

# Running Scared

Chris Webby

We got that broad right off the brick  
When you turn up the volume on our shit  
They know we play the cards until they hit  
'Cause we didn't come to fuck around

Yeah  
Seen these rappers livin' like kings  
Thought they had it all for they self  
Sold they soul to get 'em that budget  
Sell they ass, the devil gon' help  
And they ain't seen me as a threat  
But now I'm catchin' up and they backin' up  
And they runnin' scared  
Like Paul Walker, I'm hazardous for they health  
Ain't no White Parties, I rock black  
No Illuminati, nah fuck that  
Got no occult in my catalog  
Just Raw Thoughts I won't take back  
No cage around that could hold me  
No blackmail to control me  
Now I'm big boss like Tony  
Put out hits, they don't know me, huh  
Who put CT on blast?  
Webby did it, Webby did it  
Who taught these kids to rap?  
Webby did it, don't you get it?  
I just don't give a shit for these idiots, I'm pityless  
I kept it real while they sold out  
And I'm still out here straight killin' shit  
No rape case, no kiddie shit  
No Epstein, no Diddy list  
No weird celebrity sex charges  
Just laid up with a pretty bitch  
No record label, no money backers  
And your shits what I'm comin' after  
So warning shot to the whole game  
Times up on these fuckin' rappers

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'Cause we didn't come to fuck around, so

Just look around  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
Yo, Scott, let me show these motherfuckers (We put it down)  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
Watch yourself, you don't know me motherfucker (Said look around)  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
Got 'em runnin' scared (Runnin')  
But they buggin', ain't no motherfuckin' runnin'  
We comin' for anyone from the second the speaker plugs  
And I promise this ain't no regular shit

Yeah, yeah

See, I sent a chill through the room  
See 'em flinch hearin my name  
Thought by now I would've lost steam  
Seventeen years up in this game  
When I be comin' they runnin' for cover  
These suckers are nothin'  
They duckin' and tuckin' they chains  
Arthur Morgan with it  
I'm pullin' up with the gang  
Through the rain, through the flames  
On the edge, I've been down and I've been out  
But when they thought that I was dead  
When I put some birdshot in the pump as vultures circles overhead  
Pencil full of hot lead so step lightly when you tread  
Who idependently pioneered?  
Webby did it, Webby did it  
Who be that guy they fear?  
Webby is it? Don't you get it?  
I'm the one these guys up in my lane are too afraid to face  
See, I could call these rappers out by name and still won't take the bait  
Don't believe me? Let me demonstrate it real quick  
G-Eazy's a bitch and he won't say shit  
I'm that raw from the brick  
The one that they ain't fuckin' with  
And if you brave enough to take a shot then pray that you don't miss  
Webb

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Scott, I told you  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
I ain't come down to Miami to fuck around  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
I got a bone to pick with this fuckin' industry  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Got 'em runnin' scared  
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce  
I'm comin' at all these rappers now  
Every last one of em  
Fuck around and find out, yeah