

You got a bag full of paint, a head full of brain  
No snow, no rain, ain't got no complaint  
Like you high on that Krylon running through your veins  
You look like a war vet staring at them trains  
It's like you zen the fuck out  
Sittin in the bushes, letting all the bugs out  
One smoke one beer, when the coast is clear you disappear until your zone st  
oned on the fear  
Looking at scarred box cars  
Focusing and notice one of the ones most fit  
Its like that one there, has got your name all over it  
So that one there, is getting your name all over it  
Pull a can of sky blue for the outline  
Sky for the limits, blue for the down time  
Nerves at blast, disturbing the masses of rats with these thin tips and fat  
caps  
Thinking bout your little brother, cause he been trying hit the yard with yo  
u all summer  
It's a good thing that you didn't bring him along  
Cause that's when you saw the flashlights singing this song like

Run, run, run these yards  
Run, run, run don't get caught  
Run, run, run every piece understood  
(I want to tell him you were good on the foot now)  
Run, run, run these yards  
Run, run, run don't get caught  
Run, run, run every piece understood  
(Better believe you ran as fast as you could)

It wasn't fast enough, a simple catch  
Cornered in the parking lot hiding in the trash  
You heard the footsteps, heart beating hard  
Are you gonna have to fight with a trainyard guard?  
You stepped out on some, yup let's start this  
Puffin out your chest like you wasn't in the garbage  
And that's when the universe stopped  
Cause your looking straight at a uniformed officer  
What you think, should you run, run  
And take a chance at getting some from his stunt gun  
That ain't one on one, plus he look kinda young  
The type that might beat your ass just for fun, huh  
So tell me what the fuck are you supposed to do  
Already thinking about the cuffs holding you  
Already got a few cases over you  
But then the police man says, no it's cool  
What, where's the punch line, can't call it  
Too many paint fumes, must've lost it  
He handed you your bag and said here, I think you dropped this  
Cause this cop grew up on hip hop

Run, run, run these yards  
Run, run, run don't get caught  
Run, run, run every piece understood  
(It all depends on where the pieces are put)

Run, run, run these yards  
Run, run, run don't get caught  
Run, run, run every piece understood  
(Now do your thing and make the neighborhood look good)