The Fugitive

Justin Martin

Early in the morning,
Could barely feel my face,
Cuttin that raw raw hammer on my waist,
My baby mammas stressin,
im like fuck out of my face,
feds on my ass now, bout to catch a case,
im about that "makin money" im alergic to poor,
shit, i done made some hoes out of the girls next door,
6 in the mornin when they kick in the door,
im probly outside the forge gettin brain in the porsche,
what porsche? my porsche yeah the GT porsche,
of course i floss like them DC boys,
shit, right at club love i fucked at least three broads,
in the middle ofthe dancefloor such a sleazy whore,
now, headed fr paradise,
Carlos Bengante, jazz in the background, Harry Belofante,
Seagul in the clouds look honey im comin,
different strokes, different folks, you guessed it, Phillip Drummin,
Now i'ma fuck the pussy till the pussy get numb and, roll over naked then we kush kush puffin,
this is way too easy though,
i am the magnifico,
cuban is pride, but im much more like eazy though,
if you dont believe me u can see me on your tv yo,
taylor made versachi, im wit Khaled on that speedy boat,
when it comes to latina MC's there's none bigga,
now who's gonna tell me that I cant say nigga?
nigga nigga nigga nigga nigga bitch hoe,
cuz some chicks is bitches, and some chicks is hoes,
some independent ladies yeah they make a lotta doe, so they get nuthin but love and respect from Fat Joe,
i remember when i stepped in the game yo,
army fatigue wit grey nikes, that flow Joe,
u gotta flow Joe, u gotta flow Joe, u gotta gotta gotta gotta let em know Joe,
u gotta flow Joe, u gotta flow Joe, u gotta gotta gotta gotta let em know,
im borricua till i die mother fuckers, yes i will detach you,

ill leave holes you cant cover with tattoos,
all you lame souls keep prayin to them statues, when im the ghetto god, ill bless you, 'achoo',
the one spitta, the cant get ridda, major label dropped me what i do?
i got richa,

80s babies terror on the corner, im the pitcha,
got a new connect and what i do?
i got richa,
????? the wop bam boo,
guess what, America we love you,
and Im a stay reppin that TS Crew,
and show ya mother fuckers how the BX do,
shit, every time i rockwild, its more like a zoo,
blinds wrapped around the corner if your too late your blue,
in that new white phantom, call it "milk on wheels",
niggas wilin like Joe jus ODed off pills,
I ODed of crills, I ODed of mills,
You Monopoly guys, haulin in no billz,
shit, niggas keep askin "how come he so real?",
6'1", light skin, got them green eyes, 'Teal',
haha, It's the Fugitive,
Coca,
I'm on the run, and im eatin bitch,
street runna on this one, bitch,
We'd like to welcome you, "Elephant in the Room",(thank you, thank you),
Bitch,
Top of my game right now, cant nobody see me man,
we use different forms of transportation nigga,
im on different planets than ya'll niggas right now,
you can deny all you want nigga,
Coca's spittin that shit, these streets is mine,
Oh, i get on some Pun shit,
What u want? that hardcore, commercial shit?,
what u wanna dance? Crills mania, nigga,
BXTS!,
i owns this shit!

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