need a fan 'cause I'm too hot
I need to cool out