

# On Da Run

Craig Mack

Eh yo, god bless the dead, ya know?  
And all my cats I know with the football jerseys on: dont have no regrets  
Hold them numbers  
Big up to the feds who tried to catch me in 88, nigga

Ha! Funk Flav, Mr. Mack

Eh yo, I cant face going to jail  
Cuz my life is bullshit, man, nigga fuck paying bail  
Shit is on the third rail  
On my tail is the feds, baby, Frank ?? for club med  
Niggaz wanna kill me, god  
Scared I might wrap these niggaz  
Entrap these niggaz  
If the feds wasnt watching I would clap these niggaz  
I mean put a bullet through the fuckin back of these niggaz  
Phone ringing off the hook, probably tapped my niggaz  
See the headlines now: "Mack found in 5 rivers"  
FDR, thinkin was it better when I didnt buy the car  
Didnt cop the bar, didnt buy my girl mother a new jaguar  
Shit, my moms got the Continental R with the backseat bar  
Talkin about "my sons a star"  
Little do she know I'm Caesar and world ???  
Crack is dead, I'm sellin X instead  
Bitches in my bed will fill your ass with lead  
Keep givin me head 'til the tip turns red  
Sit back and watch me butter this bread

On the run  
Best three words to describe my life, make the game my wife  
On the run  
Hustler, born and raised, in the streets where I spent my days  
(2x)

I told my main chick, pack your bags, She ain't listen  
Chrome started whistling and turned her Christian  
Blew up the whole house using nitro-glycerin  
But the Expedition in the garage was missing  
Moved the nannies and the kids to a new position  
Intuition gave me suspicion  
Shit is murder, do I kill myself and fuck them niggaz' satisfaction  
Or demand action, pull out toast and start blasting  
Young niggaz asking, wise cats only give a fraction  
Streets is the young man's attraction  
I dug myself into a hole  
Into a world thats cold  
Pimps, players, bitches, ballers, hustlers, drugs, guns and thugs  
Million dollar homes, like Capone's, persian rugs  
Gentlemen with fake hugs, turn to slugs  
I'm a made man, paid man, show no love  
Clock's ticking, plot thicken, probably written in a book somewhere  
My fuckin life ain't fair  
See either way, i'ma make it off this earth without a trace  
So if I ever see the judge, i'ma spit in the bitch face

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Eh yo, faggots  
Nah i'm sayin, all you sweet cats, nahmean?  
Real gentleman dont need it

Its strictly drive-thru window meals  
Enemies lurking every crack and crevice, eating rocks for breakfast  
No time for music, carry toast and use it  
See your house and uz' it  
Test your life and lose it  
You heard Gotti, shit is all fucked up  
His family didnt even wanna check him  
Disrespect and neglect him  
In a place to correct him  
Disconnect him and stretch him  
While the bull cop police protection  
Shit is question  
My suggestion in the game of deception  
Is to reign with aggression  
With the guns for collection  
The whores you undressing, keep 'em inside the best western  
You want a firm investment?  
Nigga, go have a kid, and let him eat your steak  
Dont make the same mistake  
Hope the kid is strong, when i'm gone  
You'll be like pop-duke was the man, but his life was wrong  
Gunned down off the top like Kong

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Mack!  
Hustler, born and raised