Run

Cappadonna

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Crack backs heavy on the cash all night
At the drug site we hung tight
Three o'clock in the night ounces of coke dirty kicks
Money gets low in the street yo
Tough times nickels thats bigger than dimes, you know the flavor
Ruff neck city ain't nothin sweet kid ain't nothin prettyNew York be poppin' the cork on crime look at the nine
Summertime in the court house oh, shit whats mine
Two to four three to nine benatoned it what
We all ran coke grams, you outta luck
Young bucks carrying gats, stay fat for what
We all slipped through the po-nig nobody bustFreeze, we in the breeze with the blunts
Nobody drop the trees or they fronts
Meet on the roof look off the front play low
Watch out for po-po thats how it go
Three in the whip, we not lag it though, run for the gusto
Peep Marcel and Brown comin' around dippin' the logo
Run if you ever got somethin' on you sonYou best a run, be off the set, bounce on the projects
Cease another vick, weed in your piss and parole gotsta have it
Slide like a rabbit move quick this is it
Hang jump from the fire escape, I made it
Drop the clip fingerprints all on it, ah fuck those bullets
I'm losin' my pants, I advance in my speed, succeed in my travel
Dance on 'em, and I fucked up whip, make my heart skip
Caught up in the drug traffic I astounded surrounded by the outfitOne twentieth tried to knock my whole click
Run! These black boys that take none
Don't cop out the shit, take the three six and you add that shit
Run! If you ever pack a nice size gun
Run! If you sell drugs to your dun
Run! Be the fuck out word God run hardBetween two cars we park, pepper got sparked
In the dark heads scramble at the six ooh
Spy's lookin' at you one two lookin' too
How you roll what you stole let me see you

Nah fuck you, if you wasn't a cop I might bust you, I don't trust you
Coppers lust over my crew, forget a curfewWe gather in the plaza to jerk through
Three sixty with the crime waves modern day slave
First one to peel, it's not real
Plant that as a matter of fact we crack 'em down
Us against brown, run fast like you ran track
Never look back push the Acc on the sidewalk
Crash, toss the heat and tear ass
Zig zag till you reach your stashRun! If you sell drugs to your dun
Run! Be the fuck out word to God run hardMe and the God back to back one eighty five
With the four five survive that shit
You just came even though I remember your face
Even though I seen you rollin' there bowlin' in green kid
This cream will get you rocked, knocked if you don't run
Don't grab my jacket don't get the fuck off, break north
Or go to jail, word life is strife, on the block it's too hotYou got my man shot, nigga run
We wylin on Staten Island it's one thing bein' in the bing
And not smilin' on the gate it's too late
Fate held you over, jakes runnin' for snakes
The white rover, with the plates burn down Gee street
Comin' from outta state, see me in the drivers seat
Coolin' without the I.D., it's not me
Babylon to the God, D I V I N ERun! If you sell drugs to the dun
Run! If you pack a nice size gun
Run! If you want to still have fun
Run! Be the fuck out word God run hardMotherfucker
Run motherfucker run

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