

# Runaway

## South Park Mexican

Chorus:

Runaway, run for your life he's returned...  
I ain't worked in 2 years, guess who's back  
[Carlos Coy]Still, my whole albums sell like crack  
Sleepin, with my heat in my pillow  
Blow indo out tha window, of my Limo  
Understand that you dealin wif a shootin star  
I really don't give a damn, who you are  
Competition, never heard of it  
But I hit permanent, did I murder it?  
The urban kid, learnin quick, about earnin grib

Afermative

Swearvin and burbin still cadillacin  
Got more 8 ball than a pool tournament  
Still pack tha mackin, still bout no rappin  
Drop like Geronimo, got porono-flow  
You are bit too young, but your mama know  
I'm pit-fisious, never fake-tisious  
In this, cause MC's so delicious...

(Chorus x2)

Like Mexican, get revenge  
[Carlos Coy]Never stop settin trends  
To tha level of excellence  
Still stackin dead presidents  
It's evident, I'm Texas sent  
Who plex get proper measurment

No refery, sellin cheese  
Yes sir'y, rest in peace  
Enemies, Memories  
Set chemistry, I'm blessin fiends  
We the men of empty dreams  
Been that way for centuries  
My every, master piece  
Got family, tried jackin me  
Influenced by street tragedys  
Alotta fun that'll be...

(Chorus x2)

White postah, steak and lobster

Craw fish, sausage, even austrage  
Sautay shrimp, five fif and sauces  
Why test one from tha crack monteras?  
Crunches of the world of lobstas  
Balas don't care, whatcha call us  
My nina ross does wonders with tha crossas  
Livin cautious, takin no loses  
All my whole office, got no accompliss  
Tha thought of bosses makes me nautious  
Promised mom this time it's honest  
Drop hit's and make lagidimate profits  
Knowledge from tha street college  
Imposter hate true Mobbstas  
'cause we lost trust and we all bust...  
Reach for tha top, just watch tha copers  
(Chorus x2)

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