

# Run on Up

## 213

You got beef then go on and run on up, we ain't worried about nothin'  
Half of y'all doin' nothin' but bluffin', you got beef then go on and run on up  
We ain't worried about nothin', half of y'all doin' nothin' but talkin'  
Ain't it man? I'm strictly to street with it, listen to me  
They speak it but we did it, they hated on my Ghetto Village  
But if Stevie can see it, it must mean that I'm real with it  
Corporate America gotta deal with it I'm ridin' this 'til the finish line  
213 still in this 'til they give me mine  
Rewind the show and watch the movie  
I'm mad as fuck, I let this industry use me I'm a low-key, OG which is well known  
Snoop, Alfons, Capone, Corleone  
In the streets with the elite, my rap sheet is hella long  
Let it go, now let it alone You wanna battle when the shadows are creepin'  
And if you talkin' about beef then nigga, ain't no sleepin'  
The hood ain't got no Geneva either  
If you run off at the mouth then I'm gonna leave you breathe-less Breathless, chestless, best list ya bastard  
Lookin' at my homies like you wanna slide past them  
And get with me, need I warn you  
I'm from Dogg House, motherfuckin' California Now if you want it like you think you do  
We can set up a head up and I bank ya boo  
Don't underestimate, a lot of suckers player hate  
They know about the big D O double Warren G and Nate Too much talkin' shit, let's get down to this list  
If you got beef, go on and run up, I'ma bust him in his lip  
I'm gonna shoot through that dude vest  
Shut the fuck up and run, run up You got beef then go on and run on up, we ain't worried about nothin'  
Half of y'all doin' nothin' but bluffin', you got beef then go on and run on up  
We ain't worried about nothin', half of y'all doin' nothin' but talkin'  
Ain't it man?

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