

# On the Run

Mobb Deep

You know my weapons conventional, blow a hole, then you folding  
You be the death of you, every do, last view will be arial  
Put the Range on off road, the woods to bury you  
Never question my M.O., or the ammo I carry, a state  
Crime or federal, task force to battle you  
Faggots, know what the lead'll do, put ya vest on daddy  
Them slugs will burn like verenial, off top to carry you  
Dirty laundry, we airing you, respect my gangsta, and shotty  
You little raps don't grab me, the truth'll hurt for they addy  
They drink the drink and rade the pain, to build some courage to clap  
me  
Give a fuck if it's tellin' you, more the merry, I'm marry to guns  
Muthafucka, pull ligaments, nigga, they vary  
Being need of some medical, livin' life as vegetable  
Take that, think about it and don't try nothin' fancy  
Make a move and I'll level you, like a bomb with atomic forces  
Niggaz betta pray and kiss they crosses  
Holy water to bless you, them slugs will tear your tissue  
And clog the fuck outta a vassel, and got you seeing me crystal  
Niggaz sweatin' in they sleep, I got them sleepin' with pistols  
I'm the dope, you the fiend, fuckin' right, I'm fiction

R: Shot a nigga from frontin', I'm on the run now  
Nigga try to fuck with my hustle, I'm on the run now  
Used to gettin' paper, I'm touchin', I'm on the run now  
Life is so good, nigga, push me, I'm on the run now  
(2x)

Nigga be duckin' and slidin', cuz they know we providin'  
All the shots for they night, they on us, we got it  
It's on us, you can put ya money back ya pocket  
Keep ya chains and ya watches, this is deeper than robbing  
I want your soul muthafucka, see you deep in some shit  
Now you catchin' and shifts, and now I'm ready to flip  
Without a thought, now we up in the whips  
We pay our own music, yeah, yo, we all on our dicks  
Got these bitches nose open, they be breezin' and fiendin'  
Got her shootin' at people, mad cuz they do leave them  
They can't believe it, now my car change with the seasons  
When the spring, summer, fall, the truck droppin' the t-rex  
I be boatin' and flying, strapped in when I'm driving  
Be on the side walking off, we truly be wilding  
They got billions behind 'em, still can't fuck with our rhyming  
And these songs overpower, where shit they frontin'

R: (2x)