Runnin' (Dying To Live)

2 Pac ft. Biggie

One time, one time, nigga, one time
(Where?)
Runnin' from the police
(Yeah, I know what you mean)
No matter what I do, they got a nigga
Still runnin' from the police
(Put them motherfuckin' Nike's on tight and get ghost, y'all)
I ain't got nuttin' on my mind but gettin' in some trouble
Lickin' shots to they block, leavin' bloody blood puddles
For some ridah delight, now we in a gunfight
I can shoot the gauge pebbles at the devils or die tonight
It's on me but if I die, bury me a motherfuckin' G
A open casket on them bastards so they all remember me
With my vest on my chest, my tools and my piece
'Thug Life', motherfucker, gotta me runnin' from the police
Nigga, you know that's true
Catch a nigga like K-Dog, chillin' wit a crew
Every damn day parlay with my glass of Re
The O.J. and it's all okay
'Til that fuckin' fake cop got to play the man
Ran me down the block with my glass in my hand
Damn, I hope it don't spill
Nigga, chill, shit is real cock back my steel
Still runnin' from the police I gets no sleep
I got you peepin' in my window while I'm smokin' indo
But I ain't no motherfuckin' track star, pig's got a Jeep
Like Big Mouth, runnin' through motherfucker's backyards
So I grabs my piece before I flee
And instead of me runnin', these bitches is runnin' from me
Lick shots, hits spots off on my piece
'Cause a nigga like Big Mouth is through runnin' from the police
I bust off, what? About the time they pull me from the Bronco
Lay, they tried to cock me but them can't gun store
When a batty bwoy do it from the mob
Ahh, pull up your pants then you screw an left squad
Look around, look around, punk police
While gwan man doesn't a come but a bad boy test
Look around, look around, punk police
Me hafta blast back 'cause de blast is best

Yo I was schemin' and fiendin' for loots and took the crooked route
To ghetto fame, I felt the pains and now I run the game
The insane brain, cold gettin' fly like a plane
On them suckers with my nigga Biggie Smalls causin' ruckus
Check it, I grew up a fuckin' screw-up
Got introduced to the game, got a ounce and fuckin' blew up
Choppin' rocks overnight
The nigga Biggie Smalls tryin' to turn into the black Frank White
And we got the workers choppin' rock, Benz by the flock
And we gettin' it, the dirty cops are jealous, so they sweatin' it
I'm lettin' off smoke, hope they don't play me for no joke
And provoke the homicide, so just let the drama slide
We keepin' it real, fuck how you feel, Biggie pass the steel
Let's serve these motherfuckers slugs as a fuckin' meal
We had to grow dreads to change our description
Two cops is on the milk box missin'
Show they toes, you know they got stepped on
A fist full of bullets, a chest full of Teflon
Run from the police, picture that, nigga, I'm too fat
I fuck around and catch a asthma attack
That's why I bust back, it don't phase me
When he drop, take his glock and I'm Swayze
Celebrate my escape, sold the glock, bought some weight
Laid back, I got some money to make, motherfucker
Now it's war, me tryin' to sell, runnin' from the punk police
They try to cock me but them can't gun store
What about they come to hold up me North
Pulled up the park, I left school and left buck
Look around, look around, punk police
Was about to blast with ya gun but you can't stop me
Look around, look around, punk police
Me haf to blast back, cause blast back best
They got me runnin' from the five O
Duckin' and dodgin' in my survival
The Benzo and I let off with my nine, hoe
I'm movin' swifter than the next nigga, no time for sex
'Cause in my mind all I wonder is who's next
Nigga, my homey slipped and now he pays the price
He did a drive-by, sixteen, now he's doin' triple life
Tell me is it me or my upbringin', I spit that thug shit
Nigga, motherfuck singin', I hope you got your Timberlands
On tight 'cause I ain't givin up
I'd rather duck these motherfuckers all night
I'm runnin' through the projects, beyotch
They'll never catch me

'Cause I'm loc'd and trigger happy on the sneotch
Don't say you never heard of me
'Til they murder me, I'm a legend
Do Thug Niggas go to Heaven?
I'm rollin' with the thorough heads
We gettin' ghost on them hoes and yo
I got no love for the five O, I'm runnin' from the police
[Unverified]

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