

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 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 tricca 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 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' missle when they hit
And I advice you to stay on the lurk
'Cause if you funkin' 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