

Oh My Darling Don't Cry (ft. Michael Winslow)

Run the Jewels

Oh my Fuck the law, they can eat my dick, that's word to Pimp
(Hold on)
(Oh my)
(You are now listening to Run the Jewels 2)
Fuck the law, they can eat my dick, that's word to Pimp
I don't fuck with or talk like all these fuckin' imps
Style violent, give a fuck if you deny it, kids
You can all run naked backwards through a field of dicks
Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit, that's word to B.I.G
I dreamt we owned the world, but I've woken up and it don't exist
Soak it in and need no assist. You can't slap my wrist, I don't owe you shit
Trust me, I'm a doctor DOOM
Oper-rate of my pulse won't raise a bit Tip-toe on the track like a ballerina
Ski mask in a Pontiac Catalina
It's obese female opera singer
You can run the jewels or lose your fingers
Me and El-P got time to kill
Got folks to kill on overkill
He hangin' out the window, I hold the wheel
There's one black, one white, we shoot to kill
That fuckboy life about to be repealed
That fuckboy shit about to be repelled
Fuckboy Jihad, kill infidels
Allahu Akbar, BOOM from Mike and El Life is hell, death's a bitch
And these FUBAR rulers getting rich
I cop a zip, it opens up
I smoke it up, go home and fuck
C'est la vie girl, when in Rome
I gave the face, please pay with dome
My business card says you're in luck
I do two things, I rap and fuck I fuckin' rap
I tote the strap
I smoke the kush
I beat the puss
I read the books, did the math
Don't need a preacher preachin' on my behalf
No teacher can't teach my arrogant ass
I'm blowin' on crippy while readin' the scriptures
as written by Egyptians while sippin' on whiskey

Aye baby you with me? Oh my
Don't cry We run this spot like a Chinese sweatshop
Don't stop
Work a worker 'til his chest pop
Cardiac arrested, I'm so invested
I'm self-invented
That's no illusion
There's no confusion
You see the future, you fear the future
I've seen the truth and I'm so deluded
I been a better bad guy than I been better than bad
Been a better bully, talk beatin' on my chest
In fact I'm half stack from a rack
I been around the block, babe, I know a few facts
Maniac, brainiac, run go tell them that
ATLien, NY felon rap Handle me wrong I'm snappin'
Show up at your class, what's happenin'?
Schoolyard bully with a fully automatic
Heart full of pain and a head full of havoc
Everybody stepped on the kid I'm letting them have it (have it)
Leaving they mamma to say "what happened?"
Who gonna buy my baby a casket?
Fuck that bitch I'm a bastard Megablast, I'm mega lit
On Highway 6 and I'm not strapped in
I don't crash, bitch, I just skid
You got the cash, I'll make the trip
I make the trip, you better pay
Done worse for less, don't make my day
I'm not from Earth, from far away
I bust through chests like baby greys Runnin' the jewels of the game
Whippin' the mixes like chickens of 'caine
Spittin' the sickness again
Parents is livid again
Kids is just fuckin' insane
Pointin' that pistol and fist for the chain
Reppin the symbol like they in a gang
Delivery dope like a dosage of dope or
a noseful of coke for a junkie or fiend Oh my
Don't cry

Songwriters

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