

On The Run

Royce da 5'9"

Looking out my window from my mind's blown hotel room
I remember that cold, cold rainy night
Looking out my window

Feeling all alone on the run
I'm still holding onto my gun
Body on it from the previous evening
I found out I'm wanted
Nigga's snitching is what the media screaming
I turn the channel on the TV, the first 48 on
Man, it ain't a loyal nigga on this TV nowhere
I cut the power off, disgusted
I'm contemplating taking a shower to take all the gunpowder off
But what if they bust in, busting
The nigga at the front desk act like he don't recognize me but shit
There's a reward for me, that nigga there hustling
I can't trust him I got to keep my eye on that window
Thinking about my kin folk, wife and babies
I can't talk to them, life is crazy
Whoever thought it would come to this over rap nonsense
Rap from the comfort of being attacked by my conscience

I think I'm a write a letter to my children

In case I don't make it
I'm up against time but I won't face it
I'm thinking about my life what it is now
And how one slug can change what it once was
I'm accepting the fact that I did that
I just want my wife back, I just want my kids back
I just want my niggas that don't snitch back
Cause real niggas know real niggas ain't with that
But what's the use of me being real, I'm fucked now
I'm seeing sirens out the window thinking what now
Damn, am I to do?
Cause now that shit hit the fan I suddenly ran out of crew
But fuck it, I'm in the shit, I'm a end the shit
No way for me to benefit though I'm innocent
I hear a knock on the door like let's finish this

This life is about honor, respect but more importantly this life is a
bout choices
You make them and whether they turn out to be good ones
Or bad ones you live with them. You die with them

Let's go back to how it all started