

All Due Respect (feat. Travis Barker)

Run The Jewels

This year we iller than a nun in a cumshot
Getting' double penetrated in a dope spot
By two hard pipe hittin' Niggas
On the orders of Marcellus to the soundtrack of 2pac
I'll beat you to a pulp no fiction
Tarantino flow new Jules and Vincent
Blow marijuana smoke no incense
Exhale in the face of innocent infants
On some "Ah hah look what I did" shit
And if I get stopped by a crooked ass cop I'm a put a bullet in a pig
And rin tin tin, ah hah hah look what I did again
We the hooligans outside of school again
Sayin don't be a fool never follow rules again
We the bad boys bully with the fully that
The teachers say ain't shit and in the need of discipline
We the goddamn reason for ritalin
In the back of the class, twitchin' and fidgetin'
Dead wrong we never got along
We laughed at the kids that was active participants
Bad boy walk right past church with the work in a bag
And a bible of Gideon got suspended for bullyin' a bully
When I go back to class I'ma punch him in his shit again
Punch him in his shit again
Punch him in his shit again
Punch him in his shit again
Punch him in his shit again
Cause you get no respect I don't flirt with greatness I wifed it in Vegas
The shits all paid for I signed the papers
Used to date but then I made her my main bitch
Bought us a place on a lake with some acreage
And Mike's my neighbor straight from Greatville
Any invader get slayed and stay killed
On sovereign land, Mike fill the safe up
We call when the fam get paid a great thrill
Bad News Bear hug beats then creep off
You drive a rape van
Mullet Ray-Bans
We do Vicious
You do witness
You don't clap shit
You's a cricket
Run the J's we don't run so much it's all fun and games till my J's get scuffed

I'm livid, fuming, out of touch
I wear sweatpants to funerals, guns to lunch
Close the blinds they got drones and mines we so close to the lie I could almost die
I got no goals left but to save my mind
They got more holes dug In the earth, oh my
The beat get abused like I rock a wife beater
Drinker, fired by the company
Friday, late on the car note tryna do taxes
This my house it's high or the highway
High or the highway
High or the highway
High or the highway
High or the highway
I'm a thrill killer, I will test you
Just like daddy fuckin' left you
It's all your fault mommy's lonely
You're a burden, she needs rescue Hey little buddy, where's your mommy?
Call me stepdad or Uncle Johnny
Here's a dollar don't follow behind me
I gotta go bang out mom and auntie I hunt lions, tigers, rare vaginas
Hang where the cops seem scared to find us
Pop stars peep the bars and rewind us
Fuck your life but first run the diamonds
From the jungle (the jungle) the brothers (the brothers)
Can't relate to your first world struggles
You want safety, hugs and cuddles
IED's will leave bloody puddles Woke up in Nigeria
Kicked out America
Case of malaria
Shit got scarier
Got left with a gun and a pitbull terrier
And a note from my dad said I hope God carry ya
Fought one or two wars while I made It to the shores
Y'know back to the home of a rock in Georgia
To return as a king, Michael the benevolent
Gold draped ridin' on the neck of an elephant

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>