

## Wanted (On The Run)

Beanie Sigel

Wanted, 100 miles and runnin'  
Through the rain and the sunnin, when them feed folks comin  
Keep your head up youngin', gotta keep ya heads up youngin'  
The streets'll give your head up youngin'  
Listen, flip your con 'tacs, stay focused like contacts  
Your head's open for a contract  
Can't go where mom at, the last place you wanna bring the dram at  
The first place they gonna track I promise  
Can't relax, but remain the calmest  
Couple rules that your play by, stay by, stay live  
You keep your boots on your laces tied  
And only troop on the late night if you play right, you stay right, right  
You never play the day light, jakes get on your tail  
Never let them see the break lights  
Catch me if you can when I'm dippin from the cops  
Mr. Gingerbread never falling victim of the fox

Wanted, but you can't stop runnin'  
With a price on your head, be prepared to gunnin'  
Don't be scared like the Red Coats comin' nigga  
Stay underground and keep runnin' like Tugman  
You can't sleep, not a peep, no slumber  
Man I slept about a 100 hours rest this summer  
No stress when your dealin' with the running  
Waking up in cold sweats, pissed scared of the rumblin'  
Fuck it, just prepare for the trouble  
Don't be shit scared nigga with your head undercovers  
This not a broad threat, I got something for 'em  
On the steps with two teacs, this is not a warnin'  
Nigga they close like camera flash  
When the hammer blast, put on your State Prop camouflage  
Crack the box or the avalanche, put on your Montana mask  
Get to clappin' like it's Pakistan  
What every strap, cause an accident  
Make a traffic jam, dodge all the traps you can, keep runnin'

All you got to say is hide me, I ride free  
I be, the one to change your birth, S.S., or ID (I got all that)  
Ain't no more hangin' with the Y.G. State Prop  
No Roc, private dock, incase you need an IV  
No more Bent', that's Accord money, 420  
Schemes can't afford money, money you award money  
Whether 90 or the first degree, any murder in the first degree  
Well be the third degree, and they looking for the perjury  
If you ain't merk the g, perfectly, you'll be in surgery  
Take the seed out the nursery, nurse him at the precinct  
Give 'em desert, that ain't where he deserve to be  
And I went through this personally, certainly  
3-2 for burglary, now it was referred to me  
So they play us in no way, know way  
Blaze up the roadways, A.C. and O.J  
Read the paper, eggs and OJ  
Call CD head of the O'Jays  
That's a gipsy caps, risky all the chips we had  
45 flee-flicker, we niggaz, hit the gas  
When the operation go stale, ain't no jail  
I did my whole album on bail (That's the truth )

I got you mac mittens, I send them a black ribbon  
Attached to Mac spitten, I can't go back prison