

# Runnin'

## Styles P

[Chorus]

Got to live for today cause tomorrow ain't promised to me  
Don't just want a piece I want my whole destiny  
(If you got it)  
I'm gone take it  
(If you're in it)  
You're coming with me  
(Bench warmers)  
Get no playing time  
(No sleeping)  
Till I cross the line  
I'm runnin'

With 99 miles left, on the Avis rental car  
Blowing horns like Miles Davis at the pearly gate  
God let me in  
Give me a room by Aaliyah with E-S-P-N  
I know I got more sins than two lesbians  
Been back and forth across the border like Mexicans  
But (I'm runnin') like New York pedestrians  
Trying not to scuff my Nike Air checks again  
It's funny how niggas be the best of friends  
And fall out over pussy and want to dead they man  
One of my niggas in the grave the other one in the pin  
She fuckin' my enemies inside my homeboys Benz  
Now she beggin' God's mercy cause she ain't listen to Nas  
And never heard about Ike and the Iverson jersey  
He got a cousin named Jason that rock the Gary Payton  
Now the same trifling bitch is a H-I-V patient  
True story

[Chorus]

If I get knocked with my blunt nigga I'm runnin'  
If I catch a murder one nigga I'm runnin'  
Homicide come around and they keep on coming  
That's why I'm out of state and I keep on runnin'  
I ain't Nelly but my desert eagles on girl  
Just dropped bail traveling the world

When I sign my deal I said fuck jail  
I went on tour to Barcelona and Brazil  
This shit real fuck an appeal  
D's want my head like that bitch in Kill Bill  
Sling dope sling crack and them e pills  
That's why I'm on the low like a dead navy seals  
I'm runnin'

[Chorus]

Cause I gotta pack them shows  
And Dre told me ain't no coming back from Go  
So I gotta get my album in place  
My G-Unit features  
My Eminem sixteens  
My Dr. Dre beats  
And it was two years from today when I started rhyming  
And took my demo to Suge and he ain't sign me  
Niggas threatening my life like it's hard to find me  
See me shining in the hood like twenty inch Lexanis  
My mom said I'm hard head  
I don't follow the rules  
Why should I when Reebok giving niggas they own shoes  
And I'm dealing with the same problems 50 Cent got  
Yayo in jail and they think I'm trying to take his spot  
I'm in the studio laughing at Chris Rock  
Then I turn on M-T-V and see Soulja Slim shot  
And niggas trying to gun me down in the rim shop  
Cause I just want the same recognition that the crypts got  
They say I'm the next in line and if I get shot  
Then I go out as the Bobby Fischer of hip hop  
Make yo chest move  
Sylvia Rome and Kevin Lyle slept cool  
Jimmy Iovine was the best move

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by HARVEY, OSTEN S/SHAKUR, TUPAC AMARU /

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, WINDSWEPT HOLDINGS LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group,  
Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>