

Runaway Slave

Showbiz & A.G.

Livin in the slums with the bums, the rats and the stray cats
Dogs with the rabies, little babies are having babies
Juveniles act wild
Every footstep you take, on every corner there's a crack vial
Pushers, dealers, crackheads are buying
Now the dealer's in jail, all the crackheads are dying
My man got AIDS, he was hit hard
To get laid, he paid a crackhead for a five dollar quick job
In the ghettos this stuff you have to find
A beer will relax my mind but I still pack my nine
Cause I'm aware of all evil and devilishment
Because I'm living in a rat like settlement
Sometimes it's hard to manage
I grab a forty take a sip and let the mental do the damage
Yeah I'm woozy and my eyes are red
But it's better than a uzi and a brotherman is dead
See nine out of ten are black on black crimes
Four out of nine were killed before their prime
The other five wanted vengeance
So now five out of five are doin a jail sentence
Ask the Giant I've been through it
So when I reach to the top, I say the ghetto made me do it
And I know how to strive, huh
Born and raised in the ghetto so you know I can survive

I gotta getaway, I gotta do it now
or find a better way, so how that sound (both lines repeat 4X)

Chapter two, of every black man's diary
Drugs and diseases, put in our society
Kill another brother and it's bravery
Come on that's one step backwards into mental slavery
Yeah you best believe that's reality
You got black on black then there's police brutality
Yeah it's bad but what makes it sad
Is that I'm being harassed by a black man with a badge
He's sellin out because he's two-faced
But you only got one race, you only got a nigga's face
He's sellin out because times is hard
And old ladies are gettin robbed cause I can't find a job
Fight to the top, and the other man'll drop
and gettin treated like savages will stop
You got the right plan, but goin about it the wrong way
Divided is the long way united is the strong way
Too many died for us to take a pause
So let's all get ours, and stop tryin to get yours
Walk a straight path, but it's so easy to stumble
So weak minds crumble in the concrete jungle
Get your chance to sell drugs, you don't pass up
But a fast buck will wind up to be your last buck
It's a damn shame, you're deaf dumb and blind
Did it ever cross your mind, you're killin off your own kind
And pretty soon even you will be a goner
Easy access to guns, liquor stores on every corner
Street knowledge is a must, you never learn enough
You're physically rough, but mentally you gotta be tough
We shall overcome with no doubt

The runaway slave is sayin peace and I'm out

I gotta getaway, I gotta do it now
or find a better way, so how that sound (2X)

"Let's runaway, let's escape"