

# 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

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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