

out of sight (feat. 2 Chainz)

Run The Jewels

Ayy

AyyRun, here come the menaces to sobriety, like what? (What?)
Super thuggers thumpin' on the cut
What? My motherfuckin' Uzi weighs a ton
Hit the drum 'til you hear it go, "Brrup-pum-pum-pum"
Run, piety just really isn't us, what a rush
See you cuttin' up a pie, that's my lunch
Run your motherfuckin' pockets when I come
It's an honor to be robbed by Denise's only son
Yeah, ever ready baby boy, Betty movin' extra heavy
Whippin' Chevy, gotta get it, eat spaghetti with the mafia
Cuff vegan bitch and feed 'em dick 'cause they don't eat no steak and lobster
Sosa was my hero only, Tony's just a fuckin' Hawk-ster (Out of sight)
Out of mind, out of touch, out of time
Man, I'll smoke a bogie backwards with thumb up like, "It's fine" (Run)
Secrets help, I say, selflessly divine
Leave me here to drown in glory, you're too good to cross that line (Run-run)
Tragically struck down in my prime
By the speed at which the bags are dropping, should've watched the sky
You don't wanna live this life, it's really not sublime
I'm only doing what I want while hockin' loogies at the swine
Out of sight (Ayy)
R-T-J, what you say? What you say? (Ayy)
I don't give a fuck, out-out-out-out of sight (Ayy)
R-T-J, what you say? What you say? (Ayy)
What you gonna do? What you gonna do? We the motivating, devastating, captivating
Ghost and Rae relating product of the fuckin' '80s
Coke dealin' babies, never regulating, bag accumulating
It would not be overstating to say they are underrating
The pride of Brooklyn and the Grady, baby
We don't need no compliments or confidence
Our attitude and latitude is, "Fuck you, pay me"
Next summer, leather bombers, dookie ropes, and smokin' indica
Ain't a team as mean and clean as J Meline and Michael Render, bruh
TV got no temperature, even if it did
Bitch, we cool as penguin pussy on the polar cap peninsula
Colder than your baby mama heart (Uh)
When she find out you been fuckin' with that other broad and you ain't got that rent for her
I know you just about mcfuckin' had it, our shit is just magic
Go figure the runts of the litter did it without scammin'
Was fryin' in the fat of the land, now your man is mashin'
We back of the class and laughin', you raisin' a hand and tattlin'

Mike shitted in your locker, then left a note with a winky face
Meet us at three o'clock if you wanna do something tragic
We'll shrinky-dinky all of that yappin', it's automated
The gears of the rapper shredder want action and it'll have it You know I'm poppin', a product of
fuckin' poverty
I'm cool as AC and you niggas, you just wannabes
I slide on tracks like home plate
Ride beats like road rage
Got a crib in like four states, uh
I get a text like, "Stay safe"
Text back, "I miss that pussy, be home soon and I can't wait"
I came from a dream, triple beam, and some gray tape (Yeah)
Assistant went shoppin', put my bags in the A8
Hello, Mr. Big Faith, the bank teller tryna get ranked
I buy a hot dog stand if I'm tryna be frank
Just left the hospital, makin' sure my nigga was straight
And sent bail, couple dollars 'til they give him a date
Tony Out-out-out of sight (Ayy)
R-T-J, what you say? What you say? (Ayy)
I don't give a fuck, out-out-out-out of sight (Ayy)
R-T-J, what you say? What you say? (Ayy)
What you gonna do? What you gonna do?

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