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

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Crippling competitors crushed my opposition

Walk into a room rappers stand up at attention

Like ten, hut, hut, shovin' threw the club

Hollerin', 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

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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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