Wanted (on The Run)

Beanie Sigel

Wanted, 100 miles and runnin'
Through the rain and the sunnin', when them feed folks comin'
Keep your head up youngin', gotta keep ya heads up youngin'
The streets'll give your head up youngin'
Listen, flip your contacts, stay focused like contacts
Your head's open for a contract
Can't go where mom at, the last place you wanna bring the dram at
The first place they gonna track I promise
Can't relax, but remain the calmest
Couple rules that your play by, stay by, stay live
You keep your boots on your laces tied
And only troop on the late night if you play right, you stay right, right
You never play the day light, jakes get on your tail
Never let them see the break lights
Catch me if you can when I'm dippin' from the cops
Mr. Gingerbread never falling victim of the fox
Wanted
Dead or alive
Wanted
Dead or alive
Wanted, but you can't stop runnin'
With a price on your head, be prepared to gunnin'
Don't be scared like the Red Coats comin' nigga
Stay underground and keep runnin' like Tugman
You can't sleep, not a peep, no slumber
Man I sleeped about a 100 hours rest this summer
No stress when your dealin' with the running
Waking up in cold sweats, pissed scared of the rumblin'
Fuck it, just prepare for the trouble
Don't be shit scared nigga with your head undercovers
This not a broad threat, I got something for 'em
On the steps with two tecs, this is not a warnin'
Nigga they close like camera flash
When the hammer blast, put on your State Prop camouflage
Crack the box or the avalanche, put on your Montana mask
Get to clappin' like it's Pakistan, what every strap, cause an accident
Make a traffic jam, dodge all the traps you can, keep runnin'
Wanted
Dead or alive

Wanted
Dead or alive
All you got to say is hide me, I ride free
I be, the one to change your birth, S.S., or ID
(I got all that)
Ain't no more hangin' with the Y.G. State Prop
No Roc, private dock, in case you need an IV
No more Bent', that's Accord money, 420
Schemes can't afford money, money yous award money
Whether 90 or the first degree, any murder in the first degree
Well be the third degree, and they looking for the perjury
If you ain't Merc the G, perfectly, you'll be in surgery
Take the seed out the nursery, nurse him at the precinct
Give 'em desert, that ain't where he deserve to be
And I went through this personally, certainly
3-2 for burglary, now it was referred to me
So they play us in no way, know way
Blaze up the roadways, A.C. and O.J
Read the paper, eggs and OJ
Call CD head of the O'Jays
That's a gypsy caps, risky all the chips we had
45 flee-flicker, we niggaz, hit the gas
When the operation go stale, ain't no jail
I did my whole album on bail
(That's the truth)
I got you mac mittens, I send them a black ribbon
Attached to Mac spitten, I can't go back prison
Wanted
Dead or alive
Wanted
Dead or alive

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