

Run Away Slaves

TRU

[Voice in Background]

Look at the little porch monkeys, fuckin juggaboo

[Master P talking]

My ancestor Kunta Kinte said
We come over to this bitch, smiling on a banana boat
(And they fucked our bitches and raped them)
They never told us what the fuck we came over here for
(Call us juggaboos)
And did deals with the Indians
(Wild Coyotes)
Ain't no fuckin body ever did no deals with no black folks

[Chorus] x 4

We run away slaves
(Run nigga run)
They say we free then put guns to our head

[Master P]

Now the cops try to arrest me and these bitches wanna test me
My ??? scream P don't let the master get the best of me
The game got me crazy, I'm fucked up I can't sleep
They put dope on boats and planes and did deals with the enemy
That's us, some say in God we fuckin trust
The slavery's fuckin over but the world is messed up
Black on black crime, either you poor or you blind
Life is a welfare line and the homies they doin time
Some niggas they switch for a lighter sentence or they switch
The ghetto is a bitch, niggas live to get rich
Then they slam my fuckin dreams like b-ball
Killin chickens and pigs, just to feed the white hogs
No houses, no meals, no seven acres
Put us in the projects put us on dope and playa hate us
Now lady heroin steady gettin money
Ms. Cocoa leaf and weed, damn they gettin blunted
And my homies steady dyin, mothers steady cryin
I'm walkin the straight line keepin my people off the grind
Probation and parole, niggaz in four doors
This ain't for the radio but you run away poor folks

[Chorus] x 4

[Master P talking]

For all the muthafuckin runaways out there
I mean all us niggas that been incarcerated by technology
By life, by the judicial system, (run nigga run)
By the white folks or even the black folks that think they white
(even the haters)
Martin Luther King was a run away slave
Jesse Jackson a run away slave
Malcom X, he was a run away slave
Mohammed, run away slave
Farrakhan, run away slave
Muthafuckin No Limit, we run away's (me Master P)
From the whole record industry
Cause we ain't bout havin 15 percent (I'm a runaway nigga)
We bout havin 100 (I'm about my paper)

We bout teachin other niggas how to get theirs
Cause we gon get ours (you got to)
Y'all get yours, stop hatin
Break away nigga (the media)
The chains is still there (y'all can't stop us)
And this mothafuckin black on black crime (yeah nigga)
It gotta stop (yeah nigga)
Run away slaves
That's just what they want us to do (but we gon go to college)
Nigga be all you can be if you a soldier
(we gon be doctors, we gon be president)
No Limit Army nigga (No Limit motha fuckin sports)
(We gon be rap stars)
We run away slaves nigga (Maurice Collins)
Takin over, we bringin our mothafuckin athletes home
(Leland Hardy, runaway slave boy)
And we keepin it real, we keepin it treal
(Sylvester Scott, Edward Hawkins)
No Limit, run away slaves (lawyers, politicians)
That's what we bout, keepin it treal, politickin nigga
(that's what i'm talkin bout)
Black publications (doin what we gotta do)
No more probation and parole (no more hoes)
Colored folks stickin together nigga
(I got the car door open nigga get in)