

Run (Pistol Pete remix)

Ghostface Killah

Aiyo, I jumped from the 8th floor step, hit the ground
The pound fell, cops is coming
Running through the pissy stairwells, I ain't hear nothin'
Bugging, only thing I remember was the bullshit summons
So I stopped at the 2nd floor, ran across, cracks is falling
My pockets is mean, clean when I vanished off
Took off, made track look easy
The walkie talkies them D.T.s had, black, they was rated P.G
Run, I will not give up, no, quick flag the car down
Take me to.. Ghost here they come now!
Errr! Pull off quick, back up, hit the bitch dog
Turned down Hill, light the Marley spliff
Run! I will not get bagged on a rock
Run! I seen what happened to Un, they bad with they cops
Run! They amp shit, plant shit, destroy evidence
Fuck a case, I'm not comin' home with no fifty six
Die with the heart of Scarface and take fifty licks
Before I let these crackers throw me in shit
Bounce if you a good kid, bounce, do the bird hop
Curse, swerve to get served, these cocksuckers got nerve
Heard I was killing shit, they must got word
That I told the chief of Rich Port I don't wanna mergeRun! If you sell drugs in the school zone
Run! If you getting chased with no shoes on
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got, guns!
They givin' out life like wontons
Run! If you ain't do shit, you it
That next felony, nigga, is like three zip
So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!
When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! MuthafuckaYo, uh, it's Task Force Tuesday, the NARCS is in the black
car
I got five hundred hundred-packs in my backyard
Clear twelve-twelve's, that look like stuffed shells
I'm cutting niggas' throats on the sales, while they puff L's
Don't leave nothing unbagged, shave everything
I learned from the O.G.'s to save everything
They come by one more time, they gon' hop out
They two deep, and one is a bitch, she getting knocked out
Then I can get rid of the pack

But I just copped this pretty chrome thing, so I'm dipping with that
Uh, down-shifting on 'em like I got gears on me
(Run!) Besides that, I got about 5 years on me
(Run!) Scared to death, running like I got bears on me
(Run!) My Timbs start feeling like they Nike Airs on me
(Run!) It's hard for me to slow down, it's like I'm on the Thruway
My belt's in the crib on the floor by my two-way
Now I'm trying to hold my hammer up, and my pants too
If they don't kill me, they gon' give me a number I can't do
Rather it be the streets, then jail where I die at
And I'm ashmatic, so I'm lookin' for somewhere to hide at
But they too close, and I got this new toast
Imagine if I would of let off a shot or two, you know what I gotta do
Run! If you sell drugs in the school zone
Run! If you getting chased with no shoes on
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got, guns!
They givin' out life like wontons
Run! If you ain't do shit, you it
That next felony, nigga, is like three zip
So, run! Hop fences, jump over benches!
When you see me comin' get the fuck out the entrance!
Run! Fuck that! Run! Cops got guns! Muthafucka

Songwriters

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