

# Run the Line (My vinyl weighs a ton 1999)

## 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 breastfed  
Galleons 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' it  
Ready, 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 shit  
Let 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 Nikes  
You 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 flexcode  
Run the line  
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Heaven 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-combat  
Who 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 shoes  
Here'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 plates  
I 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 fatter  
You 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 Throw  
The 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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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