

# Oh My Darling Don't Cry (f.Michael Winslow)

## Run the Jewels

Oh myFuck the law, they can eat my dick, that's word to Pimp  
(Hold on)  
(Oh my)  
(You are now listening to Run the Jewels 2)  
Fuck the law, they can eat my dick, that's word to Pimp  
I don't fuck with or talk like all these fuckin' imps  
Style violent, give a fuck if you deny it, kids  
You can all run naked backwards through a field of dicks  
Fuck the world, don't ask me for shit, that's word to B.I.G  
I dreamt we owned the world, but I've woken up and it don't exist  
Soak it in and need no assist. You can't slap my wrist, I don't owe you shit  
Trust me, I'm a doctor DOOM  
Oper-rate of my pulse won't raise a bitTip-toe on the track like a ballerina  
Ski mask in a Pontiac Catalina  
It's obese female opera singer  
You can run the jewels or lose your fingers  
Me and El-P got time to kill  
Got folks to kill on overkill  
He hangin' out the window, I hold the wheel  
There's one black, one white, we shoot to kill  
That fuckboy life about to be repealed  
That fuckboy shit about to be repelled  
Fuckboy Jihad, kill infidels  
Allahu Akbar, BOOM from Mike and ElLife is hell, death's a bitch  
And these FUBAR rulers getting rich  
I cop a zip, it opens up  
I smoke it up, go home and fuck  
C'est la vie girl, when in Rome  
I gave the face, please pay with dome  
My business card says you're in luck  
I do two things, I rap and fuckI fuckin' rap  
I tote the strap  
I smoke the kush  
I beat the puss  
I read the books, did the math  
Don't need a preacher preachin' on my behalf  
No teacher can't teach my arrogant ass  
I'm blowin' on crippy while readin' the scriptures  
as written by Egyptians while sippin' on whiskey

Aye baby you with me? Oh my  
Don't cry We run this spot like a Chinese sweatshop  
Don't stop  
Work a worker 'til his chest pop  
Cardiac arrested, I'm so invested  
I'm self-invented  
That's no illusion  
There's no confusion  
You see the future, you fear the future  
I've seen the truth and I'm so deluded  
I been a better bad guy than I been better than bad  
Been a better bully, talk beatin' on my chest  
In fact I'm half stack from a rack  
I been around the block, babe, I know a few facts  
Maniac, brainiac, run go tell them that  
ATLien, NY felon rap Handle me wrong I'm snappin'  
Show up at your class, what's happenin'?  
Schoolyard bully with a fully automatic  
Heart full of pain and a head full of havoc  
Everybody stepped on the kid I'm letting them have it (have it)  
Leaving they mamma to say "what happened?"  
Who gonna buy my baby a casket?  
Fuck that bitch I'm a bastard Megablast, I'm mega lit  
On Highway 6 and I'm not strapped in  
I don't crash, bitch, I just skid  
You got the cash, I'll make the trip  
I make the trip, you better pay  
Done worse for less, don't make my day  
I'm not from Earth, from far away  
I bust through chests like baby greys Runnin' the jewels of the game  
Whippin' the mixes like chickens of 'caine  
Spittin' the sickness again  
Parents is livid again  
Kids is just fuckin' insane  
Pointin' that pistol and fist for the chain  
Reppin the symbol like they in a gang  
Delivery dope like a dosage of dope or  
a noseful of coke for a junkie or fiend Oh my  
Don't cry

Songwriters

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