

Run with the \$

Lita Ford

Gettin' chased by a cop
He's got nothin' to say
Stop
Hey, you'll never get away

Breakin' the law
Quick on the draw
It's a stick up
I'm gonna kick down your door

I'm gonna take the money and run
If I ever escape
I'm gonna take a long vacation
I'm packin' my bags
I'm never gonna come back here

I'm gonna run with the money
I'm gonna pass right through the jail
I got no time to waste, I got the red lights on my tail
I'm gonna run with the money

He pulled out a gun
Fired a shot in the sky
He had a smile on his face
He said, "Run, run, run, run
Uh, yeah

So I ran like hell
Threw a dollar in the wishing well
A quick stop, for good luck
I'm gonna take the money and run

Now I'm far in the lead and I see no aggravation
But I can't stop here, I got to do it just one more time

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I'm gonna run with the money

I'm gonna buy myself lots of things.

Oh, I'm gonna run with the money and I'm gonna buy myself a little car.

Pack my nose real nice. Stay up all night long.

And I'm gonna get so outrageous, blown outta my brains.

And I'm goin' to live to enjoy...

The money!

Oh, excuse me, for being so rude.