

# Run For It

Juvenile

I be comin' up wit da glock toy  
You can stop boy  
You ain't heard I'm off tha block boy  
Chipp-pedy chop boy  
Off in ya cut is where I'm layin  
Ready fo' sprayin'  
Soon as I see yo face and hand  
I ain't wit dat playin'  
My daddy showed me how to play it in a situation  
My daddy tol' me I ain't shit wit outta occupation  
So I played the game  
Bust yo head if you said my name  
I had some of deez niggaz scared I came  
I kno' some niggaz out tha (mag)nolia that'll ride fo' me  
I kno' some niggaz hollin' solja dat a die fo' me  
T.C., L.T., Magnolia and six  
Oh you want some of dat fire dope you can score in da bricks  
You disrespectin' my mind cuz you keep comin' short  
I might hitcha wit dat iron cuz you need ta be taught  
You keep showing yo teeth cuz you thank its a joke  
You mus thank deez bullets ain't real and you ain't gon git smoke

Now if ya at dat second line and dem boyz gotta gun  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
And if ya too deep in some beef and dem boyz bout ta come  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
If ya ain't gotta strap but cho enemy got one  
You betta run for it, run for it, run  
And if you git into it wit a cash money brotha  
You betta run for it, run for it, run

I be in all black sometimes  
Sometimes I be jumpin out trees in camouflage  
Me and Juvenile got two keys we bout ta ride  
Dem boyz playin wit da U.P.T. well dey gots to die  
Man its that deep  
It's a tragedy  
That you can test me  
Heard I run in houses don't put it past me  
Hell look boy you betta tell deez niggaz  
Fo' I mask up and try ta kill deez niggaz  
You'ont' want my stress troubles  
I be back in 2 hummers and 5 lex-bubbles  
Wa my big brother Juvy  
Tol' me not to eva letta nigga screw me  
Tol' me if I eva did he would do me  
Gave me two guns and sent me round dey shootin'  
And then they start runnin'  
Hardest niggaz on tha block started actin like a woman  
Tha 4-foot stranger in ya area bustin'  
Load it up and slide it in  
Cock it back pop it out we ridin  
?? I'll run in a busta spot  
I'll sit on a busta porch  
I'll sleep on a busta block  
Apply five and then let go  
!Bang! Lil' cowards keep playin, get hurt

Motha-flirk see I'ont' curse  
But'll wet up yo shirt  
Look all my enemy's see me comin  
All my enemy's peeeeeeeeeuuuungggggghhhhh be runnin'

You thank I'm playin-a somthin Lil Woo dey' I ain't trippin'  
Tha beef started last week and dem niggaz still be hittin'  
Two children got killed and a ol' lady got hit  
Look I'm bout ta git tha fuck cuz I ain' got no time fo' dis shit  
Now you can be comin' through  
And runnin to a gun if you feel  
That they ain't gon' do you shit cuz ya real  
I'ont' wanna be witcha when its hapning either  
I probally be some where ducked off takin a nap wit my people  
I'd rather see it on T.V. than see it in person  
Having my fucking' head hurtin'  
When dem 30's be burstin'  
Bet if yo beef see ya he ain't gon wait fo' ya dog  
Our all gon' try to rearrange ja face fo' ya dog  
2nd line and round dem clubs ain't no place fo ya dog  
Dem same niggaz you come up wit playa-hatin ya dog  
I see em comin wit choppers and I know they gon' bust  
Lil' Wayne hol' up  
We kiting out sho' nuff'

Run for it  
Ya betta run for it, run for it  
Ya betta run for it, run for it  
Go git cha gun for it

Ya betta run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run, run for it  
Run for it, run, run for it, run for it, run  
Get cha gun for it , gun for it, gun  
Get cha gun for it gun for it