runnin'

2pac ft. biggie smalls

[Chorus]
Got to live for today cause tomorrow ain't promised to me
Don't just want a piece I want my whole destiny
(If you got it)
I'm gone take it
(If you're in it)
You're coming with me
(Bench warmers)
Get no playing time
(No sleeping)
Till I cross the line
I'm runnin'

With 99 miles left, on the Avis rental car
Blowing horns like Miles Davis at the pearly gate
God let me in
Give me a room by Aaliyah with E-S-P-N
I know I got more sins than two lesbians
Been back and forth across the border like Mexicans
But (I'm runnin') like New York pedestrians
Trying not to scuff my Nike Air checks again
It's funny how niggas be the best of friends
And fall out over pussy and want to dead they man
One of my niggas in the grave the other one in the pin
She fuckin' my enemies inside my homeboys Benz
Now she beggin' God's mercy cause she ain't listen to Nas
And never heard about Ike and the Iverson jersey
He got a cousin named Jason that rock the Gary Payton
Now the same trifling bitch is a H-I-V patient
True story

[Chorus]

If I get knocked with my blunt nigga I'm runnin'
If I catch a murder one nigga I'm runnin'
Homicide come around and they keep on coming
That's why I'm out of state and I keep on runnin'
I ain't Nelly but my desert eagles on girl
Just dropped bail traveling the world

When I sign my deal I said fuck jail
I went on tour to Barcelona and Brazil
This shit real fuck an appeal
D's want my head like that bitch in Kill Bill
Sling dope sling crack and them e pills
That's why I'm on the low like a dead navy seals
I'm runnin'

[Chorus]

Cause I gotta pack them shows
And Dre told me ain't no coming back from Go
So I gotta get my album in place
My G-Unit features
My Eminem sixteens
My Dr. Dre beats
And it was two years from today when I started rhyming
And took my demo to Suge and he ain't sign me
Niggas threatening my life like it's hard to find me
See me shining in the hood like twenty inch Lexanis
My mom said I'm hard head
I don't follow the rules
Why should I when Reebok giving niggas they own shoes
And I'm dealing with the same problems 50 Cent got
Yayo in jail and they think I'm trying to take his spot
I'm in the studio laughing at Chris Rock
Then I turn on M-T-V and see Soulja Slim shot
And niggas trying to gun me down in the rim shop
Cause I just want the same recognition that the crypts got
They say I'm the next in line and if I get shot
Then I go out as the Bobby Fischer of hip hop
Make yo chest move
Sylvia Rome and Kevin Lyle slept cool
Jimmy Iovine was the best move

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by HARVEY, OSTEN S/SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU /
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, WINDSWEPT HOLDINGS LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/