

On The Run

C-Murder

Go head big baby
Soulja Slim's in this mothaf**ker with Da Hound from girttown
and C mothaf**kin' Murder
Know what
I'm saying for the 19 9nickel and three mothaf**king pennies
Shit's getting real

Its the glock born shooter so respect him don't neglect him
But check him, quick to blast bullets off in your intersection
You better ask some f**king body bout Soulja Slim I murdered them
and I keep it cocked at all times come look at him
I'm inviting you to danger
You best to be a banger
One that don't miss I'm TRU to this I' ve been raised
blues an shit I trained myself for combatbust back as I react
On every attack so niggaz keep your mouths closed
And eyes open
My trigger finger itching to be stroking
Praying and hoping
One of you niggaz build ya'll nuts up to come try me
Last nigga done it bloody body
Him couldn't get by me, why me
A soldier that has a backround of murders and robbery
That shit that used to be my hobby
Never do it sloppy, make the job well done
Get rid of the murder weapon get a new gun
I'm on the run

I'm on the run, so all you bitch niggaz leave me alone
I'm on the run, ducking 2 shots to the dome

It ain't no limit to the mothaf**king bitches we f**k
My tank niggaz bout to make the world blow up
We get rowdy in the club, so show me some love
Its been 2 years since I possessed some drugs
Nigga hard times is a thing of the past
Give me 2 keys and I'm gone give you back cash
I'm a hustle til I'm dead, ball til I fall
I won't rest til they put my name on the wall
TRU niggaz gone ride, playa haters gone die
Cause after dollars and cents only the strong survive
With bulletproof Hummers and multiple pistols
With solid gold tanks and multiple missles
I'ma bust until I can't bust no more
The Magnolia, Girttown with the Calliope
I'ma No Limit Soldier they be some soidier too
I represent them killers cause they in my crew

I just hit the streets with my beer
Them niggaz know what time it is
Clear up the streets bitches put away your kids
Shit I'm going out like a gangsta did
Mothaf**kers gotta get it how ya live
Shit were you niggas was were you niggaz here
Take a short vacation and niggaz struck fear
f**k I'm bout to break it down to the nitty gritty
Nigga act shitty I'ma bring 'em back to the days of nitty

Give me a Bud, pop the lid take a swig
Give me the other bud, roll a spliff take a hit
I gotta leave 'em how I left 'em down and out
Running about, happy more than a smith n wesson
I took my pistol I struck it to the ground
I want something go buck about a 100 f**king rounds
Plus I want the poi and f**king furl
I'm a broke off that 11500 f**k that girl
Shit give me the wig watch me spilt it dig
Too many niggaz ain't pretty but this nigga is
I got to do 'em like my cousin Dave do
Den we tap dem lights mothaf**ka hey you
Catch the ground up the shit I'ma pistol whip
I be around f**k don't let me catch a nigga slip