

On the Run

Naughty By Nature

[Treach]

No crooked cops, pass my pocket or my peoples cause they evil to my people

Fuck procedure, hope that ass can spell illegal search and seizure

Banged before, ain't forgettin, go 'head start, all your crap

and get a boot from a lawsuit and a news conference at eleven

Routine stops, how often? Tri day before last week (word?)

Always tryin to pull me over on these dark ass streets

Gave the war two blocks, two middle fingers like my nigga

Mr. Fuck-a-Cop Tupac so fuck them mug shots that you got

My Boo stops for nathin, know that Bonnie and Clyde

If that was then there'll be no Texas with you Tommy's inside

Chasin cases got that badge and know you runnin the place

But that ain't NAR' a fuckin reason to have them guns in my face

And your attitude's, like you ain't no had no nookie (go jerk off)

Shit, get your sights, get off that rookie shit

Let's have some fun, one on one, bite the badge, drop the gun

You did the same, thing we done, I got my niggaz on the run I ain't the one! Fuck that! Get up, ah get up, no get down!

We'll just be niggaz on the run

I ain't the one! Fuck that! Get up, ah get up, no get down!

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I ain't the one! Fuck that! Get up, ah get up, no get down!

We'll just be niggaz on the run, I ain't the one! [Vinnie]

Hardcore on my block just because I'm black

Cause I'm ghetto superstar you pull me out of my car

Well motherfucker I'm not knowin what they put in yo' ear

The only thing I'm transportin is my Naughty hear

I don't sell coke no mo', but still I make fast dough

by slangin records by the millions, what you question me fo'?

Runnin my plates, registration, and insurance thus far

L-X fo'-seventy's my COMPANY car

So next time you think about, pullin over Uncle Vinnie

I'ma call Dan Nolan, sue your whole fuckin city [Treach]

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I ain't the one! Fuck that! Get up, ah get up, no get down!
We'll just be niggaz on the run, I ain't the one! So you won't, give the Illy nones
Like I fucked your bitches, silly grudge
Yeah protect and serve that ass, with a billy club
Go the right way, to get rid of ya, political riddle ya
Fuck with me I'll turn you to a traffic ticketer
To put it plain I'm SICK of ya, cherry tops are pitiful
Break bones and ligaments, can't fix it, so dig shit
To keep niggaz ig'nant, and in crap, like pig shit
that's just a fragment, of what they invent, to bend shit
Years were handed, for Joe, left by Judy with the booty crew
but they blame the game Suzy with the snooty two (who?)
The Blockout Thugs plus the hoochie crew, shit I keep my uzi too
Who the fuck are you to tell a fool rules?
I got somethin for those droppin a loss
And somethin else for all you FAGGOTS pullin me out of my car
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