

Better Run, Better Hide

Bizzy Bone

(Yeah!) Yeah, Bizzy the Kid, the midwest cowboy
Gallop to a hood near you
Imagine me being signed to B2K (What!)
What you fuckin' think you could pay me in monopoly money
Man I will smack one of you bitches in the head
With a baseball bat, but I ain't fuckin' around

You run, and you hide..
Better hide, better hide
And you run, and you and hide..
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Son of a bitch, mothafucka, they never threw a grenade
I'd never sell out to B2K
Gotta love the way the industry be holdin' me back
I'm the rebellious leader of the army brigade
Ain't a nigga that could bite my style, because it always change
You hold me down, I'm still gon' reign
Got popped in the back of the dome
Went home, came back, put a bullet in one of his fuckin' brains
Murdered my little brother and how much do you think I payed
To chop up his body to dead remains, God kidnapped you
Threw the tape like Kane, jump outta the window
You know I'm gettin' away
They murdered my general
Now it's time to take this shit to another level
The Babylonian's against the Rebel's
It was seven of us comin' with the Bone Thugs, up against the raws
Come out corners doin' the devils, put the pedal to the metal
With me and my seven animals
Right around the corner, reload, and holdin' the handle
Got a .357 that everybody call Cannibal, Russian Roulette
Who's next, ready to gamble, I'm a ramblin' man
I keep guns on a mantle and a candle for my little brother
Capo Confuscious, you know what it is, it's how we do it
Throw a brick in the building, scandal mothafucka it's Ruthless
I never tolerated a Judist, The Passion of Christ
Give me the money, you'll never fuck me twice
Boy shut for the apostles, givin' the Gospel was the wings
Spread 'em open, takin' flight, nigga shot at
Bizzy the Kid's ready for combat, bring it on
Napalm, brung back, runnin' with machine guns
And an all around drum, look similar, sinister
Ripsta with the napalm

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I couldn't fuck in the kitchen, watch the FED's kickin'
I carry niggaz away and then they start snitchin'
Bitchefied, they got me mystefied, I'm fuckin' money on
Here to say they get to stickin' for the bitches
My niggaz in the pen turned rats into women
And gave 'em pony tails, make 'em wear ribbons
Through the visiting room, he's kissing his kids
And 'bout to do my mothafuckin' dishes
In the crib come on, you wanna feel it, I'm the realest
High off spinach, before, I'm getttin' sentenced
But, hey, what about the apprentice, I'll never tell
I already told you what the 7th do to the snitches
Split personality, sorta like Fight Club, never get rest
I got to smoke weed, the blood on my little brother, blood
What you really wanna do, I don't think you really want none
Roll down the window like what up cuz, fuck the cops
Fuck the fuzz, look in my eyes you could see the buzz
See the thug, hardships, mothafucka, that I just had to break
With the tongue and I'm horse like hung, ask my baby mom
You rap like dung
Can anybody tell me where you got this shit from
Cause I'm the mothafucka with the gun and the dum dums
And I smack 'em up, nigga suckin' pump pump
Chris Stokes, better get 'em 'fore I get one
And put your money where your mouth is, I'll be ready for war
Get kicked with the hot ones, and it's one last thing
'Fore I knock you out
It ain't nothin' like money in a ZipLock bag
And you could get smacked up, (plus!) hey everybody
B2K sucks, y'all better watch your mouth...Boy