

Run

Twista

C'mon, c'mon, run
Vice pull up, what you gon' do, run
When blue and white's come, what you gon' do, run
If you can't get away then stash the gun
Before you get popped off, have some fun
Vice pull up, what you gon' do, run
When blue and white's come, what you gon' do, run
If you can't get away then stash the gun
Before you get popped off, have some fun
9 times outta 10 you escape when you run
But if you can't get away then toss the gun
You'll be seein' that county cell
You'll be livin' in county hell
Niggaz in the bullpen'll erase yo bar
Muthafuckin' Ricans done stole yo car
You wanna see this type of shit, no
You wanna go this type of place, no
All bullshit aside, nigga, jail ain't fun
Especially when you can't make yo bail and run
Sittin' in the day room talkin' about appeal
They ain't tryin' to hear that shit, be for real
When you hear that you'll be payin' a lot
Tryin' to cop out, boy, [Incomprehensible] hot
Ain't goin' home 'cause you ain't got bond
Betcha next time you'll remember to run
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Cops see the same old niggaz on the block
Cops see the same niggaz in the same spot
It ain't they fault that you wasn't on point
26 hundred [Incomprehensible] in the joint
Mad at the nigga that had yo back
Is he the same nigga that had the pack?
They knew every place that you hid the dough
So you the muthafucka that wasn't on post
Playin' with them hoes all outta control
Served too slow when pig's in the hole
If you knew you had a [Incomprehensible]
Why the fuck you act like ice and froze?
What was you thinkin' when you sold that crown
You coulda been 'bout three blocks down
Hittin' gates and gateways and all that
Kept all the cash, the yay and the gat
Took you a break, woulda smoked you a blunt
Came back out and shot back up
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Leave the gangway, get open so walk up through the back
Smokin' [Incomprehensible] put together in a pack
Tippin' from all the hypes that's pullin' up on bikes
What the hell am I doin' out here servin' with two strikes?
Niggaz don't know I'm trainin' to be a track star
Whoop, whoop, err, put yo hands on the car
You must be one of them tight big niggaz that's old
But I'm from the bigger number with the rhythm and roll

I hit blocks, dip cops
Kept the knot, dropped the glock, ended up on Wilcox
It don't even matter now 'cause I done threwed them rocks
Went through a house that I don't know like I was Goldie Locks
I broke a sweat, now I'm smokin' dro in a Lac
I'm throwin' a pack, shit, I ain't never goin' back
If I happen to go to jail, niggaz better be tryin'
I make a getaway cleverly and never see time 'cause I'll run
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