

On the Run (Instrumental Al Capone)

Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

I got a job with the mob, makin G's
Doin some pickups, deliveries and transportin keys
Yeah they got me like a flunkie
I'm ridin around with ten kilos inside my trunk G
And I'm holdin the suitcase
with a half a million dollars right in my motherfuckin face
And I'm tryin to ignore it
But sometimes I get tempted to make a motherfuckin run for it
The thought alone makes me shiver, damn
What if I get caught? They'll find me floatin in the Hudson river
But if I escape, I'll be in shape for my life
but they might, get my kid and my wife
See I'm supposed to make a stop
to an Uptown spot, run up the block and make another drop
But I got somethin else in mind
Cause I'm sick of puttin my motherfuckin ass on the line
I got the money and the hit
Went through the Brook nonstop cause I ain't droppin off shit
Then I thought of a plan
So I drove to my house and got my girl and my little man
C'mon bitch, pack the shit, get ready
"God damn why your face all sweaty?"
Just hurry up and get the shit
I'm a dead man bitch, understand, we gotta split
I switched the locks on the door
Started packin like I was goin on a motherfuckin world tour
Grabbed my bags and my gun
C'mon we gotta go... I'm on the motherfuckin run Now I'm drivin and I'm lookin at my passport
I'm outta here soon as my ass hit the airport
I loaded up the automatic
I don't believe this shit, I'm stuck in motherfuckin traffic
I'm gettin nervous as a fuck see
A Lincoln Continental pullin right up beside me
Puts down my bitch and then I bent low
gunfire, breaking glass Bullets are flying through my window
The enemy is on attack
Drew the nine and cocked the hammer and I fired at the bitches back
I gotta take my respect
My bullets hittin italian motherfuckers in the neck

Looked at my bitch a bullet struck her
Put in another clip, cause I ain't givin up a motherfucker
Niggaz runnin up in trenches
Sprayin at my car, only missin me by fuckin inches
Stepped on the gas pedal, how bad my bitch is harmed?
Shit they only hit her in the fuckin arm
Now I'm drivin off sidewalks, makin sharp turns
My son is catchin motherfuckin heartburns
I got the car shakin wildly
I made a turn, and then I dipped my shit into a dark alley
They drove right past, now all this chasin shit is done
I'm on the motherfuckin run The next thing I know, it was daylight
And I been sleepin in this motherfucker all night
I started pullin on my hoe
"C'mon man what?" Wake up bitch, we gotta go!
Pulled out the alley, then I dipped
Looked down and picked up the nine and put more rounds in the clip
You know I'm headin South no doubt
And I don't give a fuck where, as long it's a hideout
Finally we crossed the border, I pulled into a station
to fill up the tank, and get a drink of water
Pullin over to park my ride
That's when I noticed this limousine comin up on my left side
Then the sucker started rammin me
Then I looked, it was the Luciano family
Looked at my bitch she started cryin, my finger on the trigger
I pulled it -- bullets started flyin
Now I'm hittin all them bastards
I'm droppin em fast, splashin blood out niggaz asses
Then I'm finally done and
I took em all out, but I caught one in the stomach
Now I'm lookin for survivors
So I ran up on the side of the car, and hit the driver
And then I laid low
The only motherfucker left was Don Luciano
So I snuck up the sucker
Put my gun to his head, "Whassup now motherfucker?"
He said, "Wait, I want to talk"
five gunshots I put his brains on the sidewalk
Another life I had to waste
He fell on his back, and then I spit right in his guinea face
He saw the barrel of the devil's gun
Now I'm no longer on the motherfuckin run

Songwriters

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