

# Chase Me (feat. Run the Jewels & Big Boi)

## Danger Mouse

Hey

Woo! Woo! Run, Run, Run The Jewels  
Gangster like you wake up in Dickies and load the clippy  
The rate of our ascension makes statisticians feel sickly  
Accountants, they get snippy, they never counted so quickly  
Got 'em up sniffin' yak up off an abacus for a living  
Crime authors, autobiographically bastards  
Pain passin', put a pain in your brain batter  
Style droppin' the drums and stun all gawkers  
Small talkers get launched on, clobbered and tossed off  
Knock 'em on just to get rocks off  
Put a pause on all of that soft talk, chop chop  
Tick tock, you got until the hands on the clock stop  
I'm bagging a bag, then I'm backing out, better back off  
(Hey, hey)

That's why I'm outta here, baby  
Before these clowns put me down in the ground, baby  
I'm running reds 'til I'm out of this town, baby (hey)  
You want your money back? Chase me (chase me, chase me, chase me, chase me) Ha  
Jewel runner, gold dripper, flow flipper  
Smoke killer, slow sipper, quick temper  
Temperamental, sharp mental, departmental  
Tight fellow, wouldn't want to be him, wouldn't want to see him  
They the type, really be jealous, get'cha hype  
Oh, Jesus, these niggas is polices  
We gon' shower on these pussies, they mommas gon' know Jesus  
Duckn done, told me: Money, these niggas should know better  
But they monkeys so you got to show junkies ain't no let up (ey)  
Bad manners, the bad man'll do bad things  
A bad bitch gave me bomb head to Bad Brains  
The sheriff's daughter, we be outta there 'fore dad came  
(Ey)

That's why I'm outta here, baby  
Before these clowns put me down in the ground, baby  
I'm running reds 'til I'm out of this town, baby (ey)  
You want your money back? Chase me (chase me) You ain't gonna get your money back  
Ain't gonna get the money, Jack  
You ain't gonna get that money back  
I got the bag, it ain't coming back  
You ain't gonna get your money, Jack  
I got the bag, it ain't coming back  
You ain't gonna get your money, Jack

I got the bag(Yeah)  
Real grippers, pimp niggas with Gucci slippers  
Coochie tippers, Magic City got groupie strippers  
A crew of killers and dealers, we got this newbie with us  
We turn Pirellis to jellies, ex cons and former cellies  
Stay on ready, foot on that very heavy  
Good on deck, smelly smelly  
Show some respect or you'll get showered like parade confetti  
Made man, I'm made already, nobody safe from petty  
450 horse up in the Porsche, 600 in the Chevy  
Buddy, I'm nutty, I've got some screws loose  
And if your bitch wants some cutty, baby, I choose you  
Underground kings, speed and sound things  
Run the sacks and be aware of all your surroundings(Ey, ey)  
That's why I'm outta here, baby  
Before these clowns put me down in the ground, baby  
I'm running reds 'til I'm out of this town, baby (ey)  
You want your money back? Chase me (chase me, chase me)Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen  
Right now, I got to tell you about the fabulous, most groovy

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>