

# Chief Don't Run (feat. Roman GianArthur)

## Jidenna

Olualuweaway  
Uweaway  
No the chief don't run  
The chief don't  
No the chief don't run Oh the chief don't run  
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Before the red cups and the backwoods smoke  
Me and mom in the shack in the woods, bro  
I was sleepin' on the floor with the oven door open  
While I dreamt about the places that I would go  
We would go door to door to door all day  
We were begging 'em to lay up in the foyer  
I was sittin' with the hookers in a motel hallway  
Waiting onna blind audition like it's Broadway  
Now these Madams looking like a fleet of foxes  
Rat Pack chief of staff like Sinatra  
Eat, drink, swank, nigga that's the mantra  
Betta stand when I speak, nigga, fix your posture  
Chief don't run, baby, word to poppa  
Wanted me to-be-a lawyer, engineer or doctor  
The new Godfather, keep your old mobsters  
Matter fact, you can keep your old Oscars  
It's tomorrow never dies now  
I'm on yacht with a prince in Dubai now  
I'm with the Dalai Lama's homies in the sky lounge  
Cocktails got me loosenin' my tie now  
They say a prophet never honored in his homeland  
That's fine, I'd rather have my own land  
Gotta plan for a hundred Roman numerals  
Long live the chief, nigga, welcome to your funeral  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run It's my time, hit the gong out here  
They gon' need to build a bigger wall out here  
I live a different set of laws out here  
Know my rights even when I'm in the wrong out here  
Look what we did with one song out here  
Like a locksmith opened every door out here  
Ya dealing with a king, not a kong out here

You a pawn, but we can get along out here  
You in my house actin' too free though  
We know you foul—nigga, two free throws  
Chiefy, chiefy in a new chief cloak  
I ain't even said a word, but my suit bespoke  
I got a new agenda, gotta carry through  
When your father's enemies are tryna bury you  
And the royal families are tryna marry you  
Long live the chief, nigga, welcome to your funeral  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run  
Oh the chief don't run[Post-  
Everybody wanna run, they don't want it like us  
Paid my dues, but they still tryna Wesley Snipe-us  
Tell me why we gon' still win tonight  
Breakin' bread, we got everybody right

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