

# Running Back (feat. Lil Wayne)

## Wale

Bitches want money stacks, I just want my percent  
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back  
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again  
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in  
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in  
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah  
My niggas, we run this shit  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in  
Look, my bitch is on Tumblr, your bitch need a tummy tuck  
Since Jesus and Nazareth, the realest you've come across  
I be with killers just coming home  
They only hope is me and the Quran  
They only wish is for a new chain  
But they stuck up in the ankle bracelet  
I get the money stacked, see the moon's where it's sunny at  
And I move where the realest be  
And the quickest, see baby, you gettin' lapped  
Yeah, the DMV on the map  
That's a city, two states if you can count  
I'm as real as I say, I never lie  
So whenever I go, know I'm runnin' back  
Bitches want money stacks, I just want my percent  
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back  
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again  
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in  
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in  
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah  
My niggas, we run this shit  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in  
These bitches want money stacks  
Me? I want a hundred stacks  
These bitches selling their soul  
Well, I want my money back  
She bounce it like jumping jacks, but she got a funny ass  
Look what them booty shots done to that  
That bitch need her money back, Lord  
She like the finer things, she said I sent her a diamond ring  
She say I buy her all kinds of things  
She lie about everything  
I put her on time out and everything  
I cut the bitch off like a thread of string

These hoes'll say about anything  
'Cause they know that y'all believe everything  
That's why I get high about everything  
All of this fog like the weather change  
Turn the strip club to a hurricane  
We got that cocaine, snow flurry gang  
And we do not play games 'bout money, mane  
She do something strange for money, mane  
Yeah, I used to play running back  
I turned that football to a money bag, I'm gone Bitches want money stacks, I just want my  
percent  
She told me to hit the hole, I used to play running back  
You niggas be fumbling, don't you give 'em no gun again  
These bitches be flying out, yeah, 'cause money be coming in  
Said the money be coming in, the money be coming in  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in  
See you niggas just run your mouth, yeah  
My niggas, we run this shit  
The money be coming in, the money be coming in We balling, we balling  
Balling (balling), hey darling (hey darling)  
Sweet darling (hey darling), you know we ballin'  
We balling, Wale, fuck with me  
Mula baby!  
Yeah, Blue Moon, yeah  
We gon' ball all season, whole season and post-season  
For no reason, fuck with me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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