Running

M.O.D.

Livin' in the city of struggle and strife.
Walking with the dead thinking you're alive.
Screamin' in your head it's time to get away.
Pressure's building up inside your head.
Everywhere you're looking you're seeing red.
One false move and someone's gonna be dead.

Running... you can't hide.
Running... just to stay alive.
Running... as fast as you can.

Walking in the jungle to the beat of the drums.
While natives be stalkin' you so hide your head.
Creeps be creepin' up on you son.
Better take some money and get a gun.
Then they'll be the ones who better run.

Running... you can't hide.
Running... just to stay alive.
Running... as fast as you can.
Running... better keep on running.

This ain't the way it's supposed to be.
You out for you, me out for me.
Livin' in the world of misery.
Why can't there be some unity.
... Us and we...

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