On the Run (featuring Soulja Slim & Full Blooded)

C-Murder

[Featuring Da Hound Soulja Slim]
Go head big baby
Soulja Slim's in this mothafucker with Da Hound from girttown
and see mothafuckin' Murder
Know what
I'm saying for the 19 9nickel and three mothafucking pennies
Shit's getting real
[Soulja Slim]
Its the glock born shooter so respect him don't neglect him
But check him quick to blast bullets off in your intersection
You better ask some fucking body bout Soulja Slim I murdered them
and I keep it cocked at all times come look at him
I'm inviting you to danger
You best to be a banger
One that don't miss I'm TRU to this I' ve been raised
blues an shit I trained myself for combatbust back as I react
On every attack so niggaz keep your mouths closed
And eyes open
My trigger finger itching to be stroking
Praying and hoping
One of you niggaz build ya'll nuts up to come try me
Last nigga done it bloody body
Him couldn't get by me, why me
A soldier that has a backround of murders and robbery
That shit that used to be my hobby
Never do it sloppy, make the job well done
Get rid of the murder weapon get a new gun
I'm on the run
[Chorus x2]
I'm on the run, so all you bitch niggaz leave me alone
I'm on the run, ducking 2 shots to the dome
[C-Murder]
It ain't no limit to the mothafucking bitches we fuck
My tank niggaz bout to make the world blow up
We get rowdy in the club, so show me some love
Its been 2 years since I possessed some drugs
Nigga hard times is a thing of the past
Give me 2 keys and I'm gone give you back cash
I'm a hustle til I'm dead, ball til I fall

I won't rest til they put my name on the wall
TRU niggaz gone ride, playa haters gone die
Cause after dollars and cents only the strong survive
With bulletproof Hummers and multiple pistols
With solid gold tanks and multiple missles
I'ma bust until I can't bust no more
The Magnolia, Girttown with the Calliope
I'ma No Limit Soldier they be some soidier too
I represent them killers cause they in my crew
[Chorus x2]
[Da Hound]
I just hit the streets with my beer
Them niggaz know what time it is
Clear up the streets bitches put away your kids
Shit I'm going out like a gangsta did
Mothafuckers gotta get it how ya live
Shit were you niggas was were you niggaz here
Take a short vacation and niggaz struck fear
Fuck I'm bout to break it down to the nitty gritty
Nigga act shitty I'ma bring 'em back to the days of nitty
Give me a Bud, pop the lid take a swig
Give me the other bud, roll a spliff take a hit
I gotta leave 'em how I left 'em down and out
Running about, happy more than a smith n wesson
I took my pistol I struck it to the ground
I want something go buck about a 100 fucking rounds
Plus I want the poi and fucking furl
I'm a broke off that 11500 fuck that girl
Shit give me the wig watch me spilt it dig
Too many niggaz ain't pretty but this nigga is
I got to do 'em like my cousin Dave do
Den we tap dem lights mothafucka hey you
Catch the ground up the shit I'ma pistol whip
I be around fuck don't let me catch a nigga slip
[Chorus x2]

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