

Run On Up

213

You got beef then go on and run on up, we ain't worried about nothin'
Half of y'all doin' nothin' but bluffin', you got beef then go on and run on up
We ain't worried about nothin', half of y'all doin' nothin' but talkin'
Ain't it man?

I'm strictly to street with it, listen to me
They speak it but we did it, they hated on my Ghetto Village
But if Stevie can see it, it must mean that I'm real with it
Corporate America gotta deal with it
I'm ridin' this 'til the finish line
213 still in this 'til they give me mine
Rewind the show and watch the movie
I'm mad as fuck, I let this industry use me
I'm a low-key, OG which is well known
Snoop, Alfons, Capone, Corleone
In the streets with the elite, my rap sheet is hella long
Let it go, now let it alone
You wanna battle when the shadows are creepin'
And if you talkin' about beef then nigga, ain't no sleepin'
The hood ain't got no Geneva either

If you run off at the mouth then I'm gonna leave you breathe-less
Breathless, chestless, best list ya bastard
Lookin' at my homies like you wanna slide past them
And get with me, need I warn you
I'm from Dogg House, motherfuckin' California
Now if you want it like you think you do
We can set up a head up and I bank ya boo
Don't underestimate, a lot of suckers player hate
They know about the big D O double Warren G and Nate
Too much talkin' shit, let's get down to this list
If you got beef, go on and run up, I'ma bust him in his lip
I'm gonna shoot through that dude vest
Shut the fuck up and run, run up

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Ain't it man?

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