Run Hide Duck

Haystak

Okay children, for today's vocabulary test
Who would like to stand up and share
With the rest of the classroom?
The definition of the word, 'dictate'
Ohh, me, me, me, please
Okay Jason, go ahead, stand up
And give us the definition of the word 'dictate', okay?
You know Ms.Johnson, dictate
How's my Dic Tate?
My minds constantly in money gettin' mode
I done seen bitches flip like them Sony explodes
I came by way of a long bumpy road
Doin' eighty, it's all gravy on the phone gettin' throat
From the padro [unverified] to that hydro
From that sticky to that icky
Dark tinted windows on my stretch 150
Killer talkin' trash
Tell 'em boy come and get me
They been bumpin' for some minuets
They some bitches evidently
My city represents me like fifty thousand albums
They eat it up in the ville like x-pills and valiums
God damn, you did 'em so dirty
Jumpin' up out of the back of that back 430
I shit hotter then fish grease
Strong as a pitch [unverified]
Bitch please
I'm none of them fake MC's
That sees their enemies and run like hoes
Nuthin' to fear but fear foo confront your foes
And tell 'em
Run hide duck, huh
Bitch you heard me, huh what?
Run hide duck, huh
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Crippling competitors crushed my opposition
Walk into a room rappers stand up at attention
Like ten, hut, hut, hut, shovin' threw the club
Hollerin', what, what, what, what?
Crunk and I could give a fuck
Sipping syrup got me slower then molasses in December
May as well show my ass in the morning I won't remember
Why my hand hurts
How I got this cut above my eye
Holler turned to squabbling
With fools from another side
Fist will hurt your pride
Bullets hurt your sole
When they jumping out of your body
Because you're bleeding out of control
Oh no, I can't go out like this
Layin' here with my drawers full of shit and piss
You ignorant son of a trailer park tramp
Who in the fuck do you think I am?
God damn, you only get one more warning
Then you're goin' to sleep but it ain't gonna be no yawning
Run hide duck, huh
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If I could make this verse as hard as the other two
This song would be a banging mother fucker dude
Haystak, alias Moonshine, Big Stak, mista Mac
Mista if we beefing watch your god damn back
Even in showers, even at picnics
My clicks thicker then brick mix
Bullets fatally attracted like lunatic chicks
Who jumped on your dick 'cause your record was hot
Found out where your family stays, can't blow up the spot
Huh, what
Can you say clothes in the yard?
Bitch dun threw some grits and barley missed me swear to God
My old lady got more heart then the majority of them
IF I don't like it I go in the source
Say it in public and fuck 'em
It wasn't no accident or homicide, I purposely buck 'em
The fuckin' snitch sold out my cousin got him busted at customs
You like 'em but don't trust 'em, fuck 'em but don't love 'em
If you really think he's bluffin' take the gun away from em
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