

Yung Bleu, Running With The Wolves

Runnin' with the wolves comin' straight up out the sewer
I'ma money connoisseur so a nigga got pull
I can get you hit, I can get your wig split
From a distance, murk 'em then I'm back on tour
Runnin' with the wolves so I'm runnin' with a pack of young niggas
Who'll scratch a nigga, go and flash a nigga (Brrat)
No I can't show no mercy when it's pressure, nigga (No)
Big forty on me, no you better not test a nigga (Woo)
Shoot outs, shoot outs, we make niggas move out
We scrape pans and pots to expand the block (Yes)
Is you stayin' or not? (Is you stayin'?)
Pussy nigga is you stayin' or not?
It's fuck a label, tried stop a nigga progress (Progress)
Don't let a nigga drop a project (Project)
Fuck it, back to the projects (Projects)
Scrapin' up the pots in the projects, yeah

You got the heart of the ghetto (Ghetto)
You got the heart of the ghetto (Ghetto)
You got the heart of the slums (Slums)
You got the heart of the slums (Slums)
Brrat, a whole lot of drums (Brrat)
Brrat, nigga, whole lot of drums (Lot of drums)
Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm (Let it storm)
Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm

Runnin' with gorillas, it ain't nowhere you can hide
Put a bounty on a nigga like he GTA 5
When we slide, we slip and slide, put the clip inside (Side)
I take you for a ride, don't sympathize (Woo)
You want beef then you know you get brutalized
Every clip in my gun, it get utilized
You get down or you don't, ain't no choosin' sides
'Cause this game that we playin', bitch, it's do or die

You got the heart of the ghetto
You got the heart of the ghetto
You got the heart of the slums
Yeah, you got the heart of the slums
Brrat, a whole lot of drums
Brrat, nigga, whole lot of drums
Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm
Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm

Hoo, put a bounty on a nigga like he GTA 5 (Talk to 'em)
On my knees every morning, thankin' God I'm alive
I know you don't love me, you tellin' me lies (You tellin' me lies)
I hope my niggas don't ever divide

Don't say shit to me bitch, just get in and drive
I'm keepin' my eyes on the prize
You blockin' my blessings so I told you bye (Bye)
Top five, dead or alive
I got this drip if I'm dead or alive (Drip)
Bitch, I got this drip if I'm dead or alive
Top five, dead or alive

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Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm

You speak for the people, you speak for the motherfuckin' underdogs

(Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm)

For the motherfuckers that ain't got no voice

(You got the heart of the ghetto)

Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm)

The lil' children

(Let it rain, let it rain, let it storm)

The old people

You speak for everybody, nigga, from the slums

(You got the heart of the ghetto)

Vandross