

# Runnin' (dying To Live)

[2pac](#)

One time, one time, nigga, one time  
(Where?)  
Runnin' from the police  
(Yeah, I know what you mean)  
No matter what I do, they got a nigga  
Still runnin' from the police  
(Put them motherfuckin' Nike's on tight and get ghost, y'all)  
I ain't got nuttin' on my mind but gettin' in some trouble  
Lickin' shots to they block, leavin' bloody blood puddles  
For some ridah delight, now we in a gunfight  
I can shoot the gauge pebbles at the devils or die tonight  
It's on me but if I die, bury me a motherfuckin' G  
A open casket on them bastards so they all remember me  
With my vest on my chest, my tools and my piece  
'Thug Life', motherfucker, gotta me runnin' from the police  
Nigga, you know that's true  
Catch a nigga like K-Dog, chillin' wit a crew  
Every damn day parlay with my glass of Re  
The O.J. and it's all okay  
'Til that fuckin' fake cop got to play the man  
Ran me down the block with my glass in my hand  
Damn, I hope it don't spill  
Nigga, chill, shit is real cock back my steel  
Still runnin' from the police I gets no sleep  
I got you peepin' in my window while I'm smokin' indo  
But I ain't no motherfuckin' track star, pig's got a Jeep  
Like Big Mouth, runnin' through motherfucker's backyards  
So I grabs my piece before I flee  
And instead of me runnin', these bitches is runnin' from me  
Lick shots, hits spots off on my piece  
'Cause a nigga like Big Mouth is through runnin' from the police  
I bust off, what? About the time they pull me from the Bronco  
Lay, they tried to cock me but them can't gun store  
When a batty bwoy do it from the mob  
Ahh, pull up your pants then you screw an left squad  
Look around, look around, punk police  
While gwan man doesn't a come but a bad boy test  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Me hafta blast back 'cause de blast is best

Yo I was schemin' and fiendin' for loots and took the crooked route  
To ghetto fame, I felt the pains and now I run the game  
The insane brain, cold gettin' fly like a plane  
On them suckers with my nigga Biggie Smalls causin' ruckus  
Check it, I grew up a fuckin' screw-up  
Got introduced to the game, got a ounce and fuckin' blew up  
Choppin' rocks overnight

The nigga Biggie Smalls tryin' to turn into the black Frank White  
And we got the workers choppin' rock, Benz by the flock  
And we gettin' it, the dirty cops are jealous, so they sweatin' it  
I'm lettin' off smoke, hope they don't play me for no joke  
And provoke the homicide, so just let the drama slide  
We keepin' it real, fuck how you feel, Biggie pass the steel  
Let's serve these motherfuckers slugs as a fuckin' meal

We had to grow dreads to change our description  
Two cops is on the milk box missin'  
Show they toes, you know they got stepped on  
A fist full of bullets, a chest full of Teflon  
Run from the police, picture that, nigga, I'm too fat  
I fuck around and catch a asthma attack  
That's why I bust back, it don't phase me  
When he drop, take his glock and I'm Swayze  
Celebrate my escape, sold the glock, bought some weight  
Laid back, I got some money to make, motherfucker  
Now it's war, me tryin' to sell, runnin' from the punk police  
They try to cock me but them can't gun store  
What about they come to hold up me North  
Pulled up the park, I left school and left buck  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Was about to blast with ya gun but you can't stop me  
Look around, look around, punk police  
Me haf to blast back, cause blast back best  
They got me runnin' from the five O  
Duckin' and dodgin' in my survival  
The Benzo and I let off with my nine, hoe  
I'm movin' swifter than the next nigga, no time for sex  
'Cause in my mind all I wonder is who's next  
Nigga, my homey slipped and now he pays the price  
He did a drive-by, sixteen, now he's doin' triple life  
Tell me is it me or my upbringin', I spit that thug shit  
Nigga, motherfuck singin', I hope you got your Timberlands  
On tight 'cause I ain't givin up  
I'd rather duck these motherfuckers all night  
I'm runnin' through the projects, beyotch  
They'll never catch me

'Cause I'm loc'd and trigger happy on the sneotch  
Don't say you never heard of me  
'Til they murder me, I'm a legend  
Do Thug Niggas go to Heaven?  
I'm rollin' with the thorough heads  
We gettin' ghost on them hoes and yo  
I got no love for the five O, I'm runnin' from the police  
[Unverified]

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