Doncha Runaway

Spice 1

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Now don't you run away from my Glock
You can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
Could somebody pass me a clip and a trigger
Walk across the party pistol whip a nigga, shitI'm comin' up at 'em with the 9's the Glocks and Macs
And they'll never breathe again like Toni Braxton
'Cause I don't see nothing wrong with a little brotha Jack
So say, what up? To the 187 FACNappy head ass muthafuckas wearin' plats
Kickin' back like a muthafucka slangin' sex
Ready to peel a nigga cap if they got the nap
So if you're funkin' with the FAC
Better to stay strapped'Cause we'll be comin' up at your back with the black Gat
Nigga and you be feelin' kinda fucked up
When your homie dropped, it's simple
You can't run away from my GlockDoncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and byDoncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and bySpiggedy one kickin' dat ass with some lay back shit
The trigga happy nigga, I figure
Niggas won't wanna step to me
If they know I'll be bustin' capsI roll straps niggas take naps
'Cause I don't be fuckin' around
When it comes to bustin' that steel
I'm too real, niggas feel meWhen I kick this gangsta ass shit that you never heard
But fuck what you've heard
I smokes niggas like Herb
Put your ass smooth on iceSo nigga don't be 2 proud to beg
For your muthafuckin' life
'Cause Nine Kelly I'ma make 'em stutter
Make 'em drop, nigga

You can't run away from my GlockDoncha runaway
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I'm gonna get you by and byDoncha runaway
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There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and byComin' like the Lench Mobb swingin' on the vine
Bailin' out peace to my muthafuckin' Nine
Pullin' my cap back ready to serve they ass
Givin' a fuck about what the next nigga done up in the pastNigga, I like to let a nigga have a bloody body
Don't think I'm bad, no box and no karate
Just a big fat Gat for them suckas
I ain't scared to you muthafuckasShit, and nigga that's how it be
Rollin' with my muthafuckin' strap on the side of me
So don't come at me with that shit
'Bout you gon gaffle me upI cock your cranium like the muthafuckin' [incomprehensible], nigga
So keep your hand on your pistol grip
Bullets whistlin' and shit
Feel like a fuckin' missle when they hitAnd I advice you to stay on the lurk
'Cause if you funkin' with my niggas
You gon put in some work, niggaDoncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and byDoncha runaway
From my Nine
There's no place to hide
I'm gonna get you by and byYeah, nigga
You knew you couldn't fuck wit this G
Would you wanna step to me
Fault, hoe, ha, ha
Spiggedy one whippin' on that ass
Ant Banks in the muthafuckin' houseMy nigga, Omar
My nigga knocked out muthafucka drunk and shit
This nigga Jamar lay down the muthafuckin' studio
Drunk in tha muthafuckaYou know what I'm sayin'
But you know one thing
Everybody in this muthafucka's strappedYou know what I'm sayin'
And nobody comin' up short
So don't try to run away from my Glock
Can't dodge 17 muthafuckin' shots
187 thousand G

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