On the Run

De Bos

No crooked cops, pass my pocket or my peoples
'Cause they evil to my people
Fuck procedure, hope that ass can spell illegal search and seizure
Banged before, ain't forgettin', go 'head start, all your crap
And get a boot from a lawsuit and a news conference at eleven
Routine stops, how often? Tri day before last week, word
Always tryin' to pull me over on these dark ass streets
Gave the war two blocks, two middle fingers like my nigga
Mr. Fuck-a-cop Tupac so fuck them mug shots that you got
My boo stops for nathin', know that bonnie and Clyde
If that was then there'll be no Texas if you Tommy's inside
Chasin' cases got that badge and know you runnin' the place
But that ain't nar' a fuckin' reason, have them guns in my face
And your attitude's, like you ain't no had no nookie, go jerk off
Shit, get your sights, get off that rookie shit
Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop the gun
You did the same thing we've done, I got my niggaz on the run
I ain't the one, fuck that, get up, ah, get up, no get down
We'll just be niggaz on the run
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I ain't the one, fuck that, get up, ah, get up, no get down
We'll just be niggaz on the run, I ain't the one
Hardcore on my block just because I'm black
'Cause I'm ghetto superstar you pull me out of my car
Well, motherfucker I'm not knowin' what they put in yo' ear
The only thing I'm transportin' is my naughty hear
No, I don't sell coke no mo', but still I make fast dough
By slangin' records by the millions, what you question me fo'?
Runnin' my plates, registration and insurance thus far
L X fo'-seventy's my company car
So next time you think about, pullin' over Uncle Vinnie
I'ma call Dan Nolan, sue your whole fuckin' city
Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop the gun
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So you won't, give the illy nones, like I fucked your bitches, silly grudge
Yeah, protect and serve that ass, with a Billy club
Go the right way, to get rid of ya, political riddle ya
Fuck with me I'll turn you to a traffic ticketer
To put it plain I'm sick of ya, cherry tops are pitiful
Break bones and ligaments, can't fix it, so dig shit
To keep niggaz ig'nant, and in crap, like pig shit
That's just a fragment, of what they invent, to bend shit
Years were handed, for Joe, left by Judy with the booty crew
But they blame the game Suzy with the snooty two, who?
The block out thugs plus the hoochie crew, shit I keep my uzi too
Who the fuck are you to tell a fool rules?
I got somethin' for those droppin' a loss
And somethin' else for all you faggots pullin' me out of my car
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