

# 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, shit I'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 FAC Nappy 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 funkkin' 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 Glock Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by Spiggedy 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' caps I 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 me When 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 ice So 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 Glock  
Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by  
Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by  
Comin' 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 past  
Nigga, 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 muthafuckas  
Shit, 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 up  
I cock your cranium like the muthafuckin' [incomprehensible], nigga  
So keep your hand on your pistol grip  
Bullets whistlin' and shit  
Feel like a fuckin' missile when they hit  
And I advice you to stay on the lurk  
'Cause if you funk in' with my niggas  
You gon put in some work, nigga  
Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by  
Doncha runaway  
From my Nine  
There's no place to hide  
I'm gonna get you by and by  
Yeah, 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' house  
My nigga, Omar  
My nigga knocked out muthafucka drunk and shit  
This nigga Jamar lay down the muthafuckin' studio  
Drunk in tha muthafucka  
You know what I'm sayin'  
But you know one thing  
Everybody in this muthafucka's strapped  
You 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