

# Why Run

D Smoke

Caught up in the streets, we don't know where to go  
Riding in the city, blowing heavy smoke  
Some never made it out and some get very close  
Burn a pistol, chase the border, head to Mexico

So why run?

Life is what you make it, you can't escape it, so why run? (Why run? So why run?)

You could go out blazing (Story time), let's just be patient, why run?

Bullets ricochet

Shot from stick in restricted space

I lost young homie, was only eighteen, it hit his face (Yeah)

They said that gun fired accidental

A fallen peer was the penalty, pray his soul went on to a better place

They called him K Bone, but I knew him as Kevin

He used to run with all the eight-Os and a few seven-sevens

I used to say, "Stay out the way, bro, I've known you since eleven"

You never really liked boxing, now you hotboxing in heaven

You threw Pop Rocks in nonstop

You would ride that dirt bike with lawnmower motor over to my spot and watch  
us ride, throw from shoulders

Cali far from open carry state, so no open holster

We tuck that pistol in waist and tighten that belt like a choker

Fighting, that felt like a rush until ego suffered

Emotions flew high and tempers made us use that force, it's strong with you,  
Yoda

The fuck is wrong with you, bro?

Your parents got bread and you chose

To run with them niggas that's with that bullshit, your rodeo's over

Rest in peace

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Sometimes I feel like I wasn't made for this world, but the one thereafter

Where the young share laughter

And they lunch pail carry good word from the pastor

Every good girl got a dad

Very good man, heavy in his lil' bag with a plan to bury a lil' magic

Hoping that a tree grow from that young passion

In my world, if we the ones you shoot at, we shoot back

They'll beat your ass blue-black for just two racks

Peel your cap for one more stack

Leave your mattress looking just like a basket with your fruit snack

Splattered in the paint, I'm heavy off back, you ain't no two Shaqs

Even if you never bang, they be asking where your roof at

Where you from, lil' nigga? Ain't no Cusack

Ain't no stage, ain't no cameras, just action that light your match

But you gotta move like they can't hold you back

Facts, nigga, don't get c- don't get-

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