100 miles and running

N.W.A

And why do we call ourself 'Niggaz 4 Life'?
'Cause if we die we still gon' be some dead niggas
You don't really think you're gonna get away, do you?
We haven't spotted them yet
But they're somewhere in the immediate vicinityA 100 miles and runnin', MC Ren, I hold the gun and
You want me to kill a motherfucker and it's done in
Since I'm stereotyped to kill and destruct
Is one of the main reasons, I don't give a fuckChances are usually not good
'Cause I freeze with my hands on a hot hood
And gettin' jacked by the you-know-who
When in a black and white the capacity is twoWe're not alone, we're three more brothers, I mean street brothers
Now wearin' my dyes 'cause I'm not stupid, motherfuckers
They're out to take our heads for what we said in the past
Point blank, they can kizz my black azzI didn't stutter when I said, 'Fuck Tha Police'
'Cause it's hard for a nigga to get peace
Now it's broken and can't be fixed
'Cause police and little black niggers don't mixSo now I'm creepin' through the fall
Runnin' like a team, well, see, I might have slayed y'all
So for now pack the gun and hold it in the air
'Cause MC Ren has a 100 miles of runnin'Into this news, four fugitives are on the run
F.B.I. sources tell us that the four are headed
100 miles to their home base, Compton
Lend me a mutherfuckin' ear, so I can tell you whyRunnin' with my brothers, headed for the home base
With a steady pace on the face that just we raced
The road ahead goes on and on
The shit is gettin' longer than the mutherfuckin' marathonRunnin' on but never runnin' out
Stayin' wired and if I get tired, I can still try out
Hitchhikin' if that's what it gotta do
But nobody's pickin' up a Nigga Witta AttitudeConfused, yo but Dre's a nigga with nuthin' to lose
One of the few who's been accused and abused
Of the crime of poisonin' young minds
But you don't know shit 'til you been in my shoesAnd Dre is back from the C P T
Droppin' some shit that's D O P E
So fuck the P O L I C E
And any motherfucker that disagreesStuck and runnin' hard, hauling ass
'Cause I'm a nigga known for havin' a notorious past
My mind was slick, my temper was too quick
Now the F.B.I.'s all over my dickGot us tick and runnin' just to find the gun that started the clock
That's when the E jumped off the startin' block

A 100 miles from home and yo, it's a long stretch
A little sprintin' motherfucker that they won't catchYeah, back to Compton again
Yo, it's either that or the Federal Pen
'Cause niggas been runnin' since beginning of time
Takin' a minute to tell you what's on my mutherfuckin' mindRunnin' like I just don't care
Compton's 50 miles but yo, I'ma get there
Archin' my back and on a straight rough
Just like Carl Lewis, I'm ballin' the fuck outFrom city to city, I'm a menace as I pass by
Rippin' up shit just so you can remember
I'm a straight up nigga that's done in, gunnin' and comin'
Straight at yo' ass, a 100 miles and runnin'This one goes out to the four brothers from Compton
You're almost there but the F.B.I. has a little message for you
Nowhere to run to, baby, nowhere to hide
Good luck, brothersRunnin' like a nigga, I hate to lose
Show me on the news but I hate to be abused
I know it was a setup, so now I'm gonna get up
Even if the F.B.I. wants me to shut upBut I've got 10,000 niggas strong
They got everybody singin' my 'Fuck Tha Police' song
And while they treat my group like dirt
Their whole fuckin' family is wearin' our T-shirtsSo I'ma run 'til I can't run no more
'Cause it's time for MC Ren to settle the score
I got a urge to kick down doors
At my grave like a slave even if the Ren callsClouds are dark and brothers are hidin'
Dick-tricklin' at the sunny, motherfucker's are ridin'
Started with five and yo, one couldn't take it
So now there's four 'cause the fifth couldn't make itThe number's even, now I'm leavin'
We're never gettin' took by a bitch with a weave in
Her and the troops are right behind me
But they're so fuckin' stupid, they'll never find meOne more mile to go through the dark streets
Runnin' like a motherfucker on my own two feet
But you know I never stumble or lag last
I'm almost home, so I better haul assTearin' up everything in sight
It's a little crazy motherfucker dodging the searchlight
Now that chase, the shit, is done and
Four motherfuckers goin' crazy with a 100 miles of runnin'Stop, stop, stop, stop
Surprise, niggas

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