

# On the Run

Katie Webster

No crooked cops, pass my pocket or my peoples  
'Cause they evil to my people  
Fuck procedure, hope that ass can spell illegal search and seizure  
Banged before, ain't forgettin', go 'head start, all your crap  
And get a boot from a lawsuit and a news conference at eleven  
Routine stops, how often? Tri day before last week, word  
Always tryin' to pull me over on these dark ass streets  
Gave the war two blocks, two middle fingers like my nigga  
Mr. Fuck-a-cop Tupac so fuck them mug shots that you got  
My boo stops for nathin', know that bonnie and Clyde  
If that was then there'll be no Texas if you Tommy's inside  
Chasin' cases got that badge and know you runnin' the place  
But that ain't nar' a fuckin' reason, have them guns in my face  
And your attitude's, like you ain't no had no nookie, go jerk off  
Shit, get your sights, get off that rookie shit  
Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop the gun  
You did the same thing we've done, I got my niggaz on the run  
I ain't the one, fuck that, get up, ah, get up, no get down  
We'll just be niggaz on the run  
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I ain't the one, fuck that, get up, ah, get up, no get down  
We'll just be niggaz on the run, I ain't the one  
Hardcore on my block just because I'm black  
'Cause I'm ghetto superstar you pull me out of my car  
Well, motherfucker I'm not knowin' what they put in yo' ear  
The only thing I'm transportin' is my naughty hear  
No, I don't sell coke no mo', but still I make fast dough  
By slangin' records by the millions, what you question me fo'?  
Runnin' my plates, registration and insurance thus far  
L X fo'-seventy's my company car  
So next time you think about, pullin' over Uncle Vinnie  
I'ma call Dan Nolan, sue your whole fuckin' city  
Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop the gun  
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So you won't, give the illy nones, like I fucked your bitches, silly grudge  
Yeah, protect and serve that ass, with a Billy club  
Go the right way, to get rid of ya, political riddle ya  
Fuck with me I'll turn you to a traffic ticketer  
To put it plain I'm sick of ya, cherry tops are pitiful  
Break bones and ligaments, can't fix it, so dig shit  
To keep niggaz ig'nant, and in crap, like pig shit  
That's just a fragment, of what they invent, to bend shit  
Years were handed, for Joe, left by Judy with the booty crew  
But they blame the game Suzy with the snooty two, who?  
The block out thugs plus the hoochie crew, shit I keep my uzi too  
Who the fuck are you to tell a fool rules?  
I got somethin' for those droppin' a loss  
And somethin' else for all you faggots pullin' me out of my car  
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