Runnin

The Pharcyde

Can't keep running away

I must admit on some occasions
I went out like a punk and a chump
Or a sucka or something to that effect
Respect I used to never get
Cause all I got was upset
When niggas used to be like
(What's, up fool!? Nigga what's up?)
And tried to sweat a nigga like the Lip
For no reason at all I can recall niggas throwin' Cs in my face
Down the hall I'm kicking it in the back of the school eating chicken at three
Wonderin' why is everybody always pickin' on me
I tried to talk and tell them, chill I did nothin' to deserve this
But when it didn't work I wasn't scared just real nervous and unprepared
To deal with scrappin' no doubt
My pappy never told me how to knock a nigga out
But now in '95 I must survive as a man on my own
Fuck around with Fatlip yes ya get blown
I'm not tryin' to show no macho is shown
But when it's on, if it's on, then it's on

Can't keep running away

One, two, so listen here
There comes a time in every man's life
When he's gotta handle shit up on his own
Can't depend on friends to help you in a squeeze
Please, they got problems of their own
Down for the count on seven chickenshits don't get to heaven
Til they faced these fears in these fear zones
Used to get jacked back in high school I played it cool
Just so some real shit won't get full blown bein' where I'm from
They let the smoke come quicker than an evil redneck
Could lynch a helpless colored figure and
As a victim I invented low-key
Till the keyhole itself got lower than me
So I stood up and let my free form form free
Said I'm gonna get some before they knockin' out me

I don't sweat it I let the bullshit blow in the breeze
In other words just debris

Can't keep running away

It's 1995
And now that I'm older, stress weighs on my shoulders
Heavy as boulders but I told y'all
Until the day that I die I still
Will be a soldier and that's all I told ya
And that's all I showed ya
And all this calamity is rippin' my sanity
Can it be that I am a celebrity
Who's on the brink of insanity
Now don't be wishin' of switchin' any positions with me
Cause when you in my position, it ain't never easy
To do any type of maintainin'
Cause all this gamin' and famin' from entertainin'
Is hella strainin' to the brain and
But I can't keep runnin' I just gotta keep keen and cunnin'

Can't keep running away

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written by BONFA, LUIZ FLORIANO / TOLEDO, MARIA HELENA DE TOLEDO / YANCEY, JAMES DEWITT / HARDSON, TRE VANT JERMAINE / ROBINSON, ROMYE / STEWART, DERRICK L. / WILCOX, EMANDU
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