

Runnin'

Santana

You know, I wonder if they'll laugh when I am dead
Why am I fighting to live, if I'm just living to fight
Why am I trying to see, when there aint nothing in sight
Why I am I trying to give, when no one gives me a try
Why am I dying to live, if I'm just living to die

Check it, I grew up a fuckin screw up
Got introduced to the game, got a ounce and fuckin blew up
Choppin rocks overnight
The nigga Biggie Smalls tryin ta turn into the black Frank White
We had to grow dreads to change our description
Two cops is on the milk box missin
Show they toes you know they got stepped on
A fist full of bullets a chest full of Teflon
Run from the police picture that, nigga I'm too fat
I fuck around and catch a asthma attack
That's why I bust back, it don't phase me
When he drop, take his glock, and I'm Swayze
Summer break, my escape, sold the glock, bought some weight
Laid back, I got some money to make, motherfucker

And still I'm havin memories of high speeds, when the cops crashed
As I laugh pushin the gas when my glocks blast
We was young, and we was dumb but we had heart
In the dark when we survived through the bad parts
Many dreams is what I had, and many wishes
No hesitation in extermination of these snitches
And these bitches they still continue to per sue me
A couple of movies now the whole world tryin to screw me
Even the cops tried to sue me
So what can I do but stay true, sippin 22's a brewin
Now the medias tryin to test me got the press askin questions,
tryin to stress me
Misery is all I see, that's my mind's state
My history with the police is shakin' the crime rate
Ma main man had 2 stikes, slipped, got arrested and flipped
He screamed 'Thug Life!' and emptied the clip
Gots tired of runnin from the motherfuckin police