

# On the Run (Clean Al Capone)

## Kool G Rap & DJ Polo

I got a job with the mob, makin G's  
Doin some pickups, deliveries and transportin keys  
Yeah they got me like a flunkie  
I'm ridin around with ten kilos inside my trunk G  
And I'm holdin the suitcase  
with a half a million dollars right in my motherfuckin face  
And I'm tryin to ignore it  
But sometimes I get tempted to make a motherfuckin run for it  
The thought alone makes me shiver, damn  
What if I get caught? They'll find me floatin in the Hudson river  
But if I escape, I'll be in shape for my life  
but they might, get my kid and my wife  
See I'm supposed to make a stop  
to an Uptown spot, run up the block and make another drop  
But I got somethin else in mind  
Cause I'm sick of puttin my motherfuckin ass on the line  
I got the money and the hit  
Went through the Brook nonstop cause I ain't droppin off shit  
Then I thought of a plan  
So I droves to my house and got my girl and my little man  
C'mon bitch, pack the shit, get ready  
"God damn why your face all sweaty?"  
Just hurry up and get the shit  
I'm a dead man bitch, understand, we gotta split  
I switched the locks on the door  
Started packin like I was goin on a motherfuckin world tour  
Grabbed my bags and my gun  
C'mon we gotta go... I'm on the motherfuckin run Now I'm drivin and I'm lookin at my passport  
I'm outta here soon as my ass hit the airport  
I loaded up the automatic  
I don't believe this shit, I'm stuck in motherfuckin traffic  
I'm gettin nervous as a fuck see  
A Lincoln Continental pullin right up beside me  
Puts down my bitch and then I bent low  
\*gunfire, breaking glass\* Bullets are flying through my window  
The enemy is on attack  
Drew the nine and cocked the hammer and I fired at the bitches back  
I gotta take my respect  
My bullets hittin italian motherfuckers in the neck

Looked at my bitch a bullet struck her  
Put in another clip, cause I ain't givin up a motherfucker  
Niggaz runnin up in trenches  
Sprayin at my car, only missin me by fuckin inches  
Stepped on the gas pedal, how bad my bitch is harmed?  
Shit they only hit her in the fuckin arm  
Now I'm drivin off sidewalks, makin sharp turns  
My son is catchin motherfuckin heartburns  
I got the car shakin wildly  
I made a turn, and then I dipped my shit into a dark alley  
They drove right past, now all this chasin shit is done  
I'm on the motherfuckin run The next thing I know, it was daylight  
And I been sleepin in this motherfucker all night  
I started pullin on my hoe  
"C'mon man what?" Wake up bitch, we gotta go!  
Pulled out the alley, then I dipped  
Looked down and picked up the nine and put more rounds in the clip  
You know I'm headin South no doubt  
And I don't give a fuck where, as long it's a hideout  
Finally we crossed the border, I pulled into a station  
to fill up the tank, and get a drink of water  
Pullin over to park my ride  
That's when I noticed this limousine comin up on my left side  
Then the sucker started rammin me  
Then I looked, it was the Luciano family  
Looked at my bitch she started cryin, my finger on the trigger  
I pulled it -- bullets started flyin  
Now I'm hittin all them bastards  
I'm droppin em fast, splashin blood out niggaz asses  
Then I'm finally done and  
I took em all out, but I caught one in the stomach  
Now I'm lookin for survivors  
So I ran up on the side of the car, and hit the driver  
And then I laid low  
The only motherfucker left was Don Luciano  
So I snuck up the sucker  
Put my gun to his head, "Whassup now motherfucker?"  
He said, "Wait, I want to talk"  
\*five gunshots\* I put his brains on the sidewalk  
Another life I had to waste  
He fell on his back, and then I spit right in his guinea face  
He saw the barrel of the devil's gun  
Now I'm no longer on the motherfuckin run

Songwriters

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