Run the Line (feat. Rasco)

Peanut Butter Wolf

Yo I tell you niggas what
You better stay home and lay your ass in the cut
I'm goin' for heads, lay you for dead, foldin' emcees like bedspread
And you ain't had this much milk since you was breastfedGalleons on courts for sports, I bust bubbles on the double
Destroyin' these fools who wanna give me trouble
Ball with stuffle, six feet, women be lovin' it
Brothers be thinkin o' stickin' but I be shovin' itReady, unload with fat tracks from lootkids
Doin' my thang since 16 in '86
Hey yo, sayin' that the West ain't it
Nigga, I'll smack you in your mouth for that shitLet me show you what I claim, I'm doin' my thang
But everybody out in Cali don't gangbang
You better open up them mic's and get out my face
Give me some space, better break out them old NikesYou better run for the crib 'cause run in your jigs
I'll send you home with a broke back and cracked whig
Microphone's in control, so ready explode
Motherfuckers need to punch up the flexcodeRun the line
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Run the lineHeaven forbid, I rip kids, get they face blown
Bring 'em in packs, and I could rip 'em by the caseload
Ready explode on contact for that contract
Flash these lyrics and ready for mic-combatWho wanna step to get a rep playin' double jet
Me and my man be on these tracks at the inner sect
Mass confuse, hit your fellas off with bad news
Tell 'em you tried but I just blew you out your damn shoesHere's this mic, you can praise it if you need to
Should've been there when your brother really needed you
It's too late, had to blast off like 38's
Food for thought but don't be eatin' of no dirty platesI keep it clean and always on the uppernut
Nigga, you soft and your rhymes need the toughin'-up
No gun chatter on the platter 'cause it doesn't matter
Me and the Wolf collaborate just to make it fatterYou better scatter like the roaches with the lights on
I tell these niggas don't you bother turn them mics on
Goin' deep like quarterbacks on they long throw
And Time Waits For No Man label Stones ThrowThe LP, in '97 you'll be seein' me
Gradual shots to your nut got you seein' three

I'm runnin' rhymes while the clock is steady runnin' time
Crab emcees get in your block to start run in linesRun the line
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Run the lineComin' in thirst, brothers shouldn't say another word
Kickin' your rhymes but they was verses already heard
Give me respect, it be the Ras with the triple threat
Smash eject, 'cause already know what's comin' nextSo I predict that all these brothers goin' to be ridin' dicks
Break out the axe because it's time that you get 86
Playin' these scrubs in nightclubs like they legendary
I'm first class and everybody else is secondaryBut don't you worry, all these brothers got your vision blurry
Ready to fix your cateracts with the fattest tracks
Keep it intact with screws, roll with tight tools
And now you missin' and your face is on tonight's newsSo pay your dues, don't nobody make it overnight
You heard the singleand you thought that it was overwrite
No, 'cause I can do it to you every time
Me and Peanut Butter Wolf gotta run 'em linesRun the line
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