

Run

Cappadonna

Crack backs, heavy on the cash, all night
at the drug site, we hung tight
3:00 in the night, ounces of coke, dirty kicks
money gets low in the street yo, tough times
nickles thats bigger than dimes, you know the flavor
ruffneck city, ain't nothin sweet, kid, ain't nothin pretty
New York, poppin the cork on crime, look at the 9
summertime in the court house, ah shit it wasn't mine
2 to 4, 3 to 9 benatoned it, what
we all ran, fuck grams, you outta luck
young bucks carrying gats, stay strapped for what
we all slipped through the po-lig nobody bust
freeze, we in the breeze with the blunts
nobody drop the trees or they fronts
meet on the roof, look off at the front, play low
watch out for po-po, thats how it go
three in the whip, we not that legit though, run for the gusto
peep Marcel and Brown comin around, dippin the loco
run, if you ever got somethin on you, son
you best a run, be off the set, jet, bounce on the projects
season of evict, weed in your piss and parole gots to have it
slide like a rabbit, move quick, this is it
hang jump from the fire escape, I made it
drop the clip, fingerprints all on it, ah, fuck those bullets
I'm losin my pants, I advance in my speed, succeed in my travel
dance on em, and ah, fuck the whip, make my heart skip
caught up in the drug traffic, I astounded, surrounded by the outfit
one twentieth tried to knock my whole click
run, these black boys that take none
don't cop out the shit, take the three to six and add that shit

Run, if you ever pack a nice size gun
Run, if you sell drugs to your dun
Run, be the fuck out, word to god run hard

Between two cars we park, pepper got sparked
in the dark heads scramble at the six ooh
spys lookin at you, one, two, oh, lookin too
how you roll what you stole, let me see you go
nah, fuck you, if you wasn't a cop I might bust you, I don't trust you
coppers lust over my crew, forget a curfew
we gather in the plaza to jerk through
3-60 with the crime waves, modern day slave, 1st-1 to peel, it's not real
plant that, as a matter of fact, we crack em down
us against brown, run fast like you ran track
never look back, push the Acc on the sidewalk
crash, toss the heat and tear ass
zig zag till you reach your stash

Run, if you sell drugs to your dun
Run, be the fuck out, word to god run hard

Me and the god back to back 1-85 with the 4-5, survive that chase,
you took case, even though I remember ya face
Even though I seen you rollin there
bowlin in green kid, this cream'll get you rocked, knocked if you don't run
don't grab my jacket dun, get the fuck off, break north

or go to jail, word life is trife, on the block it's too hot
you got my man shot, nigga run
we wylin on Staten Island, it's one thing bein in the bing
and not smilin on the gate, it's too late
fate held you over, jakes runnin for snakes
the white rover, with the plates burn down Gee street
comin from outta state, see me in the drivers seat
coolin without the I-D, it's not me, babylons to the god, D-I-V-I-N-E

Run, if you sell drugs to their dun
Run, if you pack a nice sized gun
Run, if you wanna still have fun
Run, be the fuck out, word to god run hard

Mother fucker, run, mother fucker, run