

Run

Ghostface Killah

Yo, yo, yo (yo son roll!)
Oh shit, yo, yo, run!

Aiyo, I jumped from the 8th floor step, hit the ground
The pound fell, cops is coming
Runnin' through the pissy stairwells, I ain't hear nothin'
Buggin', only thing I remember was the bullshit summon

So I stopped at the 2nd floor, ran across, cracks is fallin'
My pockets is lean, clean when I vanished off
Took off, made track look easy
The walkie talkies them D-E-T's had, black, they was rated P.G

Run, I will knock your bug, no, quick flag the car down
Take me to, Ghost here they come now!
Pull off quick, back up, hit the bitch, dog
Turned down Hill, light the Marley spliff

Run! I will not get bagged on the rock
Run! I seen what happened to Un, they bad with they cops
Run! They am' shit, plan shit, destroy evidence
Get cassed, I'm not comin' home with no fifty six

Die with the heart of Scarface and take fifty licks
Before I let these crackers throw me and shit
Bounce if you a good kid, bounce, do the bird hop
Curse, swerve to get served, these cocksuckers got nerve

Heard I was killin' shit, they must got word
That I told the chief on Rich Port I don't want to merge

Run! If you sell drugs in the school zone
Run! If you gettin' chased with no shoes on
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got, guns!
They givin' out life like bird tons
Run! If you ain't do shit, you it
That next felony, nigga, it's like three zip
So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!
When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! motherfucker

I might gotta take my shirt off (yeah, kid)
I like that one (uh-huh, go in, go in!)

Yo, uh, it's Task Force Tuesday, the NARCS is in the black car
I got fine hundred, hundred packs in my backyard
Clear twelve-twelve's, that look like stuff shells
I'm cuttin' niggaz throats on the sails, while they puff L's

Don't leave nothin' unbagged, shave everything
I learned from the O.G.'s to save everything (to save everything)
They come by one more time, they gon' hop out
They two deep, and one is a bitch, she gettin' knocked out

Then I can get rid of the pack
But I just copped this pretty chrome thing, so I'm dippin' with that
Uh, down-shiftin' on 'em like I got gears on me

(Run!) Besides that, I got about 5 years on me
(Run!) Scared to death, runnin' like I got bears on me
(Run!) My Timb's start feelin' like they Nike Air's on me
(Run!) It's hard for me to slow down, it's like I'm on the Throughway

My belt's in the crib on the floor by my two-way
Now I'm tryin' to hold my hammer up, and my pants too
If they don't kill me, they gon' give me a number I can't do
Rather it be the streets, then jail where I die at

And I'm ashmatic, so I'm lookin' for somewhere to hide at
But they too close, and I got this new toast
'Magine if I would of let off a shot or two, you know what I gotta do